

T H E
W O R K S

Mary Of the Celebrated *Jones*

Monfieur VOITURE.

VOLUME II.



L O N D O N,
Printed in the Year M DCC XV.

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T H E

W O R K S

Monteith & Co. Ltd.

VOLUME II

L O N D O N

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Monfieur VOITURE's
W O R K S.

VOLUME II.

To Mademoiselle de RAMBOUILLET.

LETTER I.

MADAM,



Am the *only* Man, at least, as far as I can yet inform my self, that has dy'd of a Distemper which has not yet got footing in our Weekly Bills, that is to say, of your Absence; neither do I much fear to tell it you *plainly*, because I am satisfy'd you will not be much concern'd at it. I was, you know, a very jocular Companion, and a Batchelor into

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the bargain; and, were it not that I was somewhat addicted in my Nature to wrangling, and be as *refractory* and *obstinate* as your *Ladyship*, I would not care a Farthing if any other Imperfections were proclaim'd to all the World. You are therefore to understand, Madam, that ever since last *Wednesday*, the fatal Day of your Departure, I have not eaten a Bit of any Thing, neither have I once open'd my *Mouth* or my *Eyes*; indeed, as to the *Ceremony* of my Funeral, there is nothing done in it, and I am still above Ground; that is to say, unbury'd. I thought it convenient to have this last *Ceremony* deferr'd a while, for certain political Reasons: As, in the *first* Place, because I have ever from my *Infancy* had a strange Aversion to *Church-Yards*; and *secondly*, as my Affairs stand at present, it may be something prejudicial to them, if the Report of my Death should be spread abroad so soon: For which Consideration, I put the best Face I can upon the Matter, to keep the World still in Suspence. For, Madam, should the malicious World remember that this *unlucky* Accident befel me just in the very Nick of your Departure, they would immediately whip us both into a Ballad, from which may Heaven deliver us. Were I again in the World, one of the greatest Plagues I should find there, would be, to see what a mighty deal

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deal of Pains abundance of People daily take to advance and propagate all manner of Stories, tho' they are never so absurd and ridiculous. The Living, in my Opinion, are not so troublesome in any Thing, as they are in this; nay, they don't suffer us that are dead, to be quiet, but persecute us even in our very Grave: But, Madam, take heed that you don't laugh when you read this; for I can assure you, it has been always reckon'd an impious and inhuman Thing, to insult over the Dead; nay, were you in my Condition, you would not take it well to be so serv'd; I therefore conjure you to take Compassion on me; and since it is not in your Power to do any thing else for me, have a Care of my Soul, for, upon my Word, it suffers unspeakable Torments. When we parted last, it immediately took the Road to Chartres, then it flew strait to la Mothe, and now, while you are reading this Letter, 'tis perch'd upon your Shoulder, and will be this Night in your Bed-Chamber; if I thought it would not spoil your Sleeping, it should give you five or six handsome Out-cries about one; for when she is in her Fits, she makes such a hellish Stir, that you would swear the House was throwing out at the Windows. It was once in my Thoughts to send you my Body down by the Carrier; but I soon con-

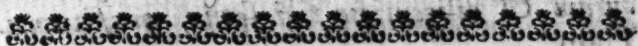
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sider'd that it was so *bunglingly* put together, that it would have been jolted all to Pieces, before it could have come down to you; and besides, I was afraid lest the Heat of the Weather would have spoil'd it. And now, Madam, you will honour me exceedingly, if you will tell the two excellent Princesses with whom you are, (and, if they please to consult their Memories, I am sure they cannot but remember it) that while I liv'd, I was their humble Servant, and that I cannot shake off that Passion even after Death; for notwithstanding the Condition I am in at present, I assure you I preserve that very same Esteem and Honour for them, as ever I had. Therefore I shall not only venture to affirm, that there is not any one of the Dead so much their Slave as I am, but will justify it to all the World, that none of the Living is more at their Devotion, or that can be more than I am,

Madam,

Your humble Servant.

To



To Monsieur CHAPELAIN.

LETTER II.

S I R,

WERE it only for your own Honour, and without Design of doing me any, you ought to write to me often; for your Wit, tho' always wonderful, never, in my Opinion, succeeds so well as in the Letters you send me: If you would write such a one to each of your Judges, as that which I just now receiv'd from you, you would need no other Recommendation; and they would at least know, that in this Law-Suit, all they have to do, is to give Justice to the most deserving Man in the World. I shall do what you command me, with the Zeal your Merit requires, and you need not fear that I shall forget it; my Will never trusts to my Memory in Things of this Importance, and it will be every Moment representing to me, that I have this to do, 'till I have done it. Whatever other Business I may have, I put yours in the first Rank of my *Agenda*, *sed tu inter alia refer, & pro certo habe, me in*

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*hac re, & in omnibus, omne officium, studium,
curam & diligentiam tibi femper praestitutum.*
I am,

S I R,

August 3, 1640.

Tour, &c.

Pray, Sir, be so kind as to return my most
humble Thanks to *Monfieur de la Motte*;
but do it with an Eloquence worthy of him
and you.

To Monfieur le Marquis de
MONTAUSIER.

LETTER III.

S I R,

Since you are the Person decreed to teach
our Family their Duty, 'tis but reason-
able you should teach it me, as well as
the rest, and make me a better-bred Man
than I was, as you have done my Ne-
phew *L---*. I am at present far from
being so, in having so long delay'd to return
you my Thanks for your Favours to them
and me; but at length, Sir, without ei-
ther putting me in Prison, or making me
live upon Bread and Water, you have forc'd

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for'd me too to do what I ought; and have persisted so obstinately in obliging me, tho' I was very unworthy of it, that, be I never so negligent, 'tis impossible for me to forbear letting you know the Sense I have of it, and giving you the humble Thanks which are due to you. I hope you will pardon my Fault, since I acknowledge it with so much Frankness. And really, Sir, you have so great a Character of Cruelty, that it concerns you to do so signal a Piece of Clemency, as pardoning a Man so guilty as I am. I beg you to do it in the Name of *Mademoiselle de Rambouillet*; and if any Thing may be added after that, I conjure you by the Sincerity with which I am,

Paris, June 16,

S I R,

1639.

Your, &c.



To the Marquess of PISANY.

LETTER IV.

SIR,

YOU assur'd me, that before I had been in this Place three Weeks, I should pass my Time very agreeably; and

A 5

I have

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I have been here above six, without seeing any Likelihood of your Prediction's being fulfill'd. I most humbly beseech you to keep your Word with me, by giving me the Content you have promis'd me; and since I can find none here, send me some from the Place where you are. I did you such good Service the Moment I came hither, that you are oblig'd in Conscience not to refuse this one Request; for you must know, I rais'd you to Life again in the Opinion of every Body here, for you had not one Relation nor Friend, but what fancy'd you dy'd last *Autumn*. If you think this Service is of any Importance, and deserves any Return, it now lies in your Power to do as much for me, in restoring me to Life, which I can't safely say I enjoy here. There requires no more to do this, than one Letter from you, and an Assurance that I have still the Honour of being belov'd by you. If the Affection you testify'd for me at my Departure, is not entirely lost, you will never refuse me this Favour, especially when you have at your Command so good a Secretary, as him whom you generally make use of. I am inform'd, that you have done me the Honour to drink my Health; but 'tis in so bad a Condition, that it requires stronger Remedies than that to restore it, tho' indeed it is in the Power of none but you to do it;
but

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but you have such a Love for all that belong to you, and to my Knowledge have so often protected your Subjects, that I dare say you will not abandon me, who am as much yours, as if I had been born of one of your Vassals, and who profess to be so particularly,

Sir,

Your, &c.

~~*****~~
To Mademoiselle de RAMBOUILLET.

LETTER V.

MADAM,

IT must be own'd I am a wonderful Friend where I take: I am as uneasy at not seeing you, as if 'twere a mighty Matter; and I fancy I don't pass my Time here so pleasantly, as I did when I was with you. *Amiens*, in your Absence, seems to me less amiable than *Paris*; and tho' I may every Day have the Company of Ladies that talk charming broad, yet I don't think that makes me e'er the happier. The Conversation of the Duke of C——, Monsieur T——, and Monsieur

~~Not that~~ whom I meet wherever I go, is
 not at all agreeable in my Eyes. Nay, some-
 times I am uneasy at being but three
 Hours together in the King's Chamber,
 and take no Pleasure in the Company of
 Monsieur *Litro*, Monsieur *Compeigne*, and
 twenty more honest Gentlemen, whom I
 know not, and who assure me, that I am
 a fine Wit, and that they have read some
 Things of my Writing. I saw his Maje-
 sty play at *Hoca* all this Afternoon, and
 am not the gayer for it; and tho' I go
 constantly three times a Week a Fox-
 hunting, I am not quite ravish'd with it;
 and yet there are always at it an hundred
 Dogs, and an hundred Horns, which make
 a frightful Noise, and quite fums you. In
 short, Madam, the Pleasures of the great-
 est Prince in the World, do not divert me;
 and when you are absent, the Delights
 of the Court have nothing in them, that I
 can be contented with. You are positive-
 ly the most ungrateful Creature alive, if
 you don't do the same by me; but I am
 so distrustful, that I fear you do some-
 times take Pleasure in the Company of the
 Princess, and Mademoiselle *de Bourbon*,
 and 'tis very likely, that since you have
 been at *Grosbois*, you have not twice wish'd
 your self at *Amiens*. If this be so, at least,
 to make me amends, manage it so, that
 their Highnesses may do me the Honour
 to

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to think of me sometimes; and don't let me be the less in their Esteem, because I am in a Place where I see the King and the Lord Cardinal twice a Day. I can assure you, Madam, I know neer the more News; and that's the Reason why I send you none. Monsieur Fabert arriv'd here Yesterday Morning, and was gone again by Noon, with Orders to our Generals what they should do. He told me, that Monsieur Arnaut made terrible Havock among the Foot in a Battel that has been fought near Lisle; and Monsieur de Chavigny says, that Marshal Breze has writ to the King about it. The Report runs here, that our Armies are upon the March Home, and that we shan't return so soon as we expected. Pray be sorry for this, and do me the Honour to believe, that I am, with all my Heart, and as much as I ought,

Amiens, Sept. 10. 1640.

Madam,

Tour, &c.

To



To the Lord Cardinal MAZARIN.

LETTER VI.

My LORD,

I Have been inform'd, by a Letter from Monsieur de V——, of the Favour your Eminency has been pleas'd to do me, and the Testimonies of good Will you have been pleas'd to give me. Since I find by this, my Lord, that in the midst of the most important Affairs, you can think of the meanest of your Servants; and in performing the greatest Things, can remember not to neglect the least, I hope your Lordship will not be offended at the Liberty I take to return you the humble Thanks I owe you, and take the Pains to read the Protestation I here make you, that besides the Respect and Veneration due to one who has acquir'd, and does daily acquire so much Glory for our Country, I shall always have a very particular Zeal and Desire to testify, by all the Actions of my Life, how much I am,

Your Eminency's, &c.

To

To her Royal Highness the Dutcheſs
of SAVOY.

LETTER VII.

MADAM,

AFTER so many * consolatory Letters as there has been but too great Occasion to write to your Royal Highness, I should be very loth to let slip an Occasion to write you one of Congratulation. These come to you so seldom, that I think they must certainly be very welcome when they do; and were there nothing else to recommend them, without doubt the Novelty would make them acceptable. It is long since, Madam, that I have expected what now begins to appear; and thought the Misfortune of the most † accomplish'd and the

* The Troubles that the Wars gave to the Dutcheſs of Savoy, and the Death of her Husband, Victor Amadeus I. were good Reasons for writing consolatory Letters to her.

† What Voiture says of this Princess, is true, or the Historians that mention her, deceive us. She was call'd Christina of France, and was Daughter to Henry IV. and to Mary de Medicis. She was marry'd in 1619 to

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the most charming Princess that ever was; is far too great a Disorder in the World to last long. How great soever the Malice and Envy of Fortune seem'd to be against you, and what Fate soever might cross your Affairs, yet was I still guilty of an Imagination, that so much Goodness, Generosity, and Constancy, and other divine Qualities, as your Highness is furnish'd with, could not be long unfortunate; and that Heaven would be at length forc'd to work some Miracle, for a Person on whom it has bestow'd so many. There is much Reason to believe, Madam, that the good News of the * taking of Turin, will be seconded by many others; and that the great Success which has happen'd in your Dominions, is a true politick Symptom, that there will be a Change of all Things, and such a general Settlement as naturally ought to be. And that which should make you more rejoice in this happy Revolution, is, that there's nothing so certain, as that

the Duke of Savoy, Victor Amadeus I. and she was left a Widow in 1637. She took the Government of the State upon her, during the Minority of her Sons, and put it under the Protection of Louis XIII. her Brother. Thus she sav'd herself from the Spaniard; and after having gloriously resisted him, dy'd at Turin in 1663.

* The Count de Harcourt reliev'd Casal, which was besieg'd by the Marquis de Leganez for the King of Spain; afterwards he laid Siege to Turin, which the Spaniards had made themselves Masters of, and took it.

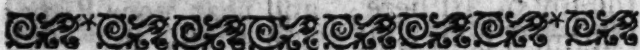
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that your Concernment therein multiplies the Joy of all here; and that your Royal Highness is so well belov'd, that the more generous Part of the Court, do as much rejoice for the Interest you have in this Prosperity, as for the great Advantages that may accrue to the Crown of *France*, and the greatest Acquests of Glory which his Majesty's Armies made thereby. I doubt not, Madam, but your Royal Highness is satisfy'd, that amidst the publick Joy, I have some particular Matter of rejoicing, whereof no other can be equally sensible; if you but honour me so much, as to reflect on the extraordinary Passion I have for every Thing you are concern'd in, and the Inclination and Obligation wherewith I am,

Paris, Oct. 24. 1640.

Madam,

Your humble Servant, &c.



*To a young Lady, Maid of Honour
to one of the Dutchess of Savoy's
Daughters.*

LETTER VIII.

MADAM,

HAVING been ever sensible of the Power of your Eloquence, assist me, I beseech you, in returning my Acknowledgments to the fairest, and most generous Princess of the World: For, I swear, I have been oppress'd with her Bounties, and must declare, that there is not any thing under Heaven, so lovely and so charming, as the Mistress whom you serve; I had almost said whom we serve: And, indeed, what would I not give, that I might thus express it? From the first Moment that I heard her, I presently concluded that there was not in the World so great a Genius as hers; but the Care she has been pleas'd to take of me, above all Things, amazes me, and I cannot sufficiently admire, how, among such elevated Thoughts, she can have Room for any so trivial; and how a Mind, in all Things else so high,
can

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can descend so low. The Pastils which were presented me this Morning, have had a wonderous Effect upon me, and I cannot imagine from whence this Miracle proceeds, unless from a Touch of her Royal Highness's Hand; for I find my self infinitely better, by having kiss'd the Paper only that inclos'd 'em: This, as long as I live, shall be my Antidote against all sorts of Ills; and there is but one, for which so pleasing a Remedy as this can afford no Cure: But lest you should too curiously inquire, what this is I mean, 'tis much better that I should explain my self; and tell you, that 'tis the Trouble, to have so seldom the Sight of her, and to be destin'd to live far from the only Person who deserves to be ador'd; if you reflect upon this, it will appear the greatest of Misfortunes; and 'tis very hard to be a Man of Honour, and survive it.

To



To the Count de GUICHE.

LETTER IX.

My LORD,

THO' now it is become so familiar to us, to see you perform the greatest Actions, that we scarce wonder at 'em; and for fifteen Years together, you have accusom'd us to talk of you, as we do at this present; yet I cannot forbear to be extremely surpriz'd, when I hear of any new Performances of your Valour; and your Reputation is so dear to me, that I'm extremely pleas'd to find it each Day increase. I dare engage, that the most ambitious Person in the Universe, would sit down satisfy'd with what you have so lately acquir'd, and content himself with that Esteem which all the World conspires to pay to your Lordship. But, my Lord, by all the Observations I can make, you set your self no Limits as to this Point, and, as if you were jealous of the Reputation you have already acquir'd, and of the Actions you have formerly perform'd, you seem every Year resolv'd to surpass your self,

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Self, and to do something above your former Exploits. For my part, whatever Esteem I may have for your former Actions, I shall not be sorry to see 'em eclips'd by those you are yet to perform, and that your Exploits in *Flanders* should darken all that you have done in *France*, *Germany*, and *Italy*. All my Fear is, that this immoderate Thirst of Glory, will carry you beyond your due Bounds; and indeed your Behaviour in the last Battel, wherein the Marshal *de la Meilleray* defeated the Enemy, as it gives me just Occasion of Joy, so it alarms me with some Apprehensions. The signal Proofs you gave there of your Gallantry and Courage, furnish'd Matter of universal Admiration here: And indeed, my Lord, if we consult the most extravagant Romances, we shall hardly find any Thing more surprizing, or more worthy to be celebrated. But, my Lord, give me Leave for to represent to you, that since we have lost the Invention of enchanted Armour, and it is no longer fashionable for Heroes to make themselves invulnerable, a Man is not allow'd to perform such Actions as these, often in his Life; neither ought he to trespass too much upon his good Fortune, who, tho' she has deliver'd him for this Time, gives him no Security to rely always upon her. I beg you therefore to consider, that Fortitude

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itude has its Extreame, as well as the rest of the Virtues, and ought, like them, to be always attended by Prudence. This, if you seriously consider it, will convince you, that a Marshal of the Field, and a Generalissimo, ought by no Means to expose himself to the Chances of a private Soldier and Volunteer; or to make bold with a Life on which that of so many Thousands depends. I can't tell how you will relish this Freedom of mine; but certain I am, that you can't accuse me of interposing in a Business wherein I have no manner of Concern: Nay, you must be sensible, that none can be more so, if you reflect with what Zeal and Passion I have ever been, my Lord,

Paris, Octob. 6.
1640.

Your Servant,



To the Marquis of PISANY.

L E T T E R X.

SIR,
WERE I so ungrateful as to be capable of forgetting you, you make so much Noise in the World, that it would
be

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be no easy Thing to do it; and my Senses must be all stupify'd, if I did not do my utmost Endeavours to preserve the good Graces of a Man, whom I daily hear so much prais'd and commended. You can't imagine how much Joy it gives me, to hear, that you gain'd so much Glory at the last Ren-counter before *Arras*; and tho' I long since knew the Greatness of your Courage, and always had that Opinion of you, which now the whole World has; yet, to confess my Weakness, the general Esteem you are in, makes me something more zealous to honour you, than I was before. I find my self spurr'd on, by a Sort of Vanity, to have a particular Love for one, who has the Approbation and Elogiums of all *Europe*. Upon my Word, Sir, the Satisfaction this gives me, would be compleat, if it was not disturb'd by my Fear to lose you: But I too well know, that Valour is a dangerous Virtue. Wherever I go, I hear that you are no better a Husband of your Person, than you are of every Thing else. This, Sir, gives me continual Alarms; and my ill Luck in losing the best and worthiest of my Friends, makes me still more timorous for you. Yet, for all this, I have a Sort of secret Confidence in your good Fortune: My Heart tells me, that she has still a great many Things to do; and that the Friendship you are pleas'd

to

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to honour me with, will be more happy than some others have been. I wish it may, with all my Soul, both for your Sake and my own; and I hope I shall one Day be so fortunate, as to be able to tell you how passionately I am,

Sir,

Your, &c.

To Monsieur de SERISANTÉS,
Resident for the King in the Court of
the Queen of Sweden.

LETTER XI.

SIR,

YOUR little Ode is, in my Opinion, a great Work, and makes me believe, that however you may accuse your self of Debauchery, you are sometimes sober at Stockholm. The Productions of Greece, and Italy, are not more beautiful, than those you bring forth in the North; and I wonder the Muses could follow you into so cold a Climate. You may boast, that you have carry'd them farther than ever Ovid did; and that no Body ever shew'd them so ma-

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ny Countries as you have done. But if 'tis Wine that inspires you thus, I should advise you to venture to be always drinking,

*Dulce periculum est,
O Lense, sequi Deum
Cingentem viridi tempora pampino.*

And you may say,

*Bacchum in remotis carmina rupibus
Vidi docentem.*

I can't express to you, Sir, what Delight it gave me, to see *Jessemin Oil*, *Frangipane* *Gloves*, and *English Riban*, in *Latin Verses*. Really, from the Beginning to the End, every Thing in it is surprizingly agreeable,

~~*Insigne recens; adhuc
Indictum ore alio.*~~

But I am such a poor Scholar at *Latin*, that I must beg you to tell me what's the Meaning of *mentis* & *lacebus dolor*. I'll assure you this has cost me a great deal of Pains. I won't desire a greater Share in your Secrets, than you shall please to give me; but you must pardon me, if I take Part in your Interests, since I am heartily;

Paris, Decr 5. 1640.

B

To

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To Monsieur de MAISON-BLANCHE,
at Constantinople.

LETTER XII.

SIR,
YOU would certainly do a very ill
Thing to turn Turk, for I will assure
you, you have a World of Friends in *Chri-*
stendom; and your Reputation is so very
great, that were your Condition mine, I
should rather come away, and enjoy the
Fruits of it here, than command forty
thousand Janisaries, marry the Grand Seig-
nior's Daughter, and be strangled a little
after. I know not what kind of Beauties
you have in *Asia*, but I can assure you,
five or six of the handsomest Ladies in all
Europe, are fallen up to the Ears in Love
with you, provided that you are not dimi-
nish'd; whereas you meet Maids that in-
treat you to buy them, you shall sell
yourself here for what Rate you please.
To deal plainly with you, your Letters
never made so much Noise in *London*, as
they do now in *Paris*, the general Dis-
course is of 'em; and if the Grand Seigni-
or knew how very considerable you are a-
mongst the Christians, he would coop you

up

up for Life in one of the Towers of the Black Sea. Madam, the Princess ask'd me the other Day, whether you were really and truly so great a Wit as was reported? And not above four Days before that, Mademoiselle de Bourbon put the same Question to me; and there's not any but are astonish'd at the very Noise you make in the World. For, to deal sincerely with you, your Physiognomy discovers not all that is excellent in you; and it is a Miracle, that by your Looks you were once taken for an Engineer. It would never be guess'd, by your Nose, what you are worth; and to esteem you proportionable to your Merits, presupposes a Conversation and Acquaintance with you, such as I have, or never to have seen you, or known you, but by your Letters. They are pleasant beyond all Imagination; and I am never thought such by those who have any Affection for me, unless I bring along with me some one of them. But particularly Monsieur and Madam de Rambouillet, the young Lady her Daughter, and the Marquess of Pisany, are quite ravish'd with them, and accordingly have great Esteem and abundance of Respects for you. Be it therefore your Care to preserve them, by writing to me as often, and as pleasantly as you can. This you will find no hard Task to do; the Place where you are, will

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furnish you with new Things; tho' it were for ten Years. I wish it were so easy for me to entertain you; and that by describing our Garments, Actions, and Manner of Life, our Food, the Fashions and Beauties of our Ladies, I could write such Letters as you would take any Delight to read. But unless it be the Ceremonies of our Religion, I believe you have not forgotten any Thing that's done here; so that all that I have farther to say, is, that I honour you perfectly, and love you heartily, and that you know it as well as my self. For, should I relate to you in what Manner we reliev'd *Casal*, and how we took *Arras* and *Turin*, it could find you no Manner of Entertainment, who are accustomed to your Armies of three hundred thousand Men; and who have yet the taking of *Babylon* fresh in your Memory. The Prince of *Orange* is now beaten five or six times every Year; and Count *Harcourt* doth such Things now, which the late valiant King of *Sweden*, were he living, would envy him. Farewell, Sir; whatever may chance to happen, continue your Friendship to me, and honour me so much, as to assure your self, that I am, as far as I ought, and with all manner of Passion,

Sir, and I am, your most humble Servant, &c.
To

To Monsieur de CHAVIGNY.

LETTER XIII.

S I R,

P R A Y observe how far People have spread the Report of the Credit I have in you. Monsieur *Esprit*, who is going to Court with a Letter of Recommendation from M—— to you, thought it would be better if I recommended him to you, and I was so vain, that I chose rather to be so bold as to do it, than to tell him I durst not. He is really, Sir, one of the most agreeable Men in the World; his Mind is just such a one as you love; he is very good, very wise, very learned, a very great Divine, and a very great Philosopher; yet he is not one of those that despise Riches, and as he is sure he should know how to make a right Use of them, he would not be sorry if he could get an Abby; for which Madam d' *Aignillon* has writ to my Lord Cardinal for him. That will depend upon his Eminence; but it will depend upon you to give him a good Reception, and that's all he desires. After the Character I have given him, I believe

'tis useless to add the humble Supplication I make you in his Favour; and I only do it because he desires I would, and I have been always us'd to do whatever he would have me. But, Sir, having said thus much for his Interest, I hope the Rules of Friendship do not forbid me to say something of my own, and to beg you to do me the Honour to continue to love me, and to believe that I am,

S I R,

Paris, June 5.

1641.

Yours, &c.



To the Count de GUICHE.

LETTER XIV.

MY LORD,

AFTER the dispatching of one great Siege, and two small ones, and an Abode of some fifteen Days in Flanders, without Equipage, is it not a most extraordinary Refreshment, think you, to go and besiege Bapaume, and fall fresh to work in September, as if you had been doing nothing all this Summer? The Knights of former Ages, as I humbly conceive, had a much easier Time on't than those
that

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that are now living. To other worthy Gentlemen would break you, perhaps, four or five Launces in a Week; and now and then pluck a Giant by the Nose, or so, or be engag'd in a Battle; and this was their main Business. All the rest of their Time they spent in travelling thro' fine Forests, and flowery Meadows, and most commonly with a fair Lady or two to keep 'em Company: But from *Perion*, King of the *Gauls*, down to the last of the Race of *Amadis*, I don't remember, that one of 'em ever troubled his Head with drawing Lines of Circumvallation, or gave Orders for a Trench to be open'd. Fortune, my Lord, is one of the greatest Jilts in Nature; when she loads a Man with Honour and Employments, she frequently makes him very unhappy Presents, and, generally speaking, sells us at *Cent. per Cent.* Profit what she seems to gives us. Not to talk of those wicked Things call'd *Iron* and *Lead*, as Trifles that don't deserve to be mention'd to you. Suppose you could always fight in enchanted Armour, yet, play your Cards never so cunningly, this cursed War takes up the best Part of your best Days. It has robb'd you of six Months this Year; and tho' it has been pleas'd to preserve you alive, yet, I dare engage, that for these fifteen Years last past, she has civilly taken away one half of your Life. I am

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satisfy'd indeed, that you terrible Gentlemen, who make War your Mistress, must certainly find some secret Charms in her; and certainly, for a Man to be exalted by universal Consent above the rest, must carry such an unconquerable Pleasure with it, as to make all Difficulties seem easy, and the greatest Hardships supportable. For my Part, my Lord, tho' (with Submission be it said) I pretend to know some of the Inconveniences of War, as well as your Lordship; yet, I must needs own, that your Reputation makes me some Amends for your Absence; and whatever Pleasure I take to hear you speak, I take a much greater to hear you spoken of. However, I cannot but wish your sudden Arrival hither, that you may enjoy the Fruits of the Glory you have acquir'd; and after so many tedious Marches, take the Pleasure all this Winter, let the Weather be what it will, to go twice a Week from Paris to Ruel, and from Ruel back again to Paris. Then I shall have Time enough to tell you what Agonies I have been in for your Sake, and acquaint you with what Zeal and Sincerity I am

Paris, Oct. 15, 1641. Your Servant.

To

To the same, upon his being promoted to the Dignity of a Marshal of France.

LETTER XV.

My LORD,

IF I have said any Thing disrespectful of War in my last, I now beg Pardon with all my Heart; for since your Lordship owes your late Honour and Promotion to that fickle Mistress, I am perfectly reconcil'd to her, and will take Care to speak honourably of her in all Companies hereafter. I have, indeed, long ago been of Opinion, that so great Valour and Services in a Man of your Quality, and a Person so respected by all the World, must e'er long be rewarded; but as there is a vast Difference between what ought to be, and what is actually done, I could not but be extreamly transported to hear of your Lordship's being promoted; and this News as much affected and surpriz'd me, as if I had never expected it. I make no Question, my Lord, but that the principal Remcompence of your Actions, is the immortal Glory you have acquir'd by them;

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and yet, methinks it should be no little Satisfaction to you, to arrive so early at that Honour, which is the highest and greatest that the Fortune of War can bestow upon her Favourites. But then, if you consider, on the other Hand, how many Dangers you run through to carry this Point, to how many Hazards you have expos'd yourself, and how many gallant Men you have seen fall by your Side, who started at the same Time, and ran the same Race with you, you can't but think yourself something indebted to Fortune, which has so long preserv'd you, and at last rewarded your Labour. Among the many Reasons I have to congratulate your Happiness, I have one of which your Lordship cannot be unsensible; and which, in Reality, at least in my Opinion, far exceeds all the rest; I mean, the voluntary and hearty Acclamations of all the World, to find that your Glory is free from all Envy, and to see that all People are as glad at your Prosperity, as if it concern'd themselves. This universal Joy at your good Fortune, is a certain Presage to me, that it will be attended by many more; and I doubt not but you will shortly crown that Honour you have receiv'd from the King, with some new Atchievements; which, as it is wholly in your Power to effect, so it is the most real and solid.

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solid. I flatter myself that you believe I heartily wish it, since I need not now inform you how many thousand Obligations I have upon me, to be with all manner of Respect and Sincerity,

Your L^{or}ship's humble Servant,

~~XX~~

To Monsieur COSTAR.

LETTER XVI.

SIR,

YOUR whole Letter pleas'd me extremely; but I could not, without Jealousy, read of the Content you enjoy upon the Banks of the River *Charante*; and tho' upon all other Occasions, I am more glad of your Advantages, than I am of my own, and do not envy you your Reputation, Learning, nor Wit; yet, I can't help envying you the Happiness of having been eight Days with *Monsieur de Bassac*. I know you have not been wanting to make good Use of such a Blessing; for, of all the Men I am acquainted with, you are he that best knows how to enjoy good Fortune;

*Et Deorum
Muneribus sapienter uti*

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You may take this *sapienter* how you please, either in its proper or metaphorical Signification; for if one has a great deal of fine Talk at * *Balsac*, one has also a great many good Meals, and I don't doubt you have had a very good Relish for both the one and the other. Monsieur de *Balsac* is no less elegant in his Treats, than he is in his Books. He is *Magister dicendi & canandi*. He has a certain Knack of tossing up a nice Dish, which is no less estimable than his Rhetorick; and, amongst other Things, he has invented a sort of Soup, which I like better than *Pliny's Panegyric*, or the longest Oration of *Isocrates*. All this is wonderfully well bestow'd upon you, for 'tis not enough, to say you are *sapiens*, you are *sapienti potens*, as *Ennius* has it. I don't say you are so too in t'other Thing, *nec enim sequitur*; & *cui cor sapiat, ei non sapiat palatus*. This, you must know, is from *Cicero*; for I would not have you think that this *Palatus* is mine. But really your Gout took you in as proper a Time as you could have wish'd; and I don't think that even your Health can ever do you so much Service: This one Action ought to reconcile you to it, or, at least, make you leave off calling it a *De-fluxion*,

* An Estate of Monsieur de *Balsac's*, where he generally liv'd.

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luxion, and not scruple to give it its true Name. But tell Truth, did not you do like *Coelius, sanas liniendo, obligandoq; plantas, incedensque gradu laborioso*? For, to be free with you, I can't help suspecting a Gout that takes you so seasonably, and detains you for eight Days together to eat Figs and Melons. Moreover, I don't like your having contracted so strict a Friendship with the Master of the House, nor his loving you so much, that he can't help telling it in all his Letters he writes hither. 'Twas as much as I could prevail upon my self to do, to give way to Monsieur *Chapelain*, and bear to be but the second.

Non jam prima peto Mnestaus, neque Vincere certo,

Quanquam O!

But I can never endure the Thoughts of being the third. Look ye, Sir; this *Quanquam O!* is express'd by me with more Indignation and Bitterness, than it is in *Virgil*. Take care therefore, you, and he, and t'other, and behave your self nicely in this Affair, for I don't know but I may else lose all Patience at last. And indeed, there is nothing I would so willingly preserve, as Monsieur *de Balsac's* Friendship: He is one of the two Men whom I should
chuse

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chuse to pass the rest of my Life with in Content; you may easily guess who the t^other is. Without mentioning his V^o it, which is beyond all that can be express'd, there is not under the Sun a better Friend, a better Man, more sociable, more agreeable, nor more generous. *Vix* (for I believe I shall say it better in Latin) *facillimis, jucundissimis, suavissimis moribus, summa integritatis, humanitatis, fidei, liberalissimus, eruditissimus, urbanissimus, in omni genere officii ornatissimus.* The Friendship we preserve together, without ever writing to each other, and the Confidence we repose in one another, is a very extraordinary Thing, and of very good Example to the World, and ought to teach a great many honest Gentlemen, who rack their Brains to write scurvy Letters, to let it alone, and leave that Province to others.

What you say you intend to build about *Balsac*, like *Cbilly*, seems very pretty, and would be proper enough; but we great Wits are no great Builders, and we go upon this Verse of *Horace*.

*Ædificare casas, plauſtello adjungere muros,
Si quem delecta barbatum insania verſet.*

At least *Monsieur de Gombaut*, *Monsieur de l'Esfoile*, and my self, are resolv'd never to turn Builders, till that Age comes again,
when

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when the Stones uſ'd to range in order of themſelves, at the Sound of the Lyre I don't know whether it was becauſe Apollo took a Diſguſt to that Trade, upon account of his being ſo ill rewarded for the Walls of Troy: But I think his Favouriteſ are not much inclin'd to it, and their Genius leads him to other gueſs Things than raiſing great Edifices. I thank you therefore for your Hill, and I ſhould be a very great Fool to build in a Place where there is ſo pleaſant a Houſe ready to my Hands.

I fancy'd this Paſſage, *Nulli poteſt facilius eſſe loqui quàm rerum natura pingere*, &c. was out of Pliny, and I thought it very comical that you durſt not name him any more to me. But even in your own Opinion, had not he better have ſaid, *Nulli poteſt facilius eſſe loqui, quàm rerum natura facere*? For firſt there is a better Contract between *loqui* and *facere*, than between *loqui* and *pingere*, which is a Beauty; and then 'tis ſomething more noble to ſay, *Nulli facilius eſt loqui, quàm rerum natura facere*: It is not ſo eaſy for a Man to ſay, as it is for Nature to do; than, It is not ſo eaſy for a Man to ſay, as it is for Nature to paint. Muſt not you own, that it is the Mark of a mean Soul, to reject a Word which offers it ſelf, and is as good as can be, in order to look out for one leſs proper, and more far-fetch'd? He is one

of

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of those eloquent Writers, of whom Quintilian says, *Illis sordent omnia quæ natura dictavit*; and in another Place, *Quidquod nihil jam proprium placet, dum parum creditur disertum quod*. & alius dixisset. He thought he was mighty sublime with his *pingere*, and is quite the contrary. But I should be finely caught all this While, if this Passage should prove to be out of Pliny the Elder. If it is so, at his Peril, be it, I shan't eat my Words: What makes him talk like his Nephew? *Non sapit patrum* in this Point, tho' with regard to t'other, he us'd to be *Patruus patruissimus*, as *Plautus* or *Terence*, one or t'other, says. Which is it? I believe 'tis the first says it.

Pray tell me what Rose-Bush it was that bore the Roses you send me. Neither *Poestum*, nor *Egypt*, nor *Greece*, nor *Italy*, ever produc'd such fine ones. 'Tis very likely 'twas you your self, *Tu Cinnamum, tu Rosa*. I suppose you'll fancy this is out of the Song of Songs, and 'tis out of *Plautus*. I can hardly perswade my self that those Verses are modern; but if they are, I should be sorry to hear that they were written by any but your self, or Monsieur de Balsac. Be it who it will, he may be very proud of them, and those Roses deserve a great many Lawrels. But pray let me know whose they are, *Dic, mi anime, mea Rosa, mea voluptas*. With
your

your Roses, you have sent me Thorns, in proposing to me the two Passages, which you desire me to explain. First, for that of *Sallust*, we must consider that Hunting was a laudable Exercise among the *Scythians*, the *Numidians*, the *Greeks* themselves, and particularly the *Lacedaemonians*; but I don't remember that I ever read of its being a genteel Exercise among the *Romans*. As for Agriculture, we must distinguish the Time. In ancient *Rome*, Men of consular Dignity, and those who had been Dictators, did, from conducting the Republick, return to driving the Plough, and this was the Employment of the *Papirius's*, the *Manlius's*, and the *Decius's*. But they left this Trade off, when they had once had a Taste of the Luxury of *Asia* and *Greece*; and you may easily imagine, that People who nipp'd the Hair off of their Arms and Thighs, who curl'd their Locks, and perfum'd themselves, had no mighty Inclination to driving the Plough. I think 'tis in the Lives of the *Gracii*, that I have read, that one of the Reasons which induc'd one of them to promote the *Agrarian Law*, was, because in his Travels thro' *Italy*, he saw no People tilling the Land, but Slaves; whereas, before, the Citizens of *Rome* us'd to do it. Now, since this was so even then, we may conclude, that in *Sallust's* Time, it was more common for the Vassals

Vassals to be employ'd in Tillage; so that Hunting and Agriculture, which are *questuosæ artes*, he calls, *servilia officia*, quia aut a servis exercebantur aut exercent poterant.

As for the other, 'tis my Opinion, that where *Ausonius* says, *Arguetur rectius Seneca quam prædicabitur, non erudiisse indolem Neronis, sed armasse savitiam*; he does not mean, that *Seneca* ever stirr'd up *Nero* to Cruelty, but, that instead of having taught his Pupil so much Philosophy, as to make him merciful, he taught him Rhetorick and Subtlety enough to defend his Barbarity; so that here *armare* is not spoken of offensive, but defensive Arms. And, if I am not mistaken, *Tacitus* says too, that when this good-natur'd Soul had kill'd his Mother, (who, by the way, was a termagant Jade) *Seneca* help'd him to write to the Senate upon that Subject, and to find out Pretences in order to palliate the horrid Crime he had committed. This Passage made me read all *Ausonius's* Harangue quite through, which I should never have done, had it not been for this; for having almost gotten all the good Authors by Heart, I hardly know to relish a Line of the others. Heavens! what Jargon do they talk! How they write! A Man that is us'd to *Cicero*, does not know how to look upon such Riff-raff.

Of all the Letters I ever receiv'd from you, none, in my Mind, was ever so beautiful, nor so agreeable, as your last; but the Part I was most pleas'd with, is that where you speak of the Abbot de Lavardin. The Compliments he sends me by you, make me believe that he is either extremely well-bred, or has a tolerable good Opinion of me; and be it what it will, I am extremely pleas'd with it, either for his Sake, or my own. I beg you would be so kind, Sir, as to let him know that I receive the Honour he does me, with all the Respect and Acknowledgment due to a Person of his Character and Merit; but that I am not satisfy'd with receiving only Compliments from him; that I pretend to something farther, and have form'd a great Design of gaining the Honour of his Friendship.

I was not more amaz'd, when I heard the Nuns at *London* talk *Latin*, than I was at seeing so much *Italian* in a Letter of yours. In good Truth, you quote it as if you understood it; but I hope to be reveng'd when I hear you pronounce it; for, generally, *Italian* learnt in *Poitou*, has not much of the *Roman* Accent in it, and tho' you do your utmost to prevent it, *Sapiet Poitavinitatem*.

Your *quod mirare*, in the Passage of *Tacitus*, where he speaks of the *German* Game,
is

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is well remark'd, and well understood ; but let us see what St. *Ambrose* says to it, (tho' I don't know how I came to know what St. *Ambrose* says) *Ferunt Hannos*, says he, *cum sine legibus vivant, alex solius legibus obedire, in procinctu ludere, tesseras simul & arma portare, in victoria sua captivos fieri.*

I should much sooner forget a thousand Mistresses, than I should Monsieur de *Chives*, and Monsieur *Girard*, *par nobile fratrum* ; nay, I should almost as soon forget you your self. If you have any Correspondence with them, I beg you to assure them that I continue to be their very humble Servant with, as much Sincerity as ever, and to desire them not to love you better than me, and not to be so inconstant to me as Monsieur de *Balsac* has been, in deserting me for New-comers. Adieu, Sir, pray believe that I shall never love and esteem any Thing more than you. I am, with all my Heart,

Your, &c.

To the ſame.

LETTER XVII.

S I R,

I Had a Mind, for ſome Time, to break off the Correſpondence I have with you; and I made it a Scruple of Conſcience, to be at the great Treats you give me in a Time of Pennance: But, after having deny'd myſelf a long While, I found I could not do without them. I begg'd a Diſpenſation for receiving your Letters, and have obtain'd it. As for your Part, you may, without the leaſt Scruple, receive that which I ſend you; I have hardly wherewithal to furniſh out a ſlight Collation. Inſtead of the *mullos trilibres*, which you preſent me, I have none but *Tyberinos Catillones*, which only lick the Banks of the *Tyber*, and feed upon the Slime of the *Latin* Country.

Postquam exhaustum eſt noſtrum mare.

Nay, I ſhan't have more neither than will make a poor Plate full, and muſt be forc'd to make up the Meal with Roots.

Impune

*Impune te pascent olivæ,
Te cichorea, levesque malvæ.*

You must take up with this; I can do no more; I have not the great Parks and Lands which you have, to hunt in, *Hortulus hic, &c. unde epulum possis solis dare Pythagoræis.* You remember this, *Cacilius Atreus cucurbitarum*; I shall be forc'd to do so, for to tell you the Truth, my Stock is exhausted. And,

*Mibi omne pecun. ex fundis amicorum hic
affertur.*

You *Piscinaries*, (so Cicero, writing to Atticus, calls some rich Men of his Time, *Quantum Piscinaris mihi invident alias ad te scribam*;) you, I say, can easily treat your Friends; it don't cost you so much Trouble to do it, as it does us.

Nec seta longo quarit in mari prædam.

You have always *Preservatories* that are full stock'd.

Piscina rhombum pascit, and lupos vernas.

Tis done with a Whistle.

Natat ad magistrum delicata murana.

You can never be taken unprovided;
you *chi est varius penus*, or *varia*, if you
will, or *varium*, or *penum*, or *penn*. This
is a comical odd sort of a Word; 'tis of
all Genders; it thrusts it self almost in-
to all Declensions; and when it has a
mind to it, is of no Declension at all.
Don't wonder that I, who am one of those
that *quibus sunt verba sine penu & pecunia*,
should be amaz'd at ———

[N. B. This Letter is imperfect.]



To the same.

LETTER XVIII.

SIR,

SEE what it is to give great Treats to your Friends; it makes them unable to return them: And to put me to more Trouble too, you bring me *Monsieur de Balsac*, the most delicate nice-tasted Man in the World, *quâ munditiâ, quâ elegantia hominem!* I was us'd to yours, and so may be, were you to my Table; but it does not know how to receive such an unexpected Guest as that,

Ingentem non sustinet umbram.

Finding you both together, put me in mind of *Jupiter* and *Mercury*, when they surpriz'd poor *Philemon*; but let this be said without any Offence to one or t'other, for all Comparisons are odious, and indeed, that good Man had no more Reason to be in a Hurry at so unexpected a Visitation, than I am. Really now, 'twas a Piece of Cruelty in you, to engage me in this,
and

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and a Neronical Cruelty too: *Indicebat familiaribus, cognos quorum uni mellita quadragies H. S. consliterunt, alteri plus aliquanto rosaria.* To tell you the Truth, this is what has retain'd me so long. I have often said to my self,

— *Nunquam-ne reponam?* —

But the Consideration of you and him retain'd me,

*Cupido enim magnificè accipere summos viros,
Ut mihi rem esse reantur.*

At last, after having study'd a long while, without hitting upon any Thing, I thought what was said to another, might be said to me,

*Nunquid adolescens, melius dicere vis quam
potes?*

And again,

*Quid nullum cupias, cum sit tibi gobio tantum
In oculis?*

I am therefore resolv'd to do what I can, and you must e'en be satisfy'd with that.

Rebusque veni non asper egenis.

C

You

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You must take up with my poor Diet; I can give you no other; I have not those great Parks nor Lands which you have to hunt in, nor those vast Seas out of which you fish all that you say,

*Hortulus hic puteusque brevis sine teste
movendus.*

Town I am ashamed to discover my Poverty; and tho' I am poor, I am nevertheless very ambitious.

——— *Hic vivimus ambitiosa
Paupertate.*

I would wish with all my Heart,

Ad Palatinas acipensera mittere mensas,

Or give you a Supper like that at which *duo millia lectissimorum piscium, septem avium opposita traduntur.* But pray tell me, do you eat many † *Acipensers* at Poitou? I sent for some here, but our Market-People know nothing of it. It was once mightily valud at Rome; *Huic tantus olim habebatur honos,* says *Macrobius*, (did you think I had read *Macrobius*?) *ut a coronatis ministris,* &
cum

† A Fish in very great Esteem among the ancient Romans, but it is not certainly known what Fish it was.

cum tibi in convivium soleret ferri. This was a noble Privilege for a Fish. C. Dailius had one much like it, *Caium Dailium*, qui primus Panos classe devicerat, rodeuntem a cena senem saepe videbam puer, delectabatur cereo funali & tibicine, quæ sibi nullo exemplo privatus sumpterat, tantum licentia dabat gloria. I don't say 'twas I that saw him so; no, no, I say no such Thing; 'twas Cato the Censor; and I believe Cicero, who tells us this Story, did also pay great Respect and Honour to that Fish, and could eat of it with a very good Appetite; for he speaks of him in his *Tusculan Questions*, and names him above all others as a Tit-bit, *Si quem igitur tuorum afflictum mærore videris, huic acipenserem, potius quam aliquem Socraticum libellum, dabis.* Yet, he is now bury'd in Oblivion. By this we see the Instability of Human Glory, and how little it is to be valu'd.

I demens, & savos curre per Alpes,

Ut pueris placeas, & declamatio fias.

Be it as it will (this, be it as it will, is a little far fetch'd, for it relates to what I said about my having nothing to give you) I will treat you with what I have, and as the Man says, *vide audaciam, etiam Hercioenam dedi sine pavone*: He says, in another Place, to some Body that boasted he

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would give him as sorry a Meal as I shall give you, *Si perseveras me ad matris tue cenam vocare, feram id quoque, volo enim videre animum, qui mihi audeat ista qua scribis apponere, aut etiam Polypum Miniani Jovis similem; crede mihi non audebis: ante meum adventum fama ad te de mea luxuria veniet, eam extimesces.* I beg you'd let me know what sort of a Feast this Polypus Miniani Jovis is. Really I know nothing, now you have done writing to me; yet thus far will do pretty well for a Whet; but you won't be satisfy'd with a Whet, *Non enim vir es qui soleas promulsidae confici, integram famem ad ovum offers.*

Let us proceed to the rest.

As for your complaining of those who do not describe the Graces big enough, I think they are in the right; for true Graces, and those which we are most touch'd with, consist chiefly in little Things, in some petty Action, or Motion of the Body and Face, wherein they have their Effect without being perceiv'd.

Componit furtim, subsequiturque decor.

That I think is the Meaning of *furtim*; the Spaniards say *el no se que*; they are so little, that one can hardly tell what they

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they are. And pray don't trouble your Head neither about their Husbands: What have you to do to dissolve Marriages of so long standing? The Gods contract a vast Number of them, as you say upon another Subject. The World is full of these Marriages. Have they not wedded Pain to Pleasure, Labour to Glory, Heaven to Earth, and Mademoiselle ——— to her Husband?

*Sic visum Veneri cui placet impares
Formas atque animos sub jugo abeque
Savo mittere cum Joco.*

I don't know whether I have told you, that this last mention'd Lady and I don't write to one another now, and, that as I am inform'd, she had a great many Accusations to lay to my Charge. She is in this Town, and so I went to see her. Our Interview was much like that between Dido and Æneas, when they met in the Elysian Fields. I did all I could to appease her; I said to her, *verus mihi munitus ergo,*
Et per sidera juro, Et nec credere quivis.

*Ille solo fixos oculos averſa tenere,
Nec magis incepto cultum sermone movere,
Quam si dura flex, aut ſtet Marpeſia cautes.*

But to return; Sleep is not so bad a Husband as you say he is; and the Grace who has him, I don't know her Name, could not have been better provided, if she loves her Ease: He is as gentle as a Lamb, and is the most quiet of all the Gods;

— *placidissime Somne Deorum,*
Pax animi, quem cura fugit.

And, but that he has no Doors to his House, he was a very good Match. Look into *Lucian*, and you may see the Description of his City. If he could do nothing else but revive the Complexion, brighten the Eyes, and soften the Skin, do you think this would not be enough to get him the Favour of the Ladies? He is a mighty Distiller of Poppies and Mandrakes, and can make red and white paint that's more valuable than all the *Spanish*; *No usura afeytes Dorinda, y assi desperto con los que el Jueno le avia dado.* Prithee learn a little *Spanish*, if only to drive some of this *Italian* out of thy Head. Sleep neither is not half so burthen some and heavy as you imagine;

Tum levis aethereis delapsus somnus ab astris,
 And would not have had so many Children, if he were so weak:

Tum

Tum pater e populo natorum mille suorum.

And even if he were so cold as you believe him to be, do you think all those Dreams which he has at his Beck, would be of small Use to him. Don't you remember,

*Se non sogni questi,
Ch'io dorma sempre, e mai non mi desti.*

And this other :

*Prob Venus & tenera volucer cum matre
Cupido,
Gaudia quanta tuli, quam me manifesta libida
Contigit*

Do you count this for nothing, and don't you then think an honest Woman may be contented with him? As for what you say, that the *Graces* ought never to sleep, go but to see some of our Ladies, the Morning after a Ball, when they sat up late the Night before, and then give in your Opinion. As for your *somno mollior herba*, and your *morbida*, *Domine magister noster*, I believe you neither understood Latin nor Italian; for the one means *fit to sleep upon*, and *morbida* signifies no more than *polite*, *soft*, or rather *effeminately delicate*.

Your Emperor of *Lamprinus*, is, in my Opinion, a Man of very good Taste; and if *Helio-gabalus* had made but one Score such Decrees as that, I would put him next to *Titus* and *Trajan*. I wonder you should have forgot this t'other of *Tiberius*; *Asellio Sabino*, *H. S. ducenta donavit pro dialogo*, in quo, *boleti*, & *ficedula*, & *ostrea*, & *turdi*, certamen induxerat. These were Emperors! I am very sorry this Dialogue is lost; for, should not you have been very glad to hear an Oyster converse with a Mushroom? This *Asellius* was a gallant Fellow, I warrant him; I would have given him a good Bever Hat with all my Heart.

You have very cleverly cut and polish'd the Stones, which I sent you quite rough; they are grown valuable by going thro' your Hands, and you have made them one of the nicest Dishes on your Table; *fecisti ut lapides illi panes fierent*. Tho' I have neither the Stomach of *Saturn*, * nor the Teeth of the *Moon*, yet I fed very heartily upon them. This is a Food *quam nemo, coquus hactenus in jus vocaverat*. But your Sauce is so relishing, that it would almost make *Flint* go down. I could not have believ'd that such grave Authors had related the Story you mention'd. After this, I can easily believe that Stones have heard

* Who swallow'd a Stone, taking it for a Child.

heard the Sound of Harps, and indeed, we believe at present, that *Walls have Ears*.

I own, I have a better Opinion of *Ausonius* than I had before; you give me a View of him to the best Advantage, when you shew him me in his Poetry. I find he's a very ingenious Man, and I believe his Oration would have been mighty good, if he had but translated it into Verse. Those of his, which you communicate to me are very beautiful. Thus, there are some People who can do nothing on Foot, but can perform Miracles on Horse-back; but I would fain have such People do nothing but what they understand; and I could wish *Cicero* had never written any Verse, nor *Ausonius* any Prose.

If you ask me now to speak of the other Feast which you treat me with,

Ut Nasidienus juro me cena beati,

I mean, If you would have me give you my Thoughts of Monsieur De Balzac's good Cheer, I should answer, *Ut nunquam in vita fuerit melius*. Neither the *Apollo* of *Lucullus*, nay, nor he of *Delphos*, could have done any Thing so magnificent; the least Bit deserves the highest Praises.

Cum primum istarum conduxit mensa chora-

Sexque Deos vidit Mallia, sexque Deas.

'Tis of such a Feast that one may say,

I lami di Permessò & di Parnaso,

Anderna à coronar la Gelatina.

That Man is really admirable in all he does. I am now and then shew'd Verses of his Writing, which I think far beyond any thing that our Age could produce, and which might give Jealousy, I don't say, to *Lucan* or *Claudian*, but to *Lucretius* and *Virgil*. But pray ask him what makes him believe that 'twas from him I stole the Explication of that Passage of *Anfonius*, and why he should think me one of those, *qui plus ex jecore alieno sapiunt quam ex suo*. He therefore thinks that I know nothing but by Recollection of the Things which I have formerly learn'd from his Conversation.

I was as well pleas'd with his Plate of Wind, as I was with your Plate of Stones, and it would have been an excellent Dish in the Island of *Ruac*. I can't tell, Sir, whether you know where it lyes. 'Twas an Island where the Inhabitants liv'd only up on Wind, and all their Phylick was a Blast of Wind through a Hole. Seriously, you are expert Work-men; you season Things in such a Manner, that there's nothing but what

what one might eat, if 'twere forcook'd
up. You know how to give, and had it

Cuerpo à los vientos y à las piedras alma.

This is a Verse out of *Louis de Gongora*,
whom you know nothing of. I was very
glad to hear of the Alliance the *Athenians*
had with *Boreas*, and that there was a
Norwegian who was Citizen of *Athens*.
That Man, I think, might call himself
Citizen of the World, with as much Right
as their other Fellow Citizens, who boasted
of being so. But the *Athenians*, in my O-
pinion, had a very turbulent Citizen of
him. I own, I could never have thought
that the Sea was only a Tear like that of him
who ear Stones even better than my self. I
suppose he wept it, when he was expell'd
and imprison'd by his Son. But if this is
true, don't you think one may as well say
of *Saturn*, as of poor * *Pallas's Horse*.

— guttis humectat grandibus ora.

I must confess he was but scurvily us'd by
that ungracious Son of his; but 'tis well
for Mankind, that, as he was very Melan-
choly,

C 6

* This is not meant of the Goddess, but of a Prince
named *Pallas*, who went to the War with *Aeneas* against
Tutius.

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choly, he was not a great Weeper too; for, if he had but drop'd three such Tears, Lord have Mercy upon us! where should we have been? *Omnia pontus erant*; but, pray, can you tell me whether he wept Fishes at the same Time as he did the Sea?

immmania Cete, Tritonesque citos, Phorcique exercitus omnes.

I had forgot to speak of your Passage of Seneca. *Valde me torfit illa podagra, adeoque impliciti mihi videntur hi pedes, ut ad illos utrosque dextros explicandas nullum dextrum pedem habeam*, may be he means, that the Gout sometimes turns the left Foot inwards, which ought to turn outwards, and that thus being turn'd the same Way as the right Foot, he says, *utrosque dextros*. But then, why might it not as well turn the Right the same way as the Left, which would make it *utrosque sinistras*? Really, this is very hard; if you can guess at any Thing more probable,

Si quid dextra pede concipis,

Pray tell it me.

I was very much alarm'd at hearing of your Illness, tho' I knew nothing of it till after 'twas over; and I trembled to find

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find that I had been in so much Danger without knowing any thing of it. I beg you to believe, dear Sir, that there is nothing in the World that I love or esteem more than I do you. Let me die, if I enjoy any Pleasure so great as when I think (and I do often think it) that Fortune may one Day furnish us with the Means to pass our Lives in each other's Company, and put it in my Power to have you in *seriis jocisque amicum omnium horum*. I'll swear there is nothing I desire so much, and that I am, and always shall be yours, with as much Passion as when we were together every Morning. This Protestation I make you, just as I am going on a Journey of six Months; for I shall set out with the King for *Catalonia*; therefore you need not write to me, till you hear that his Majesty is return'd. I shall be the more impatient to be at Home, if I think I shall find you here this Summer. Pray do all you can to order it so. *Qui bene latuit, bene vixit*, is not a Precept that in the least regards you: I'd have you leave

*Panaque, Sylvanumque senem, Nymphasque
sorores.*

You owe your self to the Publick; for such Men as you ought to be known to the whole World, *omnis autem peregrinatio*, you know

est

est obscura. Once more, therefore, I conjure you to hasten your Return, and when your Term is expir'd, come hither to see me, or M——, I or some——, and take Care, *ne quid temporis addatur lachryarum provinciarum molestiam.* I send you a Book of Mademoiselle de Gournay's, which she gave me for you. Adieu, Sir. Pray continue to love me; think often of me, and be assur'd that I shall always be heartily,

To my Lord Marquis de St. MAI.

GRIN.

LETTER XIX.

My LORD;

I Have been three whole Days in Suspence, whether you were in the Land of the Living or no; with what Uneasiness you may easily imagine. While I labour'd under this Uncertainty, I receiv'd the joyful News of your Imprisonment; and indeed it was impossible for me to be much concern'd at the Loss of your Liberty, when I had been so long in Doubt about that of your Life. What is more, my Lord, had your Destiny been in my Hands, you shou'd have come off no otherwise than you have done. As it would have afflicted me to the last Degree, to have found you among the Dead, so I shou'd not have been well pleas'd, had you clearly escap'd. Fortune has chose the very Medium I desir'd; and I believe your Thoughts and mine are the same on this Occasion; for I fancy you wou'd have enjoy'd your self but very scurvily, in a Liberty which you must have purchas'd

chas'd by a *Retreat*. When I am got to *Paris*, if you please to send to me by a Drum, one of your domestick Servants, I shall not disown the Relation, but fly to wait on you. I am impatient to hear the History of your Adventures, and at this very Moment I am thinking you are at Leisure to entertain me with it: And now, my Lord, if having six or seven Mistresses to grieve for, you can find any spare Time to think of me, I only beseech you to honour me so far, as to remember that I am, my Lord,

Your, &c.

To the Duke of ANGUEN,
(afterwards the Great Prince of
Conde) upon his gaining the Battel
of Rocroy, 1643.

LETTER XX.

My LORD,

AT a Time that I am so far remov'd from your Highness, that you cannot possibly lay your Commands upon me, I am fully resolv'd to speak freely my Mind to you, which I have so long been oblig'd

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oblig'd to disguise, lest it should bring me into the same Inconvenience with those, who before me, have taken the like Liberties with you. But let me tell you, my Lord, you have done too much, to pass without being taken Notice of; and you are unreasonable, if you think to behave your self as you do, without being loudly told of it. If you did but know how strangely all Paris talks of you, I am very confident you would be ashamed of it; and you could not without Confusion hear, with how little Respect, and how little Fear of Displeasing you, all the World presumes to discourse of what you have done. I must confess, my Lord, I wonder what you could mean: You have shewn your self Bold with a Vengeance, and Violent to the last Degree, in putting such an Affront upon

two

* The Duke of Anguien was of the same Humour, as Horace says Augustus was of: This latter could never endure to be praised, unless the Elogiums that were given him were very ingenious. M. the Duke of Anguien had the same Delicacy, and especially when any one went about to praise him before his Face.

† Those Captains were, Don Francisco de Meloz, the Duke de Albuquerque, and the Count de Fontaines, Mestre de Camp to the Infantry. This last, having performed all that a brave Captain could do, was found among the dead, at the Head of his Troops. Don Francisco de Meloz, General of the Spanish Army, and the Duke de Albuquerque, who commanded 8000 Horse, thought the Count de Fontaines paid too dear for his Glory, and that they might not do so too, they vigorously took to Flight.

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two or three old Captains, whom you ought to have respected, if it had been only for their * Antiquity; In killing the poor Count de Fontaines, who was the very best Man in the Low-Countries, † and whom the Prince of Aurange never durst come in Sight of; in taking sixteen Pieces of Cannon, the proper Goods of the King's || Uncle, and the Queen's own Brother; and in confounding the Spanish Troops, after they had shewn so much Kindness in † letting you pass. I don't know what Father Musnier may say to this, but 'tis certainly *contra bonos mores*, and can't but afford ample Matter for Confession. I heard, indeed, you are obstinate as a Devil, and that it was not to much Purpose to dispute about any thing with

* The Word Antiquity, is seldom spoken of Persons but in jest; and it seems here, that Voiture, who had the Honour to be familiar with the Duke, made Use of it only to divert him.

† He means Frederic Henry Prince of Aurange, illustrious for his august Qualities, and for the Greatness of his Actions.

|| He speaks of Philip IV. King of Spain, who marry'd Elizabeth of France, Sister to Lewis XIII. and who, in that Quality, was Uncle to Lewis XIV. who is the King Voiture mentions.

* Rocroi is surrounded with Woods and Marshes, and there was no approaching it without passing near the Enemy's Camp; the Duke of Anguien, who went to its Relief, might easily have been beaten, had Meloz charg'd him vigorously. Yet he did not do it, tho' he had it in his Power; and Voiture, in Railery, calls this a Kindness.

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with you: But yet I never thought, that your Heat would have transported you so far. If you go on at the rate you have begun, you will shortly grow intolerable, I assure you, to all *Europe*, and neither the Emperor nor the King of *Spain*, will either of them be able to endure you. But now, my Lord, laying the Man of Conscience aside, and resuming the Man of State, I felicitate your Highness for the Victory I hear you have gain'd, the most compleat, and the most important, which has happen'd in our Age. *France*, which you have shelter'd from * all the Storms that it dreaded, is amaz'd to see, that you have begun your Life with an Action, with which *Cæsar* would gladly have crown'd his own, and which, alone reflects more Lustre upon the † Kings your Progenitors, than all theirs have transfer'd to you. Well, my Lord, you have verifi'd what has been for-

* If the Spaniards had taken Rocroy, and beaten the French, they might easily have possess'd themselves of *Champaign*, and perhaps of the Isle of *France*. Their Army was numerous, and consisted of very good Troops. Their Infantry alone was 18000 Men, above 8000 of which fell on the Spot, and almost 7000 were taken Prisoners.

† The Duke de Anguien is of the Royal Family of *Bourbon*. Some fetch his Descent from a Son of *Lewis IX.* others, with more Probability, from *Anthony de Bourbon* Duke of *Vendome*, and afterwards King of *Navarre*, by his Wife *Jeanne d' Albret*, sole Heiress of *Henry d' Albret* her Father, and King of *Navarre*.

merly said, That Virtue comes to the *Cæsars* before Maturity of Years: For you are a true *Cæsar*, both in Wit and in Knowledge; *Cæsar* in Diligence and Vigilance, in Courage *Cæsar* and *per omnes Casus Cæsars*; you have out-run the Hopes, and surpass'd the Expectation of Men; you have clearly shewn that Experience is necessary to none but ordinary Souls, that the Virtue of Heroes comes by a more compendious Way, and that the Works of Heaven are finish'd when but begun. After this I leave you to judge, how you are like to be receiv'd and caress'd by the Lords of the Court, and with what Pleasures the Ladies heard, that he, whom they had * seen triumphant in Balls, had been victorious in Armies; and that † the finest Head of all *France*, was likewise the best and the strongest. There is not a Man, even to *Monsieur Beaumont*, who does not declaim in your Praise. They who had revolted against you, are now reduc'd, and they who complain'd that you were

* The Duke danc'd finely, and Dancing began to improve in his Days. Yet, 'twas nothing then to what it is now.

† The Duke, when he was young, had, indeed, very fine Hair, 'twas long, curl'd naturally, and was of an admirable Chestnut. In a Word, 'twas charming. It grew out of Curl some Years before his Death, so that he was oblig'd to have a Peruke, but it did not come up to his own Hair, when he was 20, 30, 40, and 45 Years old.

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were always laughing, have been forc'd to confels, that you have shown your self now in good Earnest; and evry one's afraid of being of the Number of your Enemies, since you have defeated such Multitudes of them. Pardon, O *Cesar*, the Liberty which I have taken; receive the Praise that is due to you; and permit us to render to *Cesar* that which is due to *Cesar*.

*To Marquess de MONTAUSIER;
a Prisoner in Germany.*

LETTER XXI.

My Lord,

YOU would not be troubl'd that you were taken, did you know how much you are lamented here. Certainly, there is less Pleasure in being at *Paris*, than to be so much wish'd for, as you are; the Affliction which all of the highest Quality are in for you, ought to be prefer'd before all the Liberty on Earth. If you cannot at present be convinc'd of the Truth of this (for in the Condition you are in, you

you look as if you could not understand Reason) I shall one Day make it plain to you, and make you acknowledge, that you ought not to number among your Misfortunes, an Accident that railes you in the Esteem and Respect of the most eminent Persons in *France*. In this general Sentiment of the whole World, I do not, my Lord, think it to much Purpose to trouble you at present, with that of my own; for what Probability can there be, that you should afford me the least of your Thoughts amongst Princesses, Princes, Ministers of State, and great Ladies, but more particularly amongst the young Ladies, who are much to be prefer'd before others: When you have bestow'd your Thoughts some considerable Time on all those Persons, I humbly beseech you to believe, that the World affords not another, who concerns himself more in your good and bad Fortunes, than I do, or can be, with greater Passion,

My Lord,

Your humble Servant, &c.

To



To the same.

LETTER XXII.

My Lord,

TH^O I am the most confident Man in the World of your Friendship, and that the Freedom that shines through all your Actions, removes all manner of Distrust of your Affection to them to whom you have profess'd it; yet can I not but be extremely satisfy'd, when ever you assure me of your Love, as thinking all the Security can be given me, of a Thing from whence I derive so much Pleasure and Advantage, little enough. The Satisfaction I took in the reading of your Letter, is the greatest I can boast of since I left *Paris*; and, unless it be the Acknowledgments you therein make me, there is not any thing I am not sensible of. I am therefore to assure your Lordship, that I receive daily new Satisfaction, that I have suffer'd myself, at length, to be overcome with your Favour, and have lost that Hardness of Heart, that made too long a Separation between us. Tho' I make some Difficulty to reflect on that Time; yet I must needs acknowledge

knowledge, it is some Pleasure to me to remember it, and thereby increase my Joy by comparing it with this, (I hope I am not too open in what I say) there are Intervals, wherein I could not wish it should fall out any otherwise. For, besides that the Enjoyment of a Good is greater, by Reason there was so much *much* Fear of losing it, and that the Friendships, which after some Time are renew'd, have something of an Eagerness, which those that are constant and of a long standing have not, this Misunderstanding hath given me Occasion to receive a signal Expression of your Goodness, by letting me know, with what a Mildness and Tenderness of Affection you entertain'd me, as soon as I came near you. At least, this Advantage I am like to make on't, that having now once discover'd what Fault I have committed in the ill Management of the Honour of your Acquaintance, and found by Experience, what a hard Matter it is to be without it. I shall, for the Future, guard my self against all Failings of this Kind, and shall not suffer any Thing whatever to divert me from being,

My Lord, your Honour's,

Humble Servant, &c

*To the Marquiss of PISANI,
who had lost all his Money and his
Baggage at Play, during the Siege
of Thionville.*

LETTER XXIII.

SIR,

THE Man would be to blame, or I
have been very much misinform'd,
who should upbraid you with having had
* the Mules to keep, at your Camp of
Thionville: The Devil a Mule have you
kept there, Sir. They tell me, that upon
the weighty Consideration, that several
Armies have been formerly lost by their
Baggage, you have made all possible Haste
to be disincumber'd of yours. And that
having often read in the Roman Histories,
(this it is to be such a Man of Reading,
look you) that the greatest Exploits that
were done by their Cavalry, were done on
VOL. II. D Foot;

* N. To keep the Mules, is a proverbial Expression,
and signifies to wait a long while in Expectation of some-
thing.

Foot, after having voluntarily dismounted in the Heat of the most doubtful Battles, you took a Resolution to dispatch away all your Horses, and have manag'd Matters so swingingly, that you have not so much as one left. And now, *the important Person stands on his own Legs.*

Perhaps you may receive some small Inconvenience from this: But let me die, if it be not much for your Honour, that you, as well as *Bias*, honest old *Bias*, I warrant you know him wonderous well, should be able to say, that you carry all that is yours about you. No great Quantity, I must confess, of foppish Accoutrements, nor a long Train of led Horses, nor abundance of that which they call the Ready; but Probity, Generosity, Magnanimity, Constancy in Dangers, Obstinacy in Disputes, a Contempt of foreign Languages, Ignorance of false Dice, and a surprising Tranquility upon the Loss of transitory Things: Qualities, Sir, that are properly and essentially yours, of which neither Time nor Fortune can ever deprive you. Now, as *Euripides*, who was, as you know, or as you know not, one of the greatest Authors of *Greece*, writes in one of his Tragedies, that Money was one of the Evils, and one of the most pernicious ones, that flew from *Pandera's Box*: I admire, as a divine Quality in you, the Incompatibility which there is between you and it,
and

and look upon it to be a distinguishing Mark of a great and extraordinary Soul, that you are uneasy 'till you are rid of this Corrupter of Reason, this Poisoner of Souls, this Author of so much Disorder, of so much Injustice, and of so many Violences. Yet, I could heartily wish, that your Virtue were not arriv'd at such an extraordinary Pitch, and that you could be brought to some Accommodation with this Enemy of human Kind, and that you might be perswaded to make Peace with it, as we do with the Great Turk, for politick Reasons, and the Advantage of Commerce. Now, upon Consideration that it is a difficult Matter to be much at one's Ease without it, and fancying, that as I play'd for you at *Narbonne*, you threw for me at *Thionville*; and that it is perhaps in my Name, that you have pack'd off your Baggage, I here send you an hundred Pistoles at present, in part of Payment; and, that these may not meet with the same Fate which beset their Predecessors, I desire you not to defile your Hands with them, but to deliver them to the French Gentlemen who are with you, for whose sake I chiefly remit them.

I am, &c.

To Monsieur VOITURE's Letters.

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To my Lady Abbess, to thank her for  
the Cat which she sent him.

LETTER XXIV.

MADAM,

I Was so perfectly yours before, that I  
imagin'd you ought to have believ'd  
there was no need of Presents to secure me  
to you, nor that you should have contriv'd  
to catch me like a Rat, with a Cat. How-  
ever, I must needs own, that your Libe-  
rality has created in me some new Affection  
for you; and if there had been yet any  
Thing in my Soul, that was stragling from  
your Service, the Cat you sent me, has  
caught it, and now it is intirely your own.  
'Tis certainly the most beautiful and jolli-  
est Cat that e'er was seen: The greatest  
Beau-Cat of Spain, is but a dirty Puss com-  
par'd to him; and *Rominagrobis* himself,  
who you know, Madam, is Prince of the  
Cats, has no better a Mein, nor can better  
smell out his Interest. I can only say,  
that 'tis very hard to keep him in; and  
that of a Cat brought up in Religion, he is  
the most uneasy to be confin'd to a Cloyster.

He

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He can never see a Window open, but immediately he is for jumping out of it; he had e'er this leap'd twenty times over the Walls, had he not been prevented; and there is no secular Cat in Christendom, that is more a Libertine, or more head-strong than he. I am in hopes, however, that I shall persuade him to stay, by the kind Entertainment I give him; for I treat him with nothing but good Cheese and Naples Biskets; and perhaps (Madam) he was not so well treated by you. For, I fancy the Ladies of ——— don't suffer their Cats to go in to their Cheeses, and that the Austerity of a Convent won't afford 'em such good Chear. He begins to grow tame already; Yesterday, I thought verily he had torn off one of my Hands in his wanton Addresses. 'Tis doubtless one of the most playful Creatures in the World; there's neither Man, Woman, nor Child, in my Lodging, that wears not some Mark of his Favour. But, however lovely he is in his own Person, it shall always be for your sake that I esteem him; and I shall love him so well, for the Love I have for you, that I hope to give Occasion to alter the Proverb, and that hereafter it shall be said, *Love me, and love my Cat*. If, besides this Present, you will give me the Raven that you promis'd me, and if you will send me an Elephant in a Handbasket one of these Days, you may proudly



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proudly say, that you have given me all the Sorts of Beasts that I love, and every way oblig'd me to be, all the Days of my Life,

*Tours, &c.*



*To Monsieur the Duke d' AN-*  
*GUIEN.*

LETTER XXV.

*My Lord,*

**I**F I have seem'd behind-hand in Congra-  
tulating a Success which has cost so dear  
as the Death of our Friend the Marquess of  
*Pisani*, you will not, I hope, think it  
strange, and I make no great Doubt of your  
Highness's Forgiveness, if upon this Occasi-  
on I have been more taken up with Grief  
than Joy. It is no Article of my Belief, my  
Lord, I who would with all Chearfulness sa-  
crifice my Life to serve you, that those  
that have lost theirs in this Victory, have  
mispent them, but could with all my  
Heart wish my self in their Condition, ra-  
ther than be so unfortunate to weep, or  
seem to be afflicted in one of your Victories:

In

In the mean Time, my Lord, since I am to undergo one of the greatest Afflictions that could possibly fall on me, it is no small Joy to me, that you have so fortunately and gloriously overcome so many Dangers, and that the Heavens have been pleas'd to guard a Person to whom I ought to address all the Zeal and Respect which I have wou'd to all those I may or shall ever lose. My Prayers to Heaven are, that it would be more careful of your Life, than you are of it your self. And I beg of you to find me out some Occasion to convince your Highness how ready and how passionately I am.

*Your Highness's*

*Dutiful Servant, &c.*

*To the same, upon his taking of  
Dunkirk.*

LETTER XXVI.

*My Lord,*

I Am so far from wondering that you have taken *Dunkirk*, that I believe you could take the Moon by the Teeth, if you did

but once attempt it. Nothing can be impossible to you: I am only uneasy about what I shall say to your Highness on this Occasion, and am thinking by what extraordinary Terms I may bring you to reach my Conceptions of you. Indeed, my Lord, in that Height of Glory to which you have now attain'd, the Honour of your Favour is a singular Happiness; but it is a troublesome Thing to us Writers, who are oblig'd to Congratulate you upon every good Success, to be perpetually upon the Hunt for Words, whose Force may answer your Actions, and to be every Day inventing new Panegyricks. If you would but have the Goodness to suffer your self to be beat sometimes, or to rise from before some Town, the Variety of the Matter might help to support us, and we should find out some fine Thing or other to say to you upon the Inconstancy of Fortune, and the Glory that is gotten by bearing her Malice bravely: But having, from the very first of your Actions, rank'd you equal with *Alexander*, and finding you rising upon us continually; upon my Word, my Lord, we are at a Loss what to do, either with you or our selves. Nothing that we can say, can come up to that which you do; and the very Flights of our Fancy flag below you. Eloquence, which magnifies the smallest Things, cannot reach the Height of

of those which you do; no, not by its boldest Figures. And that which is call'd Hyperbole on other Occasions, is but a cold way of speaking when it comes to be apply'd to you. Indeed it is difficult to comprehend how your Highness each Summer has still found out Means to augment that Glory which every Winter seem'd at its full Perfection; and that having begun greatly, and gone on more greatly, your last Actions should crown the rest, and be found the most\* amazing. For my own part, my Lord, I congratulate your Success, as I am in Duty oblig'd; but I plainly foresee the very Thing that augments your Reputation with us, may prejudice that which you expect from after Ages; and that so many great and important Actions done in so short a Space, may render your Life incredible to future Times, and make your History be thought a Romance by Posterity. Be pleas'd then, my Lord, to set some Bounds to your Victories, if it be only to accommodate your self to the Capacity of Human Reason, and not to go farther than common Belief can follow you. Be contented to be quiet and

D 5

secure;

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\* When Voiture says, that this last Conquest of Dunkirk is more glorious than any the Duke of Anguien ever gain'd, he speaks but in a way of exaggerating, and only to equal that Prince, who at that Time had perform'd nothing more glorious than the Battle of Rocroy.

secure, at least for a Time, and suffer *France*, which is eternally alarm'd for your Safety, to enjoy serenely, for a few Months, the Glory which you have acquir'd for her. In the mean Time, I beseech you to believe, that among so many Millions of Men who admire you, and who continually pray for you, there is not one who does it with so much Joy, with so much Zeal and Veneration, as I, who am,

*My Lord,*

*Your Highness's, &c.*



*To the same, when he had pass'd the Rhine with the Troops which were to join those of the Marshal de Guebriant, 1643.*

## LETTER XXVII.

**I**N order to understand this Letter rightly, it is necessary to know that a little before the Duke set out from Paris, being in Company with some Ladies of his particular Acquaintance, he play'd with them at several little Games, and particularly



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particularly at that of the Fish, which, as I am credibly inform'd, is play'd after the following Manner. There ought to be in Company about seven or eight Persons, and every one is to think of some Fish, but not to tell it; then one of the Company takes his Handkerchief, and making as if he was Angling, cries, *I fish in my Master's Pond, and I catch a Fish, which he is to name, a Pike, for Example; if any one there has chosen a Pike, he is to answer, That's my Fish; if no Body has chosen it, he is to forfeit; and when it has gone round in this manner, the Forfeits are to be dispos'd of, as in several of our English Games.* The Duke was the Pike in this Play, which gave Occasion to Voiture, who was the Carp, to send him the following Piece of Railery, which is esteem'd one of the most ingenious of all his Works.

Good Morrow, Brother Pike. Good Morrow, Brother Pike. I always believ'd, indeed, that the Waters of the Rhine would never stop you, and being acquainted with your Strength, and knowing how much you love to swim in wide Water, I easily imagin'd you would not be at all terrify'd at them, but pass them with as much Glory, as you have perform'd so many other Exploits; but it gives me particular Joy to hear, that it was done more fortunately, even than we could wish, and that without you or yours having lost a single Fin, your sole Name dissipate all the Oppositi-

84 *Monsieur VOITURE's Letters.*

on you expected to meet with. Tho' you were always delicious Food in any Sauce whatever, yet it must be own'd the *\* German* Sauce gives you an excellent Relish, and the Bays which are mixt in it, adds still more to your Lushfulness. The Emperor's Folks, who hop'd to have roasted you, and made a Meal of you, were horribly balk'd and it would make any Body laugh to think that they, who boasted how well they would defend the Banks of the *Rhine*, should not now be safe, even upon those of the *Danube*. Ods Fish, how you lay about you! There's no Water, tho' ever so deep, ever so rough, or ever so rapid, but you sowlse into it headlong, without minding where you go. Really, Brother, you contradict the Proverb, which says, *Young Flesh, and old Fish*. For being no more than a young tender Pike, you have a Firmness which is not to be found in the oldest *Sturgeons*, and you finish Things which they durst never have begun. And indeed you can't imagine how far your Reputation is extended already; there is not a Pond, not a Fountain, not a Brook, not a River, not a Sea, where your Victories are not wonder'd at; no standing Water where you are not talk'd of; no roaring Torrent that you do not make a Noise in; your Name penetrates to the

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*\* The usual Sauce for a Pike, is call'd, Sauce de Alle magne.*

the very Centre of the Sea, and flies over the Surface of the Deep; and the Ocean, which sets Bounds to the World, does not do the same to your Glory. To other Day, when Brother *Timbo*, Brother *Shad*, and some fresh-water Fish of us, supped together at Brother *Smelts*, there was brought in, at the second Course, an old *Salmon*, who had swam twice round the World; and being just then come from the *West-Indies*, was taken up in *France*, for a Spy, as he was following a Salt Smack. He told us there was not an Abyss in the Water, tho' ever so deep, where you were not known and dreaded; and that the Whales of the *Atlantic Ocean*, were all in a muck Sweat, if they did but hear you nam'd. He would have given us more Information, but being boild, he did not know how to speak without a great deal of Pain. We had much the same News from a Shoal of *fresh Herrings*, that were just come from the Coast of *Norway*; these assur'd us that the Sea of that Country was frozen two Months sooner than ordinary, through the Terror they were in, upon their being told by some *Mackrel*, that you were directing your March towards the *North*; and they added farther, that the great Fish too, who you know generally devour the little ones, were afraid you would serve them as they serv'd others, and were most of them retir'd quite under the Bear, imagining they should

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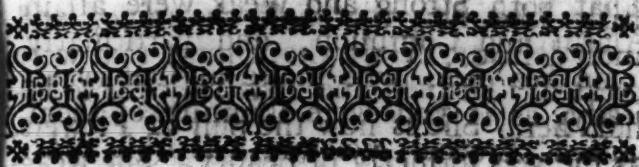
should then be out of the Reach of you: That both Strong and Weak were all in Alarm and Confusion, and particularly some Sea Eels, who make an Ontory already, as if you were skinning of them. Indeed, Brother, you are a terrible Pike, and the biggest Fishes in the Ocean, not excepting Sea Horses, Sea Wolves, nor the Dolphins themselves, are but *Craw-fish* in Comparison of you; and if you go on at the Rate you have begun, you'll swallow up Sea, and Fish, and all. Yet, your Glory being already arriv'd at such a Degree, that it is impossible for it to be greater, I think, after so many Fatigues, you ought to come and refresh yourself in the Water of the *Seine*, and divert your self a little with a great many pretty *Tench*, charming *Perch*, and humble *Trouts*, that impatiently long for your Company. But, however great their Love may be for you, it can never equal mine, nor the Desire I have to let you know how much I am

*Your, most humble,*

*Most obedient Servant,*

*And Brother,*

*Carp.*



Monsieur VOITURE's  
**METAMORPHOSES.**



**METAMORPHOSIS** of Lucina  
*into a Rose. For the Marchioness  
 of Rambouillet.*

**W**ITHIN the Circuit of the seven  
 Hills, which have so long struck  
 Terror into the whole Earth, was  
 born a Nymph with whom the Sun fell in  
 Love, and for whom both Gods and Men  
 had an equal Passion. She was weak of  
 Body, but perfectly beautiful, divinely  
 prudent, and of wonderful good Conduct.  
*Venus*, out of Envy to her Beauty, and  
 because she thought herself less honour'd  
 by her, than any of the other Goddesses,  
 attempted to destroy her; but *Phæbus* sav'd  
 her,



her, turning her into a Flower, which is still, like her, the most charming, and most delicate of all the Things that were created. Heaven and Earth rejoice to behold her. She is now the Sun of Flowers, as she was formerly of Beauty. She wears the Livery of Modesty and Virtue, and still preserves the Property of giving a fine Scent to every Thing that is in her Company. She no more desires now to be meddled with, than she did formerly. She arms herself with Thorns, to preserve herself from being touch'd and handled. She shuts herself up for three Parts of the Year. Excessive Heat and excessive Cold are equally baneful to her, and she appears only in Spring.

META.



METAMORPHOSIS of Julia  
into a Diamond. For the Marchi-  
ness of Montausier.

IN that Part of the World where the Sun  
rises, and where Heaven engenders pre-  
cious Stones, was born, by Miracle, a *Nayade*,  
the most accomplish'd the Gods had ever  
created; and the old *Ocean* never beheld any  
Thing so beautiful, no not even on that  
Day when *Venus* was born in his Dominions.  
*Neptune*, for her Sake, made *Thetis*, and all  
the Nymphs of the Ocean, pine with Jeal-  
ously. But at last, growing weary of her  
Disdain, he turn'd her into the Stone which  
is call'd a Diamond. As she was incom-  
parably beautiful, of a divine Wit, but in-  
sensible, obstinate, and imperious; so this  
Stone has a Beauty which darkens all others,  
a Brightness which seems descended from  
Heaven; it can by no Force be broke; it  
resists Iron and Fire, and it stands upon the  
Heads of Kings themselves. As she was be-  
lov'd by all who knew her, so she is still  
belov'd both by great and small, and de-  
sir'd by all the World. In short, Heaven  
nor Earth have made nothing so perfect,  
and

and Mankind knows nothing so valuable.

**METAMORPHOSIS** of Leonida  
into a Pearl. For Mademoiselle  
Paulet.

**I**N the Forest of *Erimanthus* was formerly a Fairy, who, in her Infancy, was expos'd to the wild Beasts, who gave her Suck, and brought her up. She had a human Countenance, a divine Wit, but a very cruel Soul. Love never serv'd any Body so well as he did her, and yet had never a greater Enemy. She kill'd all that she look'd upon, and, in a little Space of Time, committed more Murthers than the Bears and Lyonesses, who had sav'd her from perishing. But the Gods at last grew offended with her Cruelties; and resolving to save Mankind, which she went the ready way to destroy, chang'd her into a Pearl, which still retains the Clearness of her Skin, which made every Thing else look black. All other Jewels unite themselves with Gold, but this does without it, and only allies itself to those of its own Species. But she has, to this Moment,

some

some Remains of her first Fierceness; for we see that, even to this Day, Pearls fly at the Throats of those who would make Use of them, and can be dissolv'd in nothing but Vinegar, to denote the Sympathy there was formerly between them.



*The ELOGIUM of the Conde  
Duke d' Olivares, prime Minister of  
Spain.*

*This Fragment wants both the Beginning and  
the End.*

— Upon this Occasion, he shew'd that no Reasons of State had so great an Influence over him, as those of Religion; and that he had rather be an ill Politician, than an ill Christian. His Integrity is acknowledg'd by his very Enemies. He was always liberal of his own Wealth, and sparing of the King's; and, which is hardly credible, tho' he has had the Management of above a hundred and fifty Millions, he is five hundred thousand Crowns in Debt. His Train, and his Way of living, are like those of a private Person, as well as his Affability, and the Readiness with which he sees any body. Others  
who

who are in Places like his, do generally avoid, with equal Industry, both Friends and Enemies, and are no less afraid of those who ask Favours, than of those that would do them Mischief: As for him, of the one he is not afraid, and he hears the others, and if he can't satisfy every Body in their Requests, he thinks he ought at least to give them the Hearing. As for his Capacity and Wit, there is hardly any Body, I believe, that doubts it. We need say no more, in order to give some Notion of it, than that it extends to the two Ends of the World; that it governs both in the *East* and in the *West*; and that alone it manages all the most important Affairs of *Europe*. It is wonderfully quick, active, penetrating, subtle, and agreeable; full of Fire and Knowledge. He talks his own Language perfectly well; to express which, it is sufficient to say, that his Name is *Gusman*, and that he is descended from the Stock which was famous in *Spain* before there were Kings in *Castile*; and which has furnish'd that Nation with its greatest Examples of Virtue and Loyalty. His Father, Don *Pedro de Gusman*, had in his Time few Equals either for Wit or Merit; and this Commendation was then of greater Weight than it would be now. He was Ambassador to the Pope, Vice-Roy of *Sicily*, and afterwards of *Naples*; and upon his Return to *Ma-*  
*drid*,



And, he was made one of the Privy-Councillors, which in that Kingdom is the highest Degree of Honour and Dignity. Being at *Rome*, his Son ——— de *Gusman* was born, who being the youngest, was design'd for a Clergy-man; and the first Years of his Youth were spent in Study. But some Time afterwards he became the eldest, by the Death of his Brother; and by that of his Father, Heir to an Estate of sixty thousand Ducats *per Annum*. In his Youth he was extremely well made, tall, handsome, and finely shap'd, the most graceful Rider in all *Spain*, valiant, liberal, and magnificent; and he was certainly the finest Gentleman at Court, till he grew to be the most potent there. He enter'd into Business at a Time when the Genius of *Spain* seem'd to flag and grow weary, and when that Monarchy, which had been rais'd to its highest Degree of Greatness, by *Charles* the fifth, and with much ado preserv'd in it by *Philip* the second, look'd as if it meant to decline under all other Kings. Those who can never be satisfy'd with the Things that are present, and who always look out for Cause of Complaint, either in the Foresight of Futurity, or Comparison of Things past, look back with Regret upon the Grandeur and Richness wherein the Court flourish'd under *Philip* the

the third; and because they find that it has less Splendor and good Fortune now, than it had in those Times, they conclude it is occasion'd by want of Conduct. But we ought to consider, that those who were in his Place before he came to it, always govern'd in calm and serene Weather, when, if the Sails were but hoisted, Things went on of themselves, and when the Winds never blow'd, but in order to bring Gold from the *Indies*. *Germany*, which still remember'd the Battle of the *Elbe*, and which having seen the Eagle of the Empire, with the Thunder of *Charles V.* in her Claws, could at most form only Designs of Mischief. The *Dutch* as yet thought of no Prosperity beyond that of enjoying Peace and Quiet. *England* was rul'd by a King who was in the Decline of Age, and a mere Philosopher; and *France* by an Infant. All *Europe* slept in profound Peace and Silence; and the then Ministers were employ'd in nothing but distributing the Treasures of *Pern*, and in giving or refusing of Favours. This Gentleman, on the contrary, always sail'd with the Wind in his Teeth. When the Heavens were on all Sides cover'd with thick lowring Clouds, he kept on his Course amidst Rocks and Quick-sands; and in the greatest Violence of the Storm, was forc'd to manage that mighty Ship, whose Prow is in the *Atlantic Ocean*, and whose Stern lies in the

*Indian*

# Duke d'OLIVARES. 95

*Indian Sea.* In *France* he was to countermine the Designs of an able Minister, who had a particular Aversion to the *Spaniards*, and who could do what he would with a young warlike King, whose Enterprizes were generally blest with Success. On the Side of the *North*, Fortune rais'd up against the House of *Austria*, the most dangerous Enemy she ever had to deal with; a Conqueror, whose least Qualification was that of being a King both valiant and wise, prudent and bold, of great Experience, and great Designs; and who had all *Alexander's* Virtues, without having one of his Vices, besides his Ambition. Thus this Monarchy, either for it self, or its Allies, had for Enemies, all at the same Time, the *French* and the Duke of *Savoy*, the *English*, the *Dutch*, the Protestants of *Germany*, and the King of *Sweden*, and that too in an Age wherein *Spain* was barren of Great Men, and wherein Fortune was more its Enemy, than all the rest. This Man went every Day from the *Escorial* to *Madrid*, with only two Secretaries in his Coach; and he who gave Directions to so many Armies, how they should move, and what they should do, and who guided the Actions of so many Millions of Men, had generally but three or four in his Attendance. No Train, tho' ever so numerous, can be so glorious as this Solitude. The best Proof  
of

of not having been guilty, is not being afraid. As for his Conscience, we are particularly oblig'd to acknowledge it after the Assistance he gave us to ruin the Protestants, and destroy *Rochelle*. If the Winds dash'd upon the Coasts of *Guyenne* the Carracks which were to have been unladen in *Lisbon*, if the Admirals of the Flotas suffer'd some of them to be taken, and if the Sea swallow'd up others; if the *Marquess de Spinola* dy'd before he could take *Cazal*; if the *Germans*, tho' the more numerous, let themselves be routed at *Veil-lane*; if the Chiefs of the Armies, tho' they had great Advantages, accepted of disadvantageous Conditions; and if the good Fortune or good Conduct of the King of *Sweden*, won the Battle of *Leipswick*: These are Accidents which the *Conde d'Olivares* could not possibly prevent, and which he could only endeavour to repair. One of the Misfortunes incident to those who govern, is, that when Things succeed, every Body endeavours to get the Glory of it for himself; but when they prove unlucky, the Fault falls all upon one Man's Shoulders. His good Conduct apply'd a Remedy to every Thing that was capable of receiving it; and if, indeed, he could not recover every Thing, it was a great deal to hinder all from running quite to Ruin and Destruction. Whenever Fortune did not op-

pose

# Duke d'OLIVARES. 97

pose his Councils, but suffer'd his Prudence to have its free Course, good Success pour'd in upon him from all Parts. In one and the same Year he conquer'd *Breda*, not only in Despite of the *Dutch*, but also, of all the Potentates in *Europe*. He sav'd *Genoa*, which was half *French*, and which had 20000 *French* at its Gates. He forc'd the *English* to abandon *Cadiz* with so much Haste, that they seem'd to have been suffer'd to enter into *Spain*, only for the Pleasure of driving them out again: And at the same Time, at the other End of the World, with 12000 Men he conquer'd *Brazil*. Thus he triumph'd over all the Earth at once, and won Victories enough, to have render'd his whole Life happy and glorious, if they had been but divided to different Times. Ill Fortune indeed, might sometimes overthrow his Designs, but never his Constancy. I have seen him receive the News of the taking of *Maestricht*, and the Death of the King of *Sweden*, with the same Countenance; and the very Day when Fate, by robbing him of his Daughter, depriv'd him of his dearest Hopes, he had the Fortitude to give Audience, and apply himself to Business, the Sentiments of a Father giving Way to the Duty of a Statesman. He thought it would not become him to abandon to Tears the Eyes that ought to be continually



watching for the Good of his Country; and that a Mind which was charg'd with the Care of half the Globe, ought not to be ruffled by a Family-Misfortune. His Administration had the particular good Luck not to be stain'd with Blood, nor crowded with Proscriptions; his Sighs and Tears, did not unpeople the Court to fill the Prison. He did not make Use of the Crime of High Treason, for a Pretence to gratify his private Revenge: And let any Body say, or do what they would against him, he never look'd upon any as his Enemies, but those who were the Enemies of the State. But since this single Man is the most considerable Part of that Court; since his Name is known to all *Europe*, and his Person but to few, and that every one has different Notions of it, according to the Love, Hatred, or Envy, of those who may have given him a Description of it, it will not be improper to break off the Thread of this Discourse, in order to say something more particular of him.

Fortune has been generally us'd to fetch those whom she meant to raise to the highest Honours, from the lowest Condition of Mankind; and the better to shew her Power, she takes Delight in forming her Creatures out of Nothing. She did not observe this Rule in the Choice she made of the Duke of *Olivares*, whom she found at

first in so high a Station, that she hardly knew how to place him in a higher, and all her Favour was not able to give him one Title which was not to be found in his Family already. Genealogists, who have the Secret of deducing from Kings the Original of Favourites, and of adopting any Body into whatever Rank they please to chuse, need not give themselves much Trouble to prove the Nobility of his Race.

*The End of the Letters, &c.*

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ALCIDALIS *and* ZELIDA,  
OR, THE  
Undaunted LADY;  
A  
ROMANCE.

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Written for the Entertainment of  
*Mademoiselle de RAMBOUILLET,*  
By Monsieur VOITURE.

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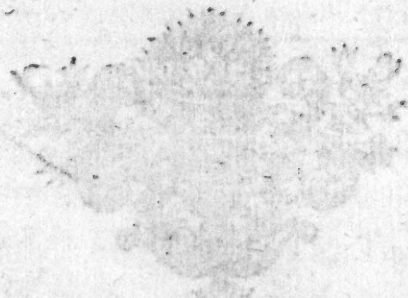
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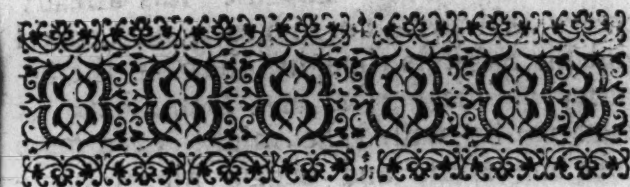
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# ALCIDALIS and ZELIDA,

OR, THE

Undaunted LADY.



At what Time *Spain* was divided, not only among several Kings, but also among several Nations; the *Goths*, the *Moors* and the *Spaniards*, having each of them a Part of it, *Arragon* was govern'd by a King, who, amidst all the Wars his Neighbours were disquieted with, had still preserv'd his Subjects in Peace; and who was memorable for nothing but the being Father to him whose History we are going to relate. His Wife, having brought him an only Son, left him a Widower much about the same Time that the Countess of *Barcelona*, a young and prudent Princess, had

4      *Alcidalis and Zelida; or,*

lost her Husband. Tho' he was already pretty well advanc'd in Years, his Council and his Subjects thought, that for the Security of his Person and Dominions, it were to be wish'd he might leave more than one Heir, and begg'd him to chuse for that Purpose, either in his own Kingdom, or among his Neighbours, some Lady upon whom he could fix his Affections. The Fame of the Countess's Beauty and Virtue, was not confin'd to *Arragon* alone; and not only good Policy advis'd him to take hold of this Opportunity of joining to his Territories, so important a City as *Barcelona*, but the King's Inclination too lay entirely that way. *Rosalva* (for that was her Name) was handsome enough, but much more crafty than she was handsome; and being already a sovereign Princess, nothing less than a Scepter could make her entertain Thoughts of a second Marriage. She having but one Daughter, and the King of *Arragon* one Son, she consider'd, that she should not only make herself a Queen, but might, as it were, leave an hereditary Kingdom to her Daughter; and being in the midst of Neighbours, who were continually upon the Watch for an Opportunity to fall upon her Dominions, she should not be at all blam'd for providing for her Safety, by setting a Crown upon her own Head. She therefore soon

*The Undaunted LADY.*

5

consented to lose the Title of Countess of *Barcelona*, for that of Queen of *Arragon*, where she was receiv'd with all possible Joy and Magnificence. Being young, handsome, and artful she presently gain'd an absolute Government over the King, and soon afterwards over the whole Kingdom. The most important Affairs were not concluded, 'till her Opinion was consulted, and the King soon renounc'd all other Care, besides that of studying how to please her. But in the midst of this great Power, her chief Concern was to bring about the Marriage of her Daughter with the Prince; and the more she grew acquainted with the Perfections of her Son-in-Law, the more was she desirous to compleat that Union. *Alcidalis*, which was the Prince's Name, was Born with so many Advantages of Nature, that his being the Son of a King, was the least of his good Qualities. He had Beauty, which gain'd him the Hearts of all that saw him; Wit, which, even in his Childhood, was without a Rival; and Greatness of Soul and Courage, which struck every Body with Respect and Fear. The Infancy of *Alexander*, was neither more grand, nor more wonderful, than was his. There pass'd not a Day, in which he did not say or do something that surpriz'd the whole Court. Those who had the Art of judging of the Fortune

6 Alcidalis and Zelida ; or,

of Men, by their Features, saw in his, a Promise of several great and wonderful Events; and those who consider'd his Actions, and the good Qualities which were in him, said, That the Crown of *Arragon* was too narrow for such a Head. They foresaw that the *Moors*, who were his Father's Borderers, would one Day be forc'd to set the Sea between him and them; and that *Spain* would no longer be under the Dominion of more than one, when that young Prince could but get Strength enough to draw his Sword.

All these Perfections won him more and more the Affection of the Queen, who knew them better than any Body. She was impatient for an Opportunity to compleat a Match she had from the very Beginning projected; and was of Opinion, that it would be a less Advantage to her Daughter to be Queen of *Arragon*, than to be Wife of *Alcidalis*. But let us say what we will of Fortune, it must be confess'd there's no Prudence like hers. She lays her Designs so deep, and leads them through such hidden Mazes, that it is impossible for our Foresight to hinder them; and in spite of all we can do, she still brings about whatever she undertakes. This same Fortune, having taken a Resolution to oppose the Forecast of *Rosalva*, shall fetch from beyond Sea, a young Girl, who, tho' a Stranger

*The Undaunted* LADY. 7

ger and an Orphan, shall overthrow the Designs of a politick and powerful Queen.

The Prince of *Tenara*, descended from one of the most illustrious Families in the Kingdom of *Calabria*, and which had formerly given Kings to *Naples* and *Sicily*, had a very considerable Estate fallen to him in *Arragon*, which he resolv'd to go and take Possession of in Person, because it was disputed with him. But being extreamly fond of his Wife, and both he and she having a very great Love for an only Daughter they had, about five or six Years old, they could not bear the Thoughts of parting; and so they resolv'd to carry their whole Family into *Arragon*. They were there receiv'd by the King and Queen, with all the Kindness and Civility due to Strangers of their Rank and Merit. But shortly after their Arrival, the Prince was seiz'd with an Illness, which carry'd him off in a few Days, and left his Wife in a Despair wherein it was impossible she could long live. The Queen, whose Love she had gain'd to the highest Degree, gave her all the Comfort and Assistance she could wish for, in her Affliction, and in her Affairs. *Rosalva* had, from the first Moment she saw her, taken a Liking to the Princess; but when this Misfortune had befallen her, Pity so much increas'd the Affection she had for her, that she began to love her as herself. She gave



her Apartments in the Palace, and was so careful of having her always in her Company, that she seem'd to want part of herself, when *Camilla* was from her : (That was the Name of the afflicted Princess.) - Yet all this extraordinary Kindness, which might perhaps have cur'd any Misfortune besides hers, had no other Effect upon Her, than just to give her a little Ease, and to make her endure her Grief with less Impatience. And indeed, the Death of her Husband, in so unfortunate a Conjunction, was a Blow so sudden, and so hard to be supported, that the Goodness and Consolations of the Queen, could not hinder her being taken, for want of Food and Sleep, with a Sickness, which she soon conceiv'd was to be the last of all her Miseries. This was an extreme Grief to the Queen, who earnestly wish'd for her Recovery, and was very sorry that two such illustrious Persons should die in her Dominions, in so short a Time. She conjur'd all the most skilful Physicians that came near her, to put in Practice the greatest Secrets of their Art, for her Cure. But tho', at the Solicitation of the Queen, they did the utmost of their Power, and spar'd for no Pains, the Disease of the Princess *Camilla* was stronger than all their Remedies. She herself well perceiving, and knowing with as much Judgment, and settled Sense, as her Physicians, that her

her Hour was come, resolv'd to follow the Prince her Husband, with all the Tranquillity it was possible for one to do, who consider'd, that she was to leave her Daughter an Orphan, in an Age so little capable of Reason, and in a strange Country, where she could expect no Assistance from any thing, but the Goodness of the Queen, in whose Court she was on the Point of dying.

During these different Thoughts, with which she was tormented in the Height of her Distemper, the Queen, who was with her as much as possible, having ask'd her how she found herself, *Camilla* turn'd her Eyes languishingly upon her, took her by the Hand, which she kiss'd several times, without being able to speak; then all of a sudden addressing herself to her, she said, That she was infinitely oblig'd to the best Queen in the World, for the Concern she shew'd about her Health: That since she did her the Honour to desire to know from her own Mouth, the true State of it, she would give her Leave to tell her, that she found herself very near her End; but that her greatest Grief, in the Condition she was in, was not about her Death; for that loving her Daughter much more than Life, she was more uneasy to leave her, than to leave the World: She therefore begg'd her to permit her to make the best Use she

could of the few Hours she had left, and to employ them in pouring into her Bosom the last and most tender Sentiments of her Soul ; which were, that she should bless Heaven for so soon putting her in a Condition to follow her Husband, if, before her Death, she would please to accept from her Hand, the Present she meant to make her of all which, after that Husband, she esteem'd most dear and precious. At these Words she gush'd into Tears, which after having wip'd away, she continu'd, and said, That in all her Distresses, she could not believe Fortune was absolutely her Enemy, since she had granted her the Honour of being known to her Majesty ; and that were it not for the Mischance which beset her Husband, she should reckon her Journey to *Arragon* happy, tho' she well saw it would cost her her Life, as it had done him : That nevertheless, she thought she had not at all paid dear for the Happiness of being belov'd by her, for whom she had so great Respect, that if the World had any Thing in it which she lost with Regret, it was only her Friendship: But that she should comfort herself as well as she was able, in hopes her Daughter would succeed her in the Honour of her good Graces: That she would have the Goodness to be a Mother to her, and take Care of her, as of a Person whom she bequeath'd

queath'd her upon her Death-bed. She earnestly entreated her to accept of that Gift, adding, that in leaving her Child the additional Quality of the Queen's Daughter, she thought she left her richer than in the two Dutchies she was Heirefs to: That she should die in Peace, and think her Death in some sort happy for *Zelida*, since it would procure her the Honour of being Educated by the wisest Queen in the World.

When she had said this, she took from her Bed's-Head, a little Casket full of her richest Jewels, which she deposited with her, and desir'd her to keep them, to serve her Daughter *Zelida*, as she meant they should herself, when she brought them with her in her Journey.

In the Condition the Dutcheß was in, and in the Manner she spoke, tho' she had begg'd even the Kingdom of *Arragon* of *Rosalva*, or could this latter have known the Importance of the Favour she was ask'd, she could not have refus'd her. She embrac'd her, and said, she joyfully receiv'd the Present she had made her, on Condition she never revok'd it. That from that Moment, she should think she had two Daughters, and there should never be any Difference between them, except that *Zelida* should be always the Eldest: But she would have her take Heart, and she hop'd she

would live long enough to be herself Witness of the Effect of her Promises.

This was a great Comfort to *Camilla's* Mind, but did not in the least diminish the Illness of her Body; she liv'd two Days longer, and then went out of the World with as much Joy as any one would go out of a Prison, and left the whole Court in Grief, and the Queen under an Affliction which cannot be describ'd. Thus *Zelida*, in less than three Months, saw her Father and Mother bury'd in the Tomb of those whose Estate they came to enjoy. And now behold her at six Years of Age, three hundred Leagues distant from the Place of her Birth, in a strange Country, and, which she ought most to have fear'd, in the Power of one, through whom the Stars threaten'd her with all the Unhappiness of her Life. But Fortune is the best Mother in the World; no Harm can happen to those whom she adopts. She took this Orphan under her Protection, and, by such unfortunate Beginnings, resolv'd to set two Crowns upon her Head. *Zelida* was one of the most compleat Master-pieces of Heaven: As her Life was design'd to be full of Miracles, her Person was so too; and this History, which in every thing else is probable, is incredible only in what it relates of her Person. Ever since the Sun has been us'd to take his Course round the Earth,



Earth, he never saw a Beauty so accomplish'd as hers; and in the charmingst Body in the World, she had a Mind which cannot by ours be conceiv'd, and which seem'd to be one of those which ought not to inform any other Bodies than the Supernal, and which were made to rule the Stars. At an Age when others can scarce stammer their Words, she said Things which might have been admir'd in the Mouths of the wisest. Never was any one born under Influences so happy as hers; all the Stars had agreed together, to bestow on her their best Gifts; and Heaven had put so many Things into her, that what she ow'd to Earth was the least Part of her; and she seem'd to be a Cœlestial Person, dropp'd from Heaven by Miracle. Her Inclinations were so powerfully turn'd to Good, that she seem'd not to have Free-will, or Power to do amiss: And all the Virtues were so natural to her, that had there been any one of them which she did not put in practice, she must have committed a Violence upon her Nature. Never was there any Disturbance in her Soul: Never did she hesitate between Good and Evil; and when she follow'd what was just, and what was decent, she only follow'd her own Inclinations. Besides all these apparent Perfections, she had in so high a Degree those hidden Qualities and those secret Graces which

which make us love some People without knowing for what Reason, that she was the Delight of all who saw her. There was I know not what Charm in all her Actions, that infus'd a Gladness and a Love into the Hearts of all who were in her Presence; and the very Sound of her Voice, had something in it that enchanted the Souls of the Hearers. She had an infinite Number of other Perfections which never can be express'd, and the least Part of them are those which can.

This Description of her, Madam, is so like your self in every respect, that there is no Body but what would take you for her Sister. As for my Part, tho' I view'd her very carefully, when you shew'd her to me, yet there were so many Things in her, which deserv'd Observation, that, I must confess, I could never have drawn her by Memory, nor have represented her so well as I have done, had I not taken the Copy after You.

With these Arms was *Zelida* to conquer the Kingdom of *Arragon*; nor did she stand in Need of any other, since all she had to do, was, to gain the Heart of *Alcidalis*, which all the Forces in the World could never have subdu'd. She was receiv'd in the Palace, with an Affection and Joy so general, that even from thence it might have been foreseen, she came into it as  
Mistress,

Mistress, and would in Time command there. The Queen, who once thought she could never have been comforted for the Death of her Mother, could not be sad when she saw her; and the King hardly found any Difference between the Love he had for her, and that he had for his Son. *Alcidalis* and *Zelida* were of the Age wherein it is customary to paint the Loves; and both of them were adorn'd with all the Charms and Graces which the most excellent Painters can bestow upon Them. Their Beauty was so equal, tho' extreamly different, and such extraordinary Qualities shone in both, that there was no Body but what presently conceiv'd they were born for each other; and neither of them had ever found an Equal, had they not come into the World in the same Age: Nor indeed, tho' they had the Hearts of all that saw them, had they ever been lov'd as they deserv'd, had they not lov'd each other; nor could any other Souls, besides theirs, have been capable of so great a Passion, as each of them deserv'd. And *Cupid*, who had then a mind to give signal Proofs of his Power, took up his Residence in them so early, that they felt him long before they were able to tell what he was; nor did he suffer them to be at Ease, even in that first Part of Life, which Nature seems to have exempted from Passions.

*Zelida* did not fail, at the very first Interview, to work in the Heart of *Alcidalis*, the same Effects which she had always produc'd in all others; and he too stirr'd up in the Soul of *Zelida*, an Emotion which she had never before felt for any Body besides.

The Queen, according to the Design she had form'd in *Arragon*, had brought up the Prince with all the Cunning that could induce him to love her Daughter. So soon as ever they could speak, he was accustomed to call her his Mistress: He was carry'd every Day to visit her; and all who were about him, let slip no Opportunity of praising to him her Beauty, or her Gentleness. But the Inclination of *Alcidalis* did not at all fall in with the Queen's Intentions; and he, who was good humour'd, and complaisant to all, seem'd to be otherwise only to the young Countess, and was never under so much Uneasiness, as when he was with her; either because his generous Soul disdain'd to be estin'd to any Thing, without asking his Consent; or that the Stars, which had sent him into the World for *Zelida*, gave him a secret Aversion for all that should try to usurp her Place: So that as soon as ever she was brought to Court, and the Queen had given her for a Companion to her Daughter, his Mind seem'd to be suddenly alter'd. He then never stirr'd

stirr'd from the Countess's Apartment, and spent none of his Time so agreeably, as that which he pass'd in her Company. Love, to gain an Entrance into our Souls, generally comes accompany'd with Joy and Pleasure; and never does us the least Violence or Harm, 'till he thinks himself so much Master of the Place, and grown so powerful in it, as to need no longer to fear being driven out of it.

At first these two Children felt nothing extraordinary, but an extream Pleasure in being in each other's Company; they were touch'd at the Sight of each other, with a certain Gladness and good Humour, which they were not us'd to feel; and every Body saw that they were an Embellishment to each other, every Time they were together. *Zelida*, who 'till then had been us'd to Melancholy, grew more gay than usual; and *Alcidalis* was so good humour'd, and agreeable, when ever he was in her Company, that one would have thought he reserv'd a particular Pleasantness and Grace to appear before her with. In this Innocence, they for some Months quietly enjoy'd this Pleasure, which was certainly the happiest Condition they tasted for a long while afterwards. But their Mind daily assuming new Strength, their Passion did the same; and Love grew so powerful in them, that at length he was per-



perceptible, and began to shew himself. *Alcidalis* grew more thoughtful than ordinary, and every Time he was absent from *Zelida*, dearly paid for the Satisfaction of her Presence, by an extraordinary Sadness. He now was delighted with no Sports nor Pastimes, but what he shar'd with her; nor with any Pleasure but that of her Sight; and if any thing was able to touch him in her Absence, it was speaking, or being spoke to, concerning her. He, who, from his Infancy, had propos'd to himself to subdue the whole World, now thinks of nothing but conquering *Zelida*; and if he does entertain any small Remembrance of his former Ambition, 'tis only with Intent to make himself more worthy of her, and to lay at her Feet as many Crowns as she deserves. Every Time he left her, it seem'd to him as if he was fallen from Heaven to Earth; and when he went from her Company, Solitude was the only Thing he could endure. There he exactly call'd to Mind all her Words and Actions; and weighing each of them in every Sense that could be put upon them, he from thence drew Conjectures either favourable or disadvantageous. Afterwards, remembering every thing he himself had said or done, he always repented of something; at one Time he blam'd himself for being too timorous, and

and at another Time for being too bold; and always remain'd as much dissatisfy'd with himself, as he was satisfy'd with her. He began, by Degrees, to lay aside all the Diversions he before took Delight in. Hunting, which he was extreamly fond of, no longer pleas'd him, unless she were present; and if he had any Care of his Exercises, it was only in order to appear more agreeable in her Eyes. In short, he had an Esteem for *Zelida*, as if she were the only Woman in the World, and all his Thoughts and Designs began and center'd in her.

On the other Hand, Love had not been idle in the Heart of *Zelida*; but he had not yet made so great a Progress in it, nor extended his Power so far, either because he knew her Greatness of Soul, and therefore durst not discover himself to her; or else, being by two Years the younger, she was less capable of that Passion. Yet she was not without some Emotion every Time she saw the young Prince. She took more Pains than ordinary about her Beauty and Dress. She was less fond of the young Countess, because she was design'd for him; and the Civilities which he was forc'd to pay her, tho' he did it with the greatest Coldness, did, however, disturb her; yet, being Mistress of a noble and heroick Soul, and which was consequently capable

capable of a Passion adorn'd with those Qualities; the Merit of *Alcidalis*, and the Stars which inclin'd her to him, did, with the Help of Time, make in her Heart an Impression which nothing could ever efface; and produc'd in it an Affection as compleat and charming as herself.

Love, between Persons of eminent Quality, is like a Fire upon a high Tower, which cannot be hid, but is visible at a great Distance. The mutual Love of *Alcidalis* and *Zelida* was soon perceiv'd by every Body ; nay, several had observ'd they were in Love with each other, before they themselves knew as much. At first, when Childhood made their Actions less considerable ; whatever Pleasure they might take in being together, none ever thought there was any other Love between them, than that of playing with one another ; but when with Time, *Zelida* became more serious, and *Alcidalis* in all his Actions shew'd a Judgment capable even of governing his Father's Kingdom ; it was then by the whole Court believ'd those two Souls were link'd together by a sincere Affection, and that it would be found very difficult to divide them. The Queen (who was very quick, and to whom nothing was of so much Importance as the young Prince) soon suspected the Charms of *Zelida*, and was one of the first that had an Inkling of their

their Affection: But confiding in her own Wit and Authority, ſhe thought the Difficulty would lie wholly upon them; and did not imagine ſhe ſhould meet with any Reſiſtance in two Children, over whom ſhe had Power; ſhe who had out-witted the greateſt and cunningeſt in the whole Kingdom.

Mean Time, *Zelida's* Beauty increas'd daily; and whereas, 'till then, it had only began to break forth, (if I may be permitted to uſe the Expreſſion) it now ſhone out with ſo much Luſtre, that ſhe ſeem'd to declare openly againſt the Queen, that, in ſpite of all her Power, ſhe meant to gain the Hearts of her whole Kingdom. On the other hand, the young Prince growing ſenſible of his Birth and Strength, began to be weary of living under the Tuition of Governors, and beneath the Direction of a Woman. His Heart, naturally great and royal, was ſwell'd too and increas'd by the Paſſion it was full of, and could now no longer own the Sovereignty of any but *Zelida*. He began publickly to make known the Affection he bore her, and granted no Favour but by her Recommendation. He never dreſs'd in any but her Colours, at Tilts, or at Balls; all his Devices turn'd upon her, and he could not endure to have it imagin'd, that any

any but she had the least share in his Soul.

There was no Body but what, in their Hearts, favour'd their Affection: Every one made secret Vows for them. Their Passion was that of the whole Kingdom; and their Desires were attended by those of every Body else. The Queen then began to fear, and to perceive, that she had too long deferr'd opposing so great a Flame; and that she should at last be oblig'd to make use of violent Means to extinguish it. However, she was first willing to try all other Methods. She endeavour'd every Way to regain the Mind of *Alcidalis*, which to her seem'd to be grown more untractable. No Artifice could be thought of, but what she us'd, to diminish the Beauty of *Zelida*, and increase that of her own Daughter. She herself instructed her in every Thing she was to say or do: She never appear'd without the utmost Pomp: She was always loaded with Jewels. But *Zelida*, in her Negligence and Plainness, out-shone the others Magnificence; her Eyes, and her Complexion robb'd the Diamonds of their Lustre, and the Pearls of their Whiteness; and the Riches which Heaven had bestow'd upon her, effac'd all those the Earth was able to produce.

The Queen, therefore, finding how much her Presence was ruinous to her Designs, and



and that with one single Glance she overthrew all her Counfels, resolv'd to separate them, and remove *Zelida*; hoping Absence might wipe out the Impressions which Love had made in two Souls, as yet but young and tender; and that those whom she had plac'd about *Alcidalis*, to persuade him, might find him more easy to be prevail'd upon, when he was far from the Sight of the Object of this growing Passion. She therefore pretended, that, for her Daughter's Health, she would go spend three or four Months at a House she had in *Catalonia*; and having communicated her Design to the King, she commanded all Things to be got ready for her Departure; and said she would be attended by none but her Women. 'Tis impossible to express how our Lovers were Thunder-struck at this News: Hitherto they had never tasted any of the Bitter of Love, but had only had the Sweets and the Roses of it: They had quietly enjoy'd the Presence of each other; and, but for some Apprehensions of Futurity, which cannot be very strong in two young Souls, which are full of Confidence, their Joy had been undisturb'd, and without the least Cloud over it. *Alcidalis* was the most touch'd with this Accident, or at least, was the most ignorant how to dissemble his Concern. There was nothing but what he would have attempted, to break

break off the Journey; and all Expedients, tho' never so extravagant, came into his Thoughts. But seeing the Disease was without a Remedy, and that the Time drew near when *Zelida* was to be torn from him, he resolv'd, at least, not to let her go, without having first made an open Declaration of his Passion to her, and let her see how great it was. Till then he had liv'd with her, without ever having spoken the least Word concerning his Affection; and tho' all his Actions inform'd her of it every Moment, his Tongue had never done it; either because the Bashfulness which is common at that Age, hinder'd him from doing it; or that, being entirely satisfy'd with the Pleasure of seeing her, he minded nothing else. At length, the last Night before their setting out, he went to visit the Queen; where, having stay'd some Time, he found a Way to be with *Zelida* alone. This was the first Time *Alcidalis* knew what it was to fear. He try'd three or four Times to tell her what he had resolv'd to say; but having open'd his Mouth, he talk'd of something else, not having Resolution enough to execute his Design: Whereas formerly he us'd to be all Fire in *Zelida's* Presence, he was now all Ice. But at last, after some indifferent Discourse, with great Palpitation of Heart, and with a low and trembling Voice, he

he said to her: I doubt not, *Zelida*, but you very well know I love you; but I am fully assur'd, you do not know how much; and since this Absence of a few Days, will in my Eyes seem several Years, and I know not whether I shall live so long; I will tell you my Affection, that if, at your Return, you find me dead, you may at least know how much you ought to pity me. If you look upon your self, *Zelida*, and then look upon me, you will soon judge, that you are not capable of inspiring moderate Affections; and you will believe of me, that I am not capable of receiving little ones; and if there is any Thing in my Person above the Vulgar, you must presently think 'tis chiefly the Affection I bear to you. By the Knowledge you have both of your self and me, you may well imagine how great is its Sincerity, Faithfulness, and Respect; but its Greatness you never can; that exceeds all Imagination; and, even my self who feel it, am so far from being able to express it, that sometimes I cannot even conceive it. From the very first Moment I saw you, the Passion I have for you, was at the Height, whereat, after much Time, it is common for the greatest to arrive; and ever since then, there has not pass'd one single Moment, in which it has not been increas'd. So long as I continu'd a Child,

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I could not tell it you; and since then, I durst not; even now I tremble when I tell you I adore you; and unless you confirm me by a favourable Look, I shall not have Strength enough to conclude what I have still left to say. Here she, who had 'till then kept her Eyes on the Ground, look'd upon him with a Smile. *Alcidalis* thought he saw all Heaven open in the Eyes of *Zelida*, and resuming Courage, he continu'd thus: 'Tis true, *Zelida*, I know my Passion to be the greatest and most perfect that ever was; but how do I know 'tis lawful for Men to have any for you. I own, Humility is a Virtue you only have taught me; I always thought the whole Earth too little for me, but I now think my self am too little for you; and as much as I look upon all Things to be beneath me, so much I look upon my self to be beneath what you deserve. I know my Fortune is the last Thing you mind in me; and that I'm not so unfortunate, but you find some Qualities in me, which you esteem more than that which my Birth entitles me to. But if there is any Thing in me worthy of you, 'tis this Soul, which I make you a Present of, and which, I may say, is great and noble enough to be accepted of by yours. I should not be so bold in praising it, if it were still mine; I speak advantageously of it, as I do of every

every Thing that belongs to you. Ever since it has had the least Reason, it never form'd but two Designs: The first, and that which took up its Infancy, was the Conquest of the World; and ever since it has been grown more presumptuous, and more sensible, it has desir'd *Zelida*. If the adorable *Zelida* be not adverse, the first Design will be easily executed; and the Crown of *Arragon*, which, from this Moment, I promise her, and which all our Enemies cannot hinder me from giving her, will be but a small Part of those which I shall in Time come to lay at her Feet. *Alcidalis* then was silent, expecting the Answer of *Zelida*, who, in the Confusion she was in, had much ado to bring out these few Words: Sir, I am so amaz'd to hear you talk so seriously of a Matter of this Nature, and to see what a Construction the World puts upon our Familiarity, that I now know not what to say; and I beg you to give me leave to defer answering you 'till our Return; yet, I desire you would believe that I should be very glad if I had but very little Time allow'd me for it.

During all this Discourse, every Body's Eyes were fix'd upon *Alcidalis* and *Zelida*; and all observ'd, that they convers'd more seriously than they us'd to do. The Queen, who was the first that made this Observation, and who was very uneasy at it, rose



from her Seat, and going to them, said smilingly to *Alcidalis*, Sir, you talk to *Zelida* with so much Action, and with so serious a Countenance, that you seem to have some Dispute with her; if it be so, make your Complaint to me, for I shall be of your Side, and make her give you Satisfaction before she goes. *Alcidalis*, having broken the Ice, and been so bold as to tell of his Love to *Zelida*, would have been very glad to have continu'd his Conversation with her; this Interruption therefore was very displeasing to him; and hardly so much as looking upon the Queen, he proudly answer'd, Madam, I take *Zelida* to be so just, that even tho' she had wrong'd me, I need not apply to any other Judge than herself. There is no Occasion for any Body to meddle in our Disputes; and whatever Quarrel we may have together, I shall not hold my self at all oblig'd to those who shall go about to part us. This warm Reply was taken Notice of by every Body; tho' the Queen, who saw the Meaning of it better than any, was she that least seem'd to understand it, and she presently chang'd the Discourse.

The next Day, *Zelida* set out upon her Journey very early in the Morning, neither could *Alcidalis* get to the Speech of her: Tho' she left the Prince involv'd in Grief, yet she was in one Thing more unhappy

happy than him; for besides that she was as much dejected as him, she had the further Trouble of concealing her Sorrow, and of being oblig'd to laugh before the World, when in her Soul she wept Tears of Blood.

Of all the Uneasinesses with which Love is attended, Absence is one of the most afflicting. There are indeed some sharp Torments in it, such as Jealousy, which are more stabbing; but there is none so heavy and insupportable, nor that so much ruins the Strength and Vigour, as Absence. The first Thing *Alcidalis* did, after having seen *Zelida* in her Coach, and follow'd her with his Eyes as far as he was able, was to retire by himself into his Chamber, and there, having shut himself in, he threw himself on the Bed, where gushing into Tears and Sighs, he made the same Complaints as if *Zelida* had been dead, instead of absent. \* What is it you complain of, *Alcidalis*? You have all your Life-time peaceably enjoy'd the Sight of *Zelida*, and cannot you once endure eight Days Absence! Love lends out his Pleasures at great Usury. He always expects to be paid precisely to his Time, and he is but seldom us'd to let his Debtors alone so long as he has done you; you are one that he has

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\* *Auctor Loquitur.*

us'd favourably ; reserve your Tears therefore for another Occasion, wherein there may be a greater Call for them. The Time will soon come, when you shall have more Reason to grieve, and the Day approaches, when *Zelida* and you shall be much more cruelly separated, and that too without the least Hopes of seeing each other again for ever. He spent that whole Day alone in his Chamber, and all the following, without speaking to any Body whatsoever, unless when he went to the King, whom he could not avoid answering ; even then he spoke so faintly, and his Words came out with so much Difficulty, that 'twas easily perceptible his Soul was divided from him. At length, having pass'd eight Days in all the Grief and Impatience in the World, he thought his Life was at an end, and that it was a thousand Years since he had seen *Zelida* : Wherefore, one Night, being alone in his Apartment, discoursing with his Thoughts, without taking Advice of any Thing but his Desires and Uneasiness, he resolv'd to go where *Zelida* was ; and since, if he did not see her, he found his Death must be infallible, he thought worse could not happen to him, if he went to see her.

When the *Heber*, which is one of the most famous Rivers in *Spain*, has pass'd by the Walls of *Saragossa*, as if there were nothing

thing more in *Arragon* that deserv'd its Presence, it takes the Way to *Catalonia*; where having, in its Passage, receiv'd several little Streams, in order to make its Entry into the Sea more magnificent, it falls into it about half a League from *Tortosa*. All the Land which it waters, is extremely fruitful and woody; and so much the more agreeable, because the rest of the Country consists in dry, naked Plains, or in Mountains blacken'd and scorch'd up by the Heat of the Sun. Fifteen Leagues from its Mouth, it goes thro' a Valley, which may be about two Leagues long, and two broad, and which is enclos'd on both Sides with Mountains. In this Place the River runs very gently, occasion'd by its meeting with some Rocks four Leagues lower, which oppose its Course, and makes several Windings in the Plain, turning first one Way, and then t'other, as if it were doubtful which Way it should take to get thro' the Mountains. Its Banks are very much shaded with Trees and enamell'd with Flowers; and its Stream so clear, that there is not a Tree on the Bank, nor hardly so much as a Flower, but what may be seen in two Places, and appears in the Water, as beautiful and distinguishable as on the Ground. The ordinary Plants of this Country are green Oaks, Olive-Trees, and Pines; and besides, there being never

any Winter there, the Country produces no Trees, but those we have nam'd, that fear it. The Mountains of *Catalonia* are a Defence to the whole Valley against the North-Winds; so that 'tis always cover'd with Grass, and no Winter is ever perceptible, but what is seen upon the neighbouring Hills.

In this Paradise it was, that *Zelida* thought herself in Hell; and here was seated the Palace to which the Queen brought her. One would have thought the Water, the Flowers, and the Trees, were embelish'd by her Presence. She alone was sad among so many agreeable Objects, and daily lost the Lustre and Beauty which she seem'd to impart to all Things about her. The Absence of *Alcidalis* extremely afflicted her, but especially the Queen's Design gave her great Disturbance; and her Imagination made her so lively a Representation of all the Misfortunes she was to undergo, that the Fear of those which were to come, often depriv'd her of the Sense of those she suffer'd at present. She saw her Fortune, her Well-being, and herself in the Hands of the Queen; and what she was most sensible of, was, that *Alcidalis* too was in her Power; he who was more dear to her, than either herself, her Fortune, or her Well-being. She consider'd that the Prince's

Affection



Affection was not small; that his Courage was very great; but that his Authority was yet but weak: That he would never be suffer'd to despise the Earldom of *Barcelona*, which Fortune made him so fair an Offer of, together with the Queen's Daughter, in order to take an Orphan and a Stranger, who had neither Wealth, Relations, nor Support, but what was beyond the Seas. That he would never be able alone to resist the King and the Kingdom: That the Queen absolutely govern'd both: That while they were Children, all the World had approv'd of their Love for each other; but that no Body would approve of their Marriage; and that some, even already, began to look upon her as an Enemy to the State, and the Torch that was in Time to set the Royal Family in a Flame. These Thoughts, and others of the like Nature, toss'd her Mind with a thousand Troubles. However far she carry'd her Views into the Time to come, she could see no Likelihood of fulfilling her Hopes; and without knowing in this Labyrinth, what End there would be to her Adventures, she immediately judg'd it could never be Fortunate.

One Day among the rest, when she accompany'd the Queen, who was walking in a Wood extreamly thick, and whose Allees reach'd quite to the Meadows, which

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serv'd for a Border to the River; she found a Way to drop the rest of the Company, with only one of her Maids; and, which was no small Consolation to her, she was free to be griev'd, and to appear so. Representing to herself the Accidents of her Life, and ruminating upon her Disgraces pass'd, upon those present, and upon those which threaten'd her, she found herself upon the Banks of the *Heber*, and in a Place so agreeable, that it might have diverted any Sorrow but hers. The Sun, which sets in the Ocean towards that Country, and shews himself there with more Beauty than in any Place in the World, was then just ready to cover himself with those Clouds of Gold and Azure, in which he wraps himself when he goes to visit the Nymphs of the Sea. But not having seen any Thing so charming as *Zelida* since his Rising, he seem'd to be less quick in falling into the Water, that he might the longer enjoy her Sight; and he cast so much Gold on all the Leaves of the Trees, and the Waves of the River, that his Rays seem'd to resume their Light, that they might continue the Day in favour of that Princess, surrounding her in such a manner, and so well suiting with the rest of her Beauty, that it was doubtful whether these Rays proceeded from the Sun, or from *Zelida*.

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The Charms of this delicious Place, the Sweetness of the Air, and the Pleasure she took in being alone, invited her to continue her Walk along the Meadow. Having stay'd some Time in it, she was just going to walk back to the Queen, when the Noise of a Horn, which seem'd to be at no great Distance, made her turn her Face to the next Mountain ; on which, having for some Time fix'd her Sight, she thought she saw two Men in each other's Arms, rowling from the Top of a Rock ; but being stopp'd by some Shrubs, in a Place where it was less steep, she perceiv'd that what she took to be two Men, was a Man and a Bear, the biggest that was ever seen, grappling together, but with the Disadvantage which every Body must imagine in so unequal a Combat. At the same Time she saw, almost in the same Part of the Hill from whence the other was fallen, a young Gentleman well mounted, carrying a Horn in a Scarf and a Javelin in his Hand ; who seeing the Danger of him who seem'd to belong to his Company, spurr'd his Horse towards him, or, to speak more properly, precipitated himself from the Top of the Hill. Yet such was the Strength of the Horse, or the Skill of the Rider, or the good Fortune of both, that, as if he had rid on an open Field, he got with-

out any Hurt to the Bear, and push'd the Javelin he held in his Hand, so deep into his Bowels, that he made him quit at once his Life and his Hold. And all this, his descending from the Top of the Hill, his killing the Bear, and delivering his Friend, was done so in an Instant, that Lightning hardly falls with more quickness, or works its Effect more speedily.

*Zelida* was vex'd that any but *Alcidalis* should perform so gallant an Action; and uneasy that any besides himself, should do a Thing which could so highly please her. But the Gentleman riding towards her, and pushing his Horse into the River, which he forded over, she began to doubt whether it was not really he; and when he came nearer, being entirely convinc'd it was, tho' she scarce knew how to believe it, she turn'd towards her Woman, and ask'd her, if she knew that Gentleman? Madam, says she, when he was further off, we might have known him by what he did; but now we see plainly 'tis the Prince. He was then about twenty Paces off. Astonishment, Fear, and Joy, crowded all together so thick upon *Zelida's* Mind, that she could scarce find Words for the first Compliments, upon so sudden an Interview. The Prince, who was prepar'd for this Meeting,

ing, tho' he was very much confounded, was yet more compos'd than she, and said to her, Tho' I had not known, Madam, that this was the Place you were in, yet by the Greenness of these Meadows, and the Beauty and Shadiness of these Banks, I might easily have guess'd *Zelida* was not far off. You alone, are able to produce so many Flowers in so desert a Country, and to work such a Miracle among the Mountains of *Catalonia*. Sir, reply'd *Zelida*, who now had had Time to compose herself a little, you are ungrateful to the *Heber*, upon whose Banks you stand, and who seems to have lower'd his Waters, on purpose to favour your Passage, when you give me the Glory which is due to the Fertility of his Stream, which waters and surrounds this Valley with so much Care, that, when you have thoroughly consider'd the Beauty of these Meadows, these Woods, and this Park, in which we are entring, you will own the Palaces of *Saragossa*, and the Magnificence of the *Moorish* Kings, may sometimes be left for this Solitude. But yet I'll assure you, Sir, says she smiling, we have not yet seen any Thing in this Valley, comparable to what you have shewn us upon that Mountain. And I, replies the Prince, who was willing to change the Discourse, will swear, that tho' from that

Moun-



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Mountain the whole Earth might be view'd at once, yet nothing could be seen thence comparable to what you shew us in this Valley.

In the mean Time, they walk'd towards the Wood, where the Queen was, and the Maid who follow'd them, being a little way behind, *Zelida* lowering her Voice, said to him, Sir, you have committed two great Pieces of Rashness ; one is, in precipitating your self from the Rock to fight so savage a Creature ; and the other is, in coming to see the Queen at a Time when she so little expected you. Madam, answer'd *Alcidalis*, I should have been much more rash, had I stay'd at *Saragossa* : I had then unmov'd waited for Death, which it was impossible for me to avoid had I been longer out of your Presence. So that what you term Rashness, is rather want of Courage ; since I come hither to avoid a Danger, much greater than the two in which you say I involv'd my self. I don't think so, reply'd she ; for my part, I own I should not have dar'd to fight the Bear, and as little to displease the Queen ; but I believe I should have had Courage enough to have born a little Absence. To know the Pain of Absence, said *Alcidalis*, 'tis necessary to know what Love is ; you can never feel that Pain ; you, Madam,

Madam, who never can love any besides your self, and who carry along with you all that is amiable in the World. *Alcidalis* answer'd *Zelida*, you do not believe what you say; if you thought me so ungrateful and vain, as to be capable of loving none but my self, you would not have been so impatient to see me. But that you may be better inform'd, hear me, and let me give you the Answer I promis'd you, when I left *Saragossa*. And because at saying this, she found she blush'd very much, and that he observ'd it, she began thus. The Colour which flushes into my Face, rather proceeds from my being about to say a Thing I am unaccustomed to say, than from a Thought of my acting against my Duty in saying it. I know not whether or no it be always shameful for a Woman to confess she loves; but I well know that if any can be excusable in doing it, 'tis me more than any one else. I will not say my Stars force me, or that your good Qualities oblige me to it, let others make use of such Pretences; I shall only alledge what may make for my Defence in particular. Before I knew I ought not to Love, I knew you were amiable, *Alcidalis*; and I receiv'd your Affection at an Age, whereto it was impossible for me to be acquainted with those Laws which forbid our Sex to receive

40 *Alcidalis and Zelida ; or,*

receive it. None can blame me for having given admittance to a Passion, which I may say I found implanted in my Soul and did not receive it into it; and which is of so long standing in it, that I can no more remember it's Birth, than I can my own. The first Sentiment I ever had, was that which touch'd me for you; and Self-love, which we so soon feel and is so natural to all Mankind, took Place in me later than the Friendship I bear you. Reason, which did not appear 'till long time afterwards, found it so firmly rooted in me, that it took it to be part of my self; nay more, it look'd upon it to be so innocent and just, that it employ'd its self in strengthening, rather than destroying it. I say all this to excuse me towards you, and towards my self, and to let you see, that the wisest and strongest Soul in the World would have been surpriz'd as mine is. If you are glad I love you, 'tis not me you are to be oblig'd to for it, but thank the Gods that decreed it; and if you are to be bound to me for any thing, let it be for having inform'd you of it. Tho' I had not Strength enough to extinguish the Affection I have for you, at least I had enough to have conceal'd it; and it was in my Power to have dissembled all my Life-time; or, at least, like the rest of my Sex, to have discover'd it

it to you little by little, after having made you spend a tedious Courtship to get it out of me. But if it had been unreasonable, and unworthy of you and me, it would never have been time to have own'd it; and if on the contrary, 'tis such as it ought to be, to be worthy *Alcidalis* and *Zelida*, why should I not, as soon as possible, give you the Pleasure of knowing and being assur'd of it. Once more then I say it, *Alcidalis*, I love you; and tho' I blush when I speak it, yet I am not at all asham'd of it; I gladly accept the Soul you say you have given me; as for the Crown you promise me with it, Fortune will dispose of that. I much more esteem what you have given me, than all That can offer; and your Heart is much more valuable in my Eyes, than your Kingdom. I am indeed glad to see there is no one Quality in you but what is Royal; but I could wish your Birth was not so. The Crown which you promise as the height of my Felicity, will be the Cause of all my Misfortunes; and, in order to deprive me of what I least esteem in you, they will do all they can to rob me of the rest. I from this Moment see, and that too with Firmness, all the Misery which threatens me. I know your Love will bring upon me the Hatred of all others; and by wishing me a great

great deal of Happiness, you will pull upon me a great deal of Wretchedness. But one who with the Heart of *Zelida*, has likewise that of *Alcidalis*, ought to fear nothing. I will resist all with a Resolution that shall amaze you; and since Heaven has been pleas'd to decree I should Love, that Love shall be accompany'd with so much Constancy, Strength, and Virtue, that what is generally blam'd in others of our Sex, shall in me be Matter of Esteem and Commendation.

*Alcidalis*, who from *Zelida*'s first beginning to speak, was benumb'd with Fear, like a Man who was just ready to receive his Sentence of Life or Death, hearing in what Manner she spoke, and finding it much more favourable than he durst have expected, could hardly believe his Ears. But at length having taken Heart, and seeing he was not deceiv'd, he was in such an Extacy, that he remain'd for some Time silent, and could not find Words to thank her. Indeed no Words could deservingly do it; and his putting himself to the trouble of searching for them, was an Effect of the Disorder he was in. He made her a much better Answer by his Silence, and by the Tears of Joy he shed, with his Eyes fix'd upon her Face. But turning down  
another



another Walk, and seeing himself out of the sight of her who follow'd them, he put one Knee to the Earth, and just as he was going to speak, he saw the Queen at the other End; who being inform'd of *Alcidalis's* Arrival, was come to receive him. The Walk was not so long, but that any one might distinctly see all that pass'd in it, from one End to the other. *Alcidalis* rose as hastily as he could, and *Zelida* very much disturb'd at this Interruption, said to him, Sir, you will pay dear for this Humility, which you do not at all owe; and this is the Beginning of my Prophecy. Madam, reply'd *Alcidalis*, I can fear nothing, since you are on my Side; and while we joyn our Forces, and are together, we shall be stronger than all the rest of the World. For that Reason, Sir, answer'd she, they'll soon find a Way to separate us. All this they said with the Action with which we are us'd to say Things indifferent, and with their Eyes fix'd upon the Company that came to meet them. The Queen was now almost come up to them, and as *Alcidalis* was near her, she receiv'd him with a Countenance so open, and so pleasant, that *Zelida* herself could not have put on a better to him. After the first Compliments were over, and the Prince had said, that Hunting having brought him within seven

ven or eight Leagues of her Palace, he thought himself oblig'd to come and pay her his Respects; the Queen said, she was very much oblig'd to Fortune, for having given her his Company at her House: But Sir, says she, I believe you are already rewarded for the Pains you have taken in this Visit. 'Tis to be believ'd, the Favour *Zelida* has granted you, is not small; since you were oblig'd to thank her upon your Knees, as we saw you do. At first such a Posture made me think it was one of your Attendants; but I'm very glad to find 'tis you, and not another who had that Satisfaction. Pray tell us what it was, and what she has promis'd or given you, that I may share in it, or thank her with you. *Zelida* did not blush now, because she had done nothing else ever since her Conversation with *Alcidalis*; and fearing he would not get handsomely off of this Discourse, (as in Surprizes, a Woman's Wit is always most ready) she advanc'd to answer for him, and said, Madam, I ask'd *Alcidalis* the News at *Saragossa*; but he, I suppose, his Thoughts being wholly employ'd upon his Hunting, made me no answer. Having reproach'd him with his being so as it were in a Dream, he put one Knee to the Earth to satisfy me, and thought by that unbounded Civility, to make amends

for

for the little Attention he gave to me before. He was mighty civil indeed, answer'd the Queen coldly; and so because you were afraid he might be in a Dream again, you took upon you to answer for him. *Zelida* began to be confounded, finding the Queen press'd her so home, and believing she could not any longer conceal her Hatred of her, she thought she would have discover'd it publickly. But *Alvidalis* seeing the Disorder she was in, came to her Assistance, as she had come to his, and turn'd the Conversation upon Hunting. The extream Joy *Zelida's* Words had given him, made him entertain the Queen all that Day with wonderful Complaisance, and talk to her Daughter more engagingly than he had ever done before. But two such young Persons were not cunning enough to deceive Her. She presently observ'd this Alteration, and the extraordinary Assiduity he paid her Daughter made her conclude, he must be satisfy'd and secure of *Zelida*. By this she saw she had no more Time to lose, and from that Day she took the Resolution, which afterwards cost those two Lovers so many Tears, and so much Disturbance. Prepare your self, *Alcidalis*, for the Misfortunes you are threaten'd with; and look upon the Satisfaction you to Day receiv'd, as the last Trick Fortune will let

let you win. Expect no farther Friendship from Her, but be contented with that of *Zelida*.

The next Day the Prince went for *Saragossa*, and the Queen, without whose Presence nothing could be done, was oblig'd to go thither too eight Days afterwards. *Alcidalis* had endur'd this Absence more patiently than the other, having this Time had Thoughts so sweet and agreeable, that with them he could not but be happy. But as a fine Day is always more pleasant than the finest Night, and as there is no perfect Satisfaction to be had in Darkneſs, the Presence of *Zelida* brought a new Joy into his Soul, and added a fresh Strength to his Pleasures, for which, without her, he had not a perfect Relish. Thus they spent some Months in so much Repose and Contentment, that from thence only they might have imagin'd it was not to last long, and that this great Calm would be follow'd by an extraordinary Tempest. The Satisfaction and Assurance *Alcidalis* had, made him behave himself more discreetly than he had done before, and in more Fear of displeasing the Queen. He attended her Daughter with much more Care: He talk'd with *Zelida* less often than he had been us'd to do, and contented himself with the Liberty of seeing her. She too, who from her Infancy

fancy had been serious, began to be more so: She spoke to the Prince with more Respect, gave him less Opportunity to be with her, and was more apprehensive of having any thing discover'd of their Affection. But this Discretion came too late, as that of Lovers generally does. All this could not blind the Queen, who, with a great deal of Caution, Secrecy, and Dispatch, gave Orders for executing the Design she had projected. As those who are in a Town which the Enemy is secretly undermining, generally fear all other Dangers sooner than that which is just upon the Point of destroying them, and enjoy Repose while their Tomb is dug, and the Mine prepar'd which is to overwhelm them in a Moment; so these two Lovers, not in the least suspecting the Treason which was hatch'd against them, were in a profound Tranquility; and if the ill Disposition of the Queen did give them any Apprehensions, yet they were far from imagining that the Misfortune which hung over their Heads, was either so great, so near, or of the Nature of that which really threaten'd them. From this Hour will appear the Misfortunes of *Zelida* and *Alcidalis*: Here will begin Miseries which seem as if they were to have no End, and Adventures so strange and so confus'd, that if it is hardly Credible they ever



ever happen'd, 'tis much less so, that they were invented, and were the Fruit of the Imagination.

Fortune thought *Arragon* and *Catalonia* too small a Stage for the finest Play she ever acted in the World to be perform'd upon ; she was resolv'd to take a more spacious one. And suddenly changing the Face of what has appear'd, (whereas hitherto she has only shew'd us *Saragossa* and *Barcelona*, Mountains, Meadows, Hunting-Matches, and Gardens) she will, for the Future, set before our Eyes, the Sea, *Europe*, and *Africa*, Persons unknown, Nations, whose very Names we scarce ever heard, Ships plunder'd and burnt, Duels, and Battels fought ; and, which is yet more strange, she will shew us at one and the same Time, and upon one and the same Subject, Chains and Crowns.

Four Months after the Queen was return'd from *Catalonia*, she took Occasion, about the Beginning of Spring, to return thither again ; and having made it known but a Day before-hand, *Alcidalis* and *Zelida* were so surpris'd, that they had scarce Time to bid each other farewell. And as the Prince testify'd to her the Grief he conceiv'd at her Departure, she said to him, Sir, remember what you told me in *Catalonia*, that there was nothing in the World you should fear, so long as I was

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for you : We shall have greater Misfortunes to undergo than this ; but in all of them remember, you cannot be unhappy, whilst you are assur'd of my Love. You cannot doubt your having it, since I tell you you have with my own Mouth ; and if that is not enough, receive this Ring, which in the Presence of the Gods I give you, together with my Heart. *Alcidalis* took it, and having given her another with the same Words, they parted, not daring to stay together any longer. The Queen set out the next Day ; and having stay'd at her own Palace but one Day, pretended to have receiv'd News from *Barcelona*, which oblig'd her to take a Journey thither. She therefore left behind her Part of her Train, and taking *Zelida* with her, they arriv'd in that noble City, which, no less for the Beauty of its Situation, than for the Fruitfulness of its Coast, is one of the most famous in *Spain*. *Zelida* was amaz'd why, since the Queen did not take her Daughter with her, she did not leave her to keep her Company ; and imagin'd this new Management was not for nothing : But on whatsoever Side she cast her Sight, she could make no Discovery ; and not seeing what Danger she had in particular to fear, she fear'd all. The Queen having spent the remaining Part of the Day wherein she arriv'd, in seeing the

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30      *Alcidalis and Zelida ; or,*

Magnificencies that were prepar'd for her Reception, gave the following Day to the Affairs which, it was believ'd, had brought her thither.

The next Day, having Word brought her at her *Levéé*, that a Ship, which was call'd by her Name, and which she had caus'd to be built about six Months before, came into the Port that very Night, she said she would instantly go see it. There are generally a hundred Ships in the Port of *Barcelona*, which all, as soon as ever the Queen appear'd, discharg'd their Artillery ; so that, at first, nothing was to be seen but Fire and Smoke, with which the Ships were encompass'd, as with a Thick Cloud, so that they could not be seen ; but they soon made themselves heard, not only by the Roaring of the several Cannon, but also by great Numbers of Trumpets, and Haut-bois ; and the Smoke dissipating by Degrees, there appear'd an infinite Number of Masts, Sails, Ropes, Streamers, and all that Pomp of the Sea, which it is so agreeable to behold, when a Man stands upon dry Ground. These Feasts and Entertainments, and the Sight of that Element, which at first strikes the Eye and Mind of those who see it with some Admiration, could not divert *Zelida*. Her Heart told her, that the Misfortunes she had so long foreseen began to lay hold of her,



her, and she, on all Sides, found Surprises. The Queen being come to the Sea-Shore, went into a Skiff, to see the Ship, which she said she would go on Board of; and having bid *Zelida* follow her, she would not suffer any more than three others to go with her. She found in the Ship the Captain and his Wife, who were in some sort prepar'd to receive her; and having slightly view'd the Vessel, she shut herself up alone with them in one of the Cabins. This increas'd *Zelida's* Suspicion; and with Tears in her Eyes, she turn'd them towards *Spain*, and began to doubt whether she should ever return to it again. About an Hour afterwards, the Captain and his Wife came out, and told *Zelida* the Queen wanted her. All her Blood congeal'd at that Moment; and she went to her so trembling, so pale, and so dishearten'd, that she would have mov'd any other with Compassion. The Queen, having bid her shut the Door, spake to her as follows.

*Zelida*, tho' it is a great while ago since we together lost, you the best Mother in the World, and I the best Friend; yet the Affection I had for her will never be lost in me, nor the Remembrance of her last Words, with which she begg'd me always to take great Care of you. Tho' this Consideration did not engage me to do so, yet

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your Beauty, your Wit, and your Wisdom would have done it ; and having nurs'd you so long, and found in you, and that too, in a greater Degree, all the good Qualities which gain'd her my Esteem ; I should be unjust, had I not as much Love for you, as I had for her. And I may say, in this I have done even more than she desir'd of me ; she pray'd me to love you as her Daughter, and I have always lov'd you as my own. That only one which Heaven has given me, lost the Title of Only, the Moment you came to me. I have had the same Affection and Tenderness for you as for her, and have look'd upon you both as equally mine. This being so, and not one of your Actions, nor any Thing that regarded you, having ever been indifferent to me ; you may believe it must be impossible but that I must have been acquainted with the Passion, which your Beauty, without your Consent, has breath'd into the Mind of *Alcidalis* ; and that I, as well as you, must have often been in Pain for the Dishonour it might bring upon you. You know what Trust is to be repos'd in Persons of his Age and Quality, who are licens'd to deceive and break their Word ; and I make you yourself Judge, whether it is possible the Love he has for you can ever be for your Advantage. You see, as well as I, all the Reasons which make against it.

You

You are wise enough not to have ever expected it; and even tho' it were both in his Power and yours, yet you have so much Justice and Gratitude as not to desire it. I know your Virtue, *Zelida*, and am persiaded nothing in the World can endanger it; but let it be ever so great, you cannot hinder the Prince from seeing you, nor others from talking of you: All your Virtue is able to do in this Case, is to hinder the Evil, but it can never hinder the Report; and I know how prejudicial that Report is to Persons of your Sex, and particularly how Tormenting to one who is so prudent, and has so much Value for Honour as you have. I therefore thought it lay on me to conduct you out of this Labyrinth, and that it was Time to perform the Promises I had made your Mother. The Duke of *Tarentum* is a Prince wise, vertuous, honour'd by his Neighbours, and one of the greatest Lords in *Italy*. This Prince has long Time, by his Letters and Ambassadors, testify'd to me a great Passion for you; and I did not care to let you know it, till the Affair was agreed upon, and in a Readiness to be executed. I now understand, *Zelida*, that he waits for you, to put you in Possession of his Dominions and of his Person. 'Tis but a Fortnight ago, since he who commands this Ship left him, and promis'd him from me to bring

C 3 you

you to him in as short a Time, to a Place where he is to receive you. Dispatch and Secrecy, for Reasons which yet I must not tell you, are so necessary in this Business, that you must absolutely depart this Moment; and I could not give you Information sooner, nor send you with a greater Train. I do not doubt but your good Humour makes you sorry to leave us; but tho' we be separated by the Sea, yet our Affections may be ne'er the less united; and I hope you will, in Time, come to see us in *Spain*, with more Magnificence and Gaiety than you leave us. To conclude; you ought to be extreamly glad of returning into a Country, where you will find your Wealth, your Relations, and the Place of your Birth; but tho' it were not your Pleasure, it is mine. Besides the Power my Quality gives me over you, I have likewise that of a Mother, which gives me yet more Authority. Therefore consent, and willingly agree to a Thing, which, besides its being just, is also necessary; and in voluntarily obeying what I advise you to, and what I command, give a Proof of the Modesty you owe to yourself, and the Respect you owe to me. Concluding with these Words, she embrac'd her; and pretending she would not take a longer Adieu, for fear of being too much touch'd, she left the Room.

Grief,

Grief, Vexation, Shame, Rage, and the Excess of her Misfortune, rush'd so altogether upon the Soul of *Zelida*, that without being able to speak a Word or move a Step, she remain'd just in the Condition the Queen had left her in, and that was certainly the best she was in for a great while afterwards, since, at the first Shock, she was sensible of nothing. All our Powers are so weak and limited, that we are capable only of moderate Things; and as a great Light blinds us, and a great Noise deafens us, so, great Grief is no more felt than great Joy. After having been motionless for the Space of a Quarter of an Hour, when her Spirits, which were at first overwhelm'd under so sudden a Ruin of all Things, began to return, she judg'd that there could never be any Remedy for her Unhappiness, unless she found one instantly; and therefore she immediately went out of the Cabin, with Design to throw herself at the Queen's Feet, and try if there were no Hopes of moving her: But when she was told, that she had been gone a great while, and she saw that the Ship was already so far at Sea, that she could scarce perceive even the Spires of *Barcelona*; then she cast her Eyes towards the Shore, and her Thoughts upon what she had left there; and having study'd a little while, she immediately took a Resolution;



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lution which seem'd to have given her some Ease. Afterwards, turning herself with a more settl'd Countenance towards those who accompany'd her, she said something to them, and pretending to be comforted by their Persuasions, she went to lie down on the Bed, and desired they would let her take some Repose. Miserable *Alcidalis*, you are now counting every Moment that passes, and when you consider 'twill be eight Days e'er you see *Zelida*, that Space of Time seems infinite to you. In the mean while, she is hurry'd away from you for several Years. In a few Days the Sea will be between you and her. The Wind bears away all your Joy and all your Hopes ; and is going to put in another's Hands, the only Happiness you desire in the World, and the only one too that is worthy your desiring.

Fear and Hope are two Winds in our Soul, which hardly ever cease to blow ; and there are never any Tempests in it, but what one of those two is the Cause of. The Time present being only as a Point, would hardly be worth our Notice, if one or other of those two Passions did not give us a Prospect of the Future. *Zelida* thought Fortune had put her in a Condition, wherein it was no longer in her Power either to do her good or hurt. Thus she was in that fatal Unconcernedness, which

which those are in, who have no further Hopes nor no further Fears, and who long for the End of their Life, as the End of their Miseries; tho' this yet gave her one Advantage, I mean, she had not the Trouble to seek for Remedies, which is generally one of the greatest Pains of the Unhappy. Being fully resolv'd on what she had to do, and knowing within a very little how long her Misfortunes were to endure; she spent that Night on ruminating upon what *Alcidalis* would think, and how he would live after he had lost her; and tho' she was extreamly griev'd to separate herself from him, yet in the midst of all her Unhappiness, she had the Pleasure of thinking what a signal Proof she was about to give him of her Affection and Courage. The Captain of the Ship and his Wife, besides that they respected and honour'd *Zelida*, having seen her at Court; were still more careful of her, because she was under their Conduct. As soon as they believ'd she was awake, they went into her Apartment; and having ask'd her if she would not eat something; She reply'd, she would not only not eat then, but that she would never eat more. They were very much surpris'd at this Answer, and imagin'd she was fall'n into the Sorrow she was in the Day before, and that they must allow some

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Time for it to pass off. But some Hours afterwards finding she call'd for no Body, they return'd, and us'd all their Persuasions to get her to eat. To all this she answer'd with a persisting Silence, and an Air so cold and so resolute, that she did not so much as seem to hear them. They left her a second Time very much concern'd, and began to apprehend that this strange Resolution would have some fatal End. At Night they went to her again, and with a Neice of theirs, about the Age of *Zelida*, fell upon their Knees round her Bed, conjur'd her by all Things, and pray'd her to take Care of her Life, with as many Tears as if they had been begging for their own. Yet they could get no Answer, and at last they retir'd, that they might not rob her of her Rest, which seem'd to be the only thing she had left. Three Days pass'd, in all which Time they were not able, either by Prayers, Tears, or Remonstrances, to move the Heart of *Zelida*, nor get her to speak one Word. The fourth Day, the good People went to her again, with their Neice, to try their last Persuasions with her; and placing themselves upon their Knees about her, dissolving in Tears, and offering her any thing she would ask, they conjur'd her to take Compassion upon herself, and upon them too. *Zelida* having  
heard

heard their Complaints for some Time, sigh'd, and with a great deal of Trouble rais'd herself in her Bed. When they had thus a plain sight of her, they better knew the Extremity she was in. In the charmingst Face in the World, they saw a frightful Image of Despair and of approaching Death, and something which at once mov'd Compassion and Fear. After having look'd upon them for some Time, she at last broke the Silence which she had so long kept, and spoke to them as follows.

My Friends, you ask that of me which it is in your Power only to give me. You desire me to live: I beg the same thing of you. And this is in your Power, not in mine. I am resolv'd never to Land alive in *Italy*: And I again swear it to the Gods above, by Fire and by Light, and to the Gods below, by the Ghosts of my Ancestors. It therefore no longer lies in me to dispose of my self otherwise; and since it is you can carry me thither, or can forbear to do it, it is you that must resolve either to let me die, or to let me live. Will you now refuse me what you before implor'd of me with so many Tears? And will you be my Murtherers, you who were chosen to be my Conductors? The Duke of *Tarentum* expects me, but never saw me. Here is your Neice, who is just

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of my Age, my Shape, and almost my Face: You may put her in my Place, and procure her a great good Fortune, and at the same time save me from the greatest Wretchedness in the World. It is true, you pause upon the Duke another than he was promis'd: But tho' you could bring me to him, in the Condition I am in, would it be *Zelida* you brought him? And has not she I advise you to give him, more Resemblance of what I was, than I my self have now? Will not the Duke be more happy in having a Wife who will be satisfy'd with him, and desires him, than one who long deliberated whether to chuse Death or him; and who in the End gave Death the Preference? But it is not my Person he loves, since that is entirely unknown to him. 'Tis the Dutchy of *Otranto*, and the Earldom of *Suza* and *Tenara* he desires: And from this Moment I give them to your Neice, together with the Name of *Zelida*; and I take to Witness those same Gods, by whom I just now Swore, that for me it shall be for ever a Secret, and I will never repent me of this Gift. I own the Queen has commanded you to carry me where he expects me; but are you not oblig'd to obey her Intention more than her Words? And do you not believe if she were now here, and saw the Danger

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ger I am in, she would rather chuse to see me sav'd in any Place whatsoever, than to send me Dead into *Italy*? Did she command you to carry me to the Duke of *Tarentum* alive or dead? Do you not believe 'tis for my Good and Advancement, that she made this Match? And that she who takes so much Care of my Fortune, would do the same of my Life? When the whole World shall come to reproach her for this Cruelty, may she not justly say she is in no wise guilty? That not having told her my Resolution, she did not think it would be any Force upon my Inclinations, nor that I should drive my self to such an Extremity? Will she not have just Reason to throw the whole Blame upon you? But what obliges you to return to *Barcelona*, and give her an Account of what you have done, without you will your self? Having this Ship at your Command, you may go wherever the Winds will carry you, and you have the whole Earth to chuse. Then taking from her Bed's-Head a little Coffer, which the Queen had left her, wherein were all her Mother's Jewels, and some others which she had made her a Present of, she continu'd thus: The Diamonds in this Coffer, of an infinite Value, are more worth than all I have in *Italy*, and the Queen herself cannot make you a greater Present,

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Present, unless she gives you all *Barcelona*. I give you them all for the Ransom of my Life and Liberty; and as those two things are much more to be esteem'd than what I present you, and Liberty alone is more than all the Riches in the World, you will give me much more than I give you; and I shall think my self still in your Debt. With this you may any where find Friends, Relations, and a Country. A great many People would be tempted to take away *Zelida's* Life, for what I offer you to save it; and I excite you to do a good Action, with a Price enough to buy others to do an ill one. If you are scrupulous of disobeying the Queen will it not strike you with more Horror to be the Cause of an innocent Person's Death? Would you sooner chuse to kill one of her Friends, than break one of her Commandments? Are you not more afraid of irritating the Gods, than offending Man in the Person of a Woman? And if the Fear of her Hatred and Vengeance deters you, ought you not to consider, there will soon be in *Arragon* one more powerful than her, who will pursue you all over the World, and make you give an Account where I am? But after all, tho' none of these Reasons should stand, I conjure you by the Friendship you always bore me, by the Pity I just now

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mov'd in you, and by the Tears you then shed, to disinvolve me from the Trouble I am in; and by speedily resolving to do it, to shew me 'tis more for my sake than your own, that you do it. But if my Arguments, my Prayers, and my Offers, will not prevail upon you, and if I cannot persuade you to do an Action which is just, safe and useful alltogether; I shall immediately shut my Mouth never more to open it. Death, do all you can, shall soon give me the Freedom you had deny'd me. Ending these Words, *Zelida* open'd her Coffer, in which was all her Treasure, and made it shine in his Eyes. This was none of the least persuasive of her Arguments: They were indeed touch'd with what they heard, but more with what they saw; and it was almost impossible for them to resist so many Attacks made upon them at one and the same Time.

The Captain was very much of a Soldier, and very Couragious: He had spent half his Life-time upon the Sea; and had run through several different Accidents, without being able to raise his Fortune. He now thought Fortune meant to pay him all at once, and was amaz'd to see in so short a space of Time, more Riches than he had ever seen in the whole *Indies*. Immediately he computed how many Ships might be built and arm'd, with but part  
of

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of what he beheld. After this, all *Zelida's* Reasons seem'd good : He thought Generosity oblig'd him to succour a Princess so amiable, and so wrongfully afflicted ; and besides, he reckon'd that if he plac'd her where he might in Time restore her to *Alcidalis*, he should return in *Spain* with more Favour than ever, and might hope for as great a Reward then, as he had now. Having attentively hearken'd to *Zelida*, he was a good while silent ; and being resolv'd what to do, he now only study'd what to say, and what Answer he should make. She believing he was uncertain what Resolution to take, added so many Prayers and Promises to what she had said before, and us'd such persuasive Reasons, that at length seeming to yield to her Arguments, and to Pity, he swore by the most solemn Oaths, to do all she had desir'd of him. And she reciprocally swore, to retire into whatever Temple of Virgins he should think fit to put her, and never to go out of it, but with his Consent.

*Zelida*, who, 'till then, in the height of her Misfortunes, had not shed a Tear, found herself touch'd with Joy, and with Pity of herself, when she reflected upon the Condition she had been in, and began to weep abundantly, as the Miserable generally do, when in their Grief they

they see any Ray of Comfort. She did not so much mind her having been as it were snatched out of the Arms of *Alcidalis*, as she did her having sav'd herself from falling into those of the Duke of *Tarentum*. With this Joy she soon regain'd her Strength, and recover'd her Health in as few Days as she had lost it. However, they agreed she should not shew herself, for fear her Beauty should discover her, and in the mean Time they should give out she was Sick. During all that Time *Erminia* was shut up in her Chamber, and was daily instructed how to personate *Zelida*. At length, when she was well taught, and they approach'd the Coast of *Italy*, she was shewn to the Chief of those who were on Board the Gallies, and rehears'd before them the Part she was afterwards to act on a higher Stage.

Tho' *Zelida* saw every thing so well settled, and found how extreamly desirous her Conductors were, to have her Design succeed, yet she felt her Heart freeze within her, when she came within sight of Land; and was very impatient to have *Erminia* in the Arms of the Duke, that she might see herself far enough out of Danger. Yet that they might not expose the false *Zelida*, to the Eyes of so many People as waited for her on the Sea-side, when they set her on Shore, under Colour of her



her Illness they put her in a close Chair, in which she was carry'd to the Palace : And under the same Pretence, they advis'd her to avoid being seen at first by too many, and to keep her Bed, 'till she was sure of acting her Part perfectly, and had accustomed herself to play the Dutchess. Therefore she hardly suffer'd herself to be seen by any but the Duke; who, tho' he did not find in her that great Beauty she was reported to have, was nevertheless very well contented, and imputed that to her Illness, and to the Fatigue of the Sea, or even to the Fallaciousness of Fame. The Captain and his Wife having had great Presents made them, took their Leave of the Duke, and put to Sea; excusing themselves, upon their being oblig'd to haste back, to give the Queen an Account of the Dutchess's prosperous Voyage.

*Zelida* remain'd alone in the Ship, while she was marry'd, and while all the Court thought they were paying her their Addresses. But when she once saw the Captain and his Wife return'd, and the Sails hoisted, and when she found herself going from that fatal Coast, of which she had been so apprehensive; she was so overjoy'd, that the Pleasure of leaving *Italy*, almost made Amends for the Grief she had had at leaving *Spain*. But what boots

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it to a Person doom'd to Unhappiness, to escape one Misfortune? And where can They be secure who are pursu'd by Fortune? The whole Earth certainly belongs to her Empire; but the Sea seems to be particularly her Birth-right. There she is most to be fear'd, and she does there her greatest Miracles, and her greatest Pieces of Injustice. Yet, as if there were no more Misfortunes to be fear'd, *Zelida* returns Thanks to the Gods, and upon the most faithless Element of all, in a weak Ship, and with People from whom she can expect nothing, having nothing more to give them, she thinks herself as secure, as if she had been at Land in a Palace, and among her Friends.

They kept on their Course for *Sardinia*, whither the Captain design'd to carry the young Princess *Zelida*, and to put her under the Care of a Sister of his, 'till he could find a Way to restore her to *Alcidalis*; and they had sail'd three whole Days with a favourable Wind, when towards the Evening, two Hours before Sun-set, he who was on the Watch, at the top of the Mast, cry'd out he saw three Sail at Sea. We no where live with so much Diffidence, as on this Element. Water, Earth, Air, and Fire, are the Enemy of those who trust It; but Men are the greatest Enemies of all there, and in so many

many Dangers, there is nothing one Ship fears so much as meeting with another. This Notice awak'd every Body: The Captain and Sailors ran upon Deck, and look'd out on that Side where they were told the Ships appear'd, and in a little while they saw the Tops of them, which seem'd to be about six Leagues off. An Hour afterwards they saw them more distinctly, and perceiv'd they were three bastard Sails, which try'd to get the Wind of them. Our Ship had then but two Sails spread, because there was a little too much Wind, but they were all hoisted in a Moment, and nothing now was heard of, but making all the haste that was possible.

Mean Time Night came, which, tho' very dark, and the Sea very high, they did not strike a single Sail. A Wind then blew, which carry'd the Ship with an incredible Swiftneſs, so that they sail'd above ten Miles an Hour. But the Misfortune was, those they fled from, had the same Advantage. They spent all that Night in great Fear and Caution, being environ'd with so many Dangers: But when the Day broke, they saw that those who were behind them the Night before, were now one Side of them, being hardly above five or six Miles off. Then, according to the Way they had got of them in

the Night, they found that before Noon, they should be within the Reach of their Cannon. Amazement now seiz'd the whole Ship: The Fearful betake themselves to Cries and Tears; the Resolute stand to their Arms; and the Wise judge that both Tears and Boldness would be equally useless.

Tho' the Captain had so much Experience as to see he could not defend himself, yet regretting to lose so much Wealth, and to find Fortune was going to deprive him of all she had but just before given him, he resolv'd to die sooner than yield. In the midst of this Alarm, and this general Confusion, *Zelida* alone was unmov'd; and while the other were apprehensive for their Wealth, their Lives, and their Liberty, she, to whom those Things were indifferent, was contriving how to save that which she esteem'd more than every thing else. After having with a firm and sedate Mind, consider'd the Danger she was in, and the Remedies which might be apply'd to it, she shut herself up in her Cabin, with the Captain's Wife. The first thing she did, was to take from her the Coffer, in which were her Rings and Jewels, and throw it into the Sea; knowing if that were found, it would infallibly discover her. After that, she desir'd her to cut off her Hair, and then with

with Tears in her Eyes, at seeing what Fortune drove her to, she made her fetch a Suit of Cloaths of her Husband's, which she put on.

In the mean Time, the three Ships which they had spy'd to be of the Coast of *Africa*, came up to them with wonderful Swift-ness, and being within Cannon-shot, discharg'd one of their Pieces, to see if those of our Ship would strike Sail: But finding they would not, and judging they intended to defend themselves, they came nearer; and when they were within two hundred Paces, discharg'd all their Cannon at once. Our Men immediately did the same, but with quite different Success; for without doing any Harm to the Enemy, their Mast, with two of their Sails, were torn to pieces, and a great many of their Men carry'd off. At this Noise *Zelida* went out of the Cabin, and taking the first Arms she could find, went among the boldest, where there was most Danger; thinking by this Means, either to be the sooner kill'd, or to conceal herself the better. The Battle was so unequal, it was impossible for it to last long: Notwithstanding the Resistance our Men made, they could not hinder the *Corfairs* from boarding the Ship; where having kill'd ten or twelve of the boldest, and among the rest the Captain, all the rest  
threw



threw down their Arms, and beg'd for Quarter. The Captain of those Ships, was of the Kingdom of *Barca*, a Part of *Africa*, which borders on one Side upon *Egypt*, and on the other upon *Nubia*. Those Nations being very Savage, know nothing of Commerce, and have no other Communication with Strangers, than vanquishing them, and carrying away at once, the Merchants and the Merchandizes. What we call Stealing, they call winning from their Enemies; and that which among us is term'd Robbery, is among them call'd Valour. Any thing that is to be had at the Price of their Blood, they would be asham'd to get otherwise; and taking a Thing by Force, and with Danger, is with them the honestest Way of acquiring it. This Man being one of the Noblest, and most Powerful of his Nation, was for a long Time the Terror of the Coasts of *Greece* and *Italy*; cunning, and extreemly valiant; compassionate, and humane more than his Country and Profession allow'd of; good and generous, without knowing what Goodness or Generosity was. As in the very coldest Part of the North, there are some Veins of Gold and Silver, as fine as that of the *Indies*, tho' not in such great Quantities; so in all Climates, Nature sometimes is pleas'd to bring forth rich Minds,  
which

which she herself instructs and cultivates, and to which she gives all necessary Knowledge, without Study.

As *Orcant*, (that was the Pirate's Name) was over-looking his Captives, and the Prize he had taken; the Beauty and Majesty which shone in the Countenance of *Zelida*, attracted his Regard; and having ask'd her who she was, she said she was a *Spaniard* by Nation, and was call'd *Zelidan*, Nephew to the Captain of the Ship he had just taken; that she was sorry she had not been able to follow him, and esteem'd him happy in having lost his Life, sooner than his Liberty. She said this with an Air quite opposite to that of a Captive, without the Tears, Entreaties, and Submissions which the others us'd. But her Face and Mien interceded for her, and her Constancy and Courage were a sufficient Recommendation. Thus *Orcant* had a Value for her Pride, and what would have provok'd the Wrath of another, did with him gain Admiration. He bid him not be afraid, and told him the Slavery into which he was fallen should be so easy, that there are a great many sorts of Freedom not more so: That perhaps it might not be long, since he had a Master, who made Servants of those only who desir'd to be so: That, for his Part, it was not as a Merchant he sail'd the Seas,

Seas, but that he sought Glory more than Profit, and took more Delight in setting Men free, than in making them Slaves : That he desir'd only *Zelidan* for his Share of the Booty, and the rest should be divided among his Men : That it should be in his Power to ransom himself when he would, which he might do by one single good Action ; and if the rest of his Person was answerable to what he saw in his Face, he believ'd he would be much longer his Friend, than his Captive. *Zelida*, who expected nothing like this from a Barbarian and a Pirate, was amaz'd and overjoy'd both together ; and thought her Captivity much more supportable. Yet, after having with so much Trouble avoided being Wife to a Prince who lov'd her, behold her now Slave to a Pirate ! and nevertheless she look'd upon this Accident to be much less grievous, because it was much more easily remedy'd. She had no Happiness but in being *Alcidalis's*, nor no Misfortune but being another's ; except this, she knew neither Good nor Evil in the World, and all Things were indifferent to her. Thus she who deserv'd to govern the whole World, was contented to serve ; and that Heart which was so great and so lofty, that the Heavens themselves were not more so, submitted it self to the meanest of Conditions ;

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tions, and that too with more Patience, than did even the Sailors who were taken with her. But it was impossible for *Zelida* to be long a Servant ; that Disorder and Violence could not last long in Nature. It had been more easy to have subjected the Sphere of Fire to that of the Elements ; and it was impossible for the Divine Qualities which were in her, not to be soon known and admir'd. Not only Heaven had given her in Perfection all the Charms and Beauties of Body and Mind, and all the Graces that strike us with Love and Respect, but she was likewise born under so strong a Constellation of Empire and Command, that she could have gain'd the Obedience of the wildest Beasts ; and she at first Sight took Authority over reasonable Souls. So that *Zelidan*, for we must use our selves to call her by that Name, soon became his Master's Master. The Slaves, the Sea-men, and the Soldiers, lov'd him equally, and honour'd him as they did their Captain himself, and he absolutely govern'd in the Ship to which he was carry'd Prisoner. Knowing the Passion *Orcant* had for him, he judg'd how easily that Friendship might change into Love, if he should happen to find him out ; and that then his Affection, which otherwise might be of Service to him, would be  
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the inevitable Cause of his Destruction. He therefore was more cautious than ever in concealing what he was; and the better to do it, he resolv'd to harden his Courage against all sorts of Dangers, and to inure himself to all those Things, which that Sex seems incapable of.

They spent the rest of that Summer without touching Land, except once or twice to take in Water, often changing their Course and Design, according to the Winds that blew and the Way they reckon'd Ships would take. During all that Time, *Zelidan* signaliz'd himself on all the Occasions that offer'd. No Ship was taken, but he was the first that boarded it in his Doublet and without Armour; for as yet he was not strong enough to wear any. He always threw himself where the Danger was most apparent, and the most Couragious were ever far behind him. There is no Spell so strong as that of good Fortune, nor no Buckler which keeps off Danger so infallibly. Those she guards, might go naked through the midst of Swords; but for those she opposes, there is no Armour but what she will find a Hole in. Thus, in a short Time, he was in several Fights, in which he carry'd all the Glory; and the Expectation *Orcant* had of him became a confirm'd Opinion and an Esteem



deeply establish'd. He began to honour him as much as he had given him his Word he would ; and Winter being come, and having taken Harbour at the first Maritime City in *Barca*, they there left their Ships. There he in a solemn Manner, gave *Zelidan* his Liberty, and again confirm'd his Friendship to him. He carry'd him with him too to Court, saying he would shew the King his Conquest, which was the richest Booty that in all his Voyages, Fortune had ever thrown into his Hands.

It was necessary to forbear speaking of *Alcidalis* all this while, for his first Grief could not be describ'd, and it would have been impossible to have represented so many Sighs, Cries, Transports, and so much Fury. Seeing the Queen return without *Zelida*, and having been eight Days without being able to discover what was become of her, he spent that Time in the greatest Grief and Perplexity. But when he came to know the whole Story of his Misfortune, and found it was without Remedy ; when he thought she was in the Arms of another, and his Imagination had in that represented to him all that could torment him ; then Tears ceas'd, and Despair took their Place ; then he lost all Respect and Fear ; he loudly threaten'd the Queen, and shew'd the greatest Resentment that the highest Offence could possibly

possibly raise in the most passionate Heart in the World. Two Days he deliberated whether first to revenge himself upon the Queen, or to go force *Zelida* out of the Hands of him who possess'd her, or rather to deliver himself from his Miseries by a voluntary Death. But at last his Body, which for some Time had subsisted wholly upon Poison, was quite oppress'd by so many Misfortunes, and allay'd the Violence of his Mind. A Fever took him; which from the very first Day being accompany'd with a Light-headedness, made every Body very apprehensive for him; and those who knew the Cause of his Distemper, concluded it would be his End. In a few Days he lost all his Strength, and, which was the better for him, was without Sense or Judgment. Thus all the Thoughts, which so many different Passions had put in his Head, were stopt; and he who was for passing the Sea in an Instant, and running over the whole World, was confin'd four Months to a Bed. Love, Jealousy, and a Fever, that is to say, the greatest Diseases of the Body and the Mind, equally consum'd *Alcidalis*, and each of 'em reign'd in him to such a Degree, and with so many Circumstances, that there was no Likelihood of any one of them being curable. But Nature did not intend to suffer one of the most compleat of her

Works to be so soon destroy'd, and she had so much Strength and Vigour in him, that contrary to all Hopes and all Reason, and even to his own Desire, she restor'd him to his Health. Then, tho' he had fewer Distempers, he had many more Afflictions; and not being able to endure them any longer, without staying 'till his Strength was wholly renew'd, or communicating his Design to any Body, he went one Night from *Saragossa*, and getting into the Kingdom of *Valencia* by private Roads, he embark'd at the first Port he could come to, and went over to *Italy*, with some shadow of Joy, in thinking he had escap'd from the Hands of his Enemies, and was going the Way *Zelida* had so lately gone before him.

The false *Zelida* had much better Fortune than the true, and her Designs had much happier Success. She had, as we have already observ'd, a moderate Beauty, and that sort of Wit which is necessary to make a Person prudent and cunning. Seeing how much Danger there was in the Enterprize she had undertaken, she endeavour'd by all Artifices to gain the Heart of her Husband, and to fortify herself in it, against whatever Accidents might happen to her. He was just at those Years, wherein the Approaches of old Age begin to give Men a Distrust of themselves, and

and wherein those who are wise must not expect to be belov'd by Women, unless by those that are oblig'd to love them. So that the Beauty, the good Conduct, and the Caresses of his Wite, soon gain'd him. As Flowers are never so agreeable as at the Beginning of Spring or towards the End of Autumn, the first for their Novelty, and the second because we think we shall shortly lose them; so the Pleasures of Love are never so delightful to us as in our Youth, or upon the Decline of Life. 'Tis so great a Satisfaction, and so uncommon a Pleasure for an old Man to be belov'd, that there is none but what upon that Opinion grows young, and rekindles his Ashes. But in the same manner as the Sun when it shines at a distance from us, makes the Shadows larger, so when Love lightens that Age from which it is naturally distant, it produces in it great Suspensions. The Duke no sooner found himself in Love, than he became jealous. That Passion, which is otherwise a fortuitous Effect of Love, is an inseparable Accident of it in all Men of this Climate. They do not believe great Desire can subsist without great Fear, and Love and Jealousy are there two Twins, which are always brought forth at one Birth. Whether then the Excess of his Passion produc'd this Effect, or the Air of

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the Country, or the suspicious Humour old Age brings along with it, or whether he had heard something of *Alcidalis's* Passion, his Distrust rose to such a Degree, that he was never safe but when the Dutchess was in his Presence: And even then, he was uneasy if any but himself look'd upon her. She, who for another Reason fear'd nothing so much as being seen, easily yielded to his Humour, and feigning Complaisance to his Desires, pretended that she equally lov'd all the Effects of his Passion; that his Caution was agreeable to her, since 'twas a Proof of his Love; and that she would have him take whatever Measures he thought fit for his Security, and not have any regard to any thing besides his own Ease: For her part, she should be always satisfy'd if he were but so; and since he was to her all Things in the World, she should think she had them all, if she had but him. He receiv'd these Offers with abundance of Joy, and made use of the Liberty she gave Him, by depriving her of all hers. So that daily retrenching her of some part of a great Palace she had at first, and of an infinite Number of Persons that serv'd her, she saw herself confin'd to one Chamber, a few Closets, and a Gallery, and reduc'd to see none but five or six Women, who were absolutely



lutely necessary to her. As the Duke gave her Proofs of his Jealousy, he also gave her some Proofs of his Love; and in satisfying himself, he endeavour'd to please her too. There was nothing in *Europe* nor in the *Indies*, but what he brought her. The Earth nor the Sea produc'd nothing extraordinary, but what she had. All that is precious in the World, the richest Works of Nature, the compleatest Master-pieces of Art, were to be seen in her Cabinets. In short, she had the finest Prison that can be imagin'd, if any Prison may be call'd fine; and she saw all she could desire to see, except it were Men. But as the most agreeable Solitude has always something melancholy in it, he was desirous to remedy that too. He, with great Labour and Charge, got together the handsomest and strongest Slaves that could be met with; and having bought a good Number of them, he had them instructed with a great deal of Diligence, and by the best Masters of *Italy*, in all the Exercises in which the most Noble are us'd to excel. These were call'd the Dutches's Slaves; and were all richly dress'd, even in her Colours. They had no other Badge of Servitude, than a Gold Collar round their Necks, from whence there hung a Chain of the same Metal, with a Medal of the Arms of their Mistress. Three

Times a Week they were brought into a spacious sanded Court, which was just under the Windows of her Gallery, and there they were exercis'd, some at Wrestling, others at Running, and some at managing of Horses. Sometimes they run at the Ring, or made Barrier-Combats; and dividing themselves into two Companies, undertook Turnaments. The Duke had invented this Diversion with two Designs; first to divert the Dutcheſs, whom he lov'd extreamly, and the other, to give her a Contempt of all Mankind, by ſhewing her in Slaves, that is to ſay, in the vileſt Part of it, the ſame Qualities which the beſt educated poſſeſs, and which add a Luſtre to the moſt noble.

*Alcidalis* immediately upon his arriving in Italy, heard all this; and having ſome few Days conſider'd what he had beſt to do, thought no Degree would agree ſo well with him, as that of *Zelida's* Slave, and that the Greatneſs of his Station having been the Cauſe of all the Miſfortunes which had ever happen'd to him, he could apply no better Remedy to them, than placing himſelf in the meaneſt of all Conditions. He communicated his Deſign to him who accompany'd him, who diſguiſing himſelf like a Merchant, went to thoſe who govern'd that Company of Men. They ſeeing in *Alcidalis* all the Qualities they

they desir'd, soon set a Price upon one who could never be priz'd sufficiently ; and with a small Sum of Money purchas'd for a Slave the Son of a King, and the most accomplish'd Man upon Earth. At first he was Schollar to those whom he was able to teach, and gave himself to be instructed in what he understood better than them, or any Body else. Thus, pretending every Day to learn something of the Exercises which were taught him, he made so great a Progress in so small a Time, that he was admir'd by all the World ; and the Masters were amaz'd to find they had taught him more than they knew themselves. Whether he was to ride, to wrestle, or to leap, he shew'd himself in every Thing with so much Skill, Strength, and Aptness, that he seem'd a Prodigy. The Horses seem'd to obey him by Instinct, and without any Motion he made them understand his Pleasure. If any defy'd him at Wrestling, or at Running ; the one he so easily threw to the Earth, and the other he so far out-strip, that it was plain he was born above them, and that they were never to be any where, but at his Feet or far behind him. When he ran a-Foot, Horses were more heavy than he was ; and when he was upon their Backs, they were swifter than Birds. In short, no Prize was propos'd, but what was *Alcida-*

*lis's* ; and it was impossible to make an equal Match, when he was to be of it, unless he was by himself set against all the rest, and even then he conquer'd. Yet amidst all the Praises which were given him he found a secret Shame in himself to dispute with Slaves ; for he had no less a Soul than \* him who would run only with Kings ; but only it was necessary to the carrying on of his Design. Tho' he did every Thing with a wonderful Grace, yet he did it with so little Attention, and so much Contempt, that 'twas easy to see he aim'd at a greater Victory. Every Time he enter'd the Lifts, where they were seen by the Dutchess, he was always the first, and stay'd the last. In all his Exercises, he had still his Heart and Eyes fix'd upon the Lettice, thro' which he thought the look'd ; and all he did himself, or that others did, could not divert him from it. To what Blindness is Mankind subject ! The most faithful of Lovers idolizes a Beauty he never saw. He sighs before her, he sends her his Heart by his Looks ; and tho' he has a Mistress, whom he loves a hundred Times more than himself, he has voluntarily sold himself to another.

*Alcidalis*, who might have been remarkable among the most accomplish'd Princes  
in

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\* *Alexander the Great.*

in the the World, was easily so among Slaves. From the very first Day, his Beauty and Gracefulness attracted the Eyes of the Dutchess; soon afterwards, he gain'd her Esteem and Admiration; and when she had observ'd him more narrowly, she thought she saw in the Nobleness of his Carriage, something extraordinary, and above the Condition he was in. She took particular Notice of the Attention with which he always look'd at her. She observ'd his Sighs, and the Paleness and Sadness of his Countenance; and how, amidst the Praises and Applauses he receiv'd on all Sides, nothing could rejoyce him. All this first gave her Curiosity, afterwards Pity, and at last Love.

I have often heard you say, Madam, she was not touch'd with this last Passion; and that she had only a Curiosity to know who that could be, who in so mean a State was Master of such Gentleman-like Qualities. But you must give me leave to dissent from you in this Point. I have heard you sometimes excuse Persons that were much less excusable than her; and I well know your Scrupulousness is capable of reaching even so far, as to be cautious how you scandalize one who never had a being. But if you consider, the Duke was old and jealous, the Dutchess young and barr'd of her Liberty, and the Prince the most com-  
pleat



pleat and amiable that ever was upon Earth; you will confess, it is no ill-grounded Suspicion, to believe she was in Love with him.

In short, one Evening, as this handsome Slave was going out of the Duke's Palace with the rest, in a Passage where it was pretty dark, he found himself pull'd by a Woman whom he did not know; and separating himself a little Way from the rest, without waiting 'till he spoke she said to him, *Clariant*, (for that was the Name he went by) if you are as bold as you seem to be, come alone to Morrow Night, at the second Watch, to the Foot of the Greek Tower; being there, if you take hold of the Opportunity, you will be more happy than you could ever possibly hope to be. This she said in haste, and left him without staying for his Answer. It was never yet discover'd how the Dutchess, being so strictly guarded and so narrowly watch'd by so many People, could find a Way to send this Message to *Alcidalis*. You yourself, Madam, could not make any Guess at it; and I remember, my Lady your Mother, who never loses an Opportunity of saying a witty Thing, commended you for having been short in your Invention in this Part of the Story. Indeed 'tis remarkable, that not having ever been at a Stand to save

*Alcidalis*

*Alcidalis* from all his Dangers, to preserve *Zelida's* Chastity pure in the Hands of Pirates, and, after so many Wanderings, to restore them both to their Kingdom, your Imagination should be found defective upon this Occasion only, and could not find out a Way for a Lady to send a Message to a Man!

Ever since *Alcidalis's* Misfortune, he had not had the least Ray of Joy 'till this Minute. He presently conceiv'd that this Message came from *Zelida*; and with Tears in his Eyes, he thank'd Heaven for thus beginning to take Pity of him: Yet, whether it be that the Souls of Great Men have some Insight into the Darkeness of Futurity, or that the Unhappy are cautious how they give Credit to the Promises of Hope, which they have so often been abus'd with; he durst not be confident of his good Fortune, and when he began to hope, he began more to fear. In this Place, Madam, a more eloquent Writer would not fail to say, that he thought every Hour a Day, and every Day a Year; and that his amorous Impatience made him count every Moment, accuse the Slowness of Time and of the Sun, and bring all Heaven into Fault. But without all this, it is not hard to imagine the Uneasiness of *Alcidalis* from the Cause he had to be so. The Day, or rather Night,  
of

of the Affignation, came at last ; and before she had well darken'd the Earth, he was at the Foot of the Tower. It was built just upon the Sea, into which it enter'd about fifty Paces. The Prince, who had provided all Things necessary for that Purpose, went thither in a Fisher-boat, which he fasten'd to some Iron Rings fix'd in the Wall, and there expected the Success Fortune should think fit to give this Adventure, in the Darkness and Silence of the Night, which was interrupted only by the Noise of the Sea. He remain'd an Hour before any Thing appear'd, agitated, in the mean Time, with Hope and Fear ; which, tho' they are contrary Passions, do nevertheless often meet in one and the same Person. He form'd to himself all those Imaginations which any other may represent to themselves ; but which, neither you nor I, Madam, who never lov'd, can do. There blew a strong Wind from the Shore, which so swell'd the Waves, that the Rope which held the Bark, could scarce resist it, and he every Moment expected to see it unfasten'd. At last, just as he was beginning to despair of his Happiness, and was taken up with Thoughts more black and frightful than the Night and Sea, with which he was surrounded ; a Noise he heard at the Top of the Tower restor'd him to the Hopes  
he

he had lost. He thought he heard some Words, which he could not well distinguish; to which having made Answer by a Noise on his Side; he presently afterwards heard something fall into the Sea, and having look'd more narrowly, he saw something white swimming upon the Water; and having taken it up, he found it to be a Rope-Ladder, which reach'd from the Top of the Tower, at the End whereof there was ty'd a Piece of Linnen, to make it visible. Then *Alcidalis* gave himself to be cheated by the Appearance of his good Fortune, who, he thought, now meant to give him something of *Zelida*. Wherefore, without considering what Dangers he ran into, and what Rashness it was to undertake, notwithstanding the Darkeness and the stormy Wind, to climb to a prodigious Height, without knowing whither he went, or by whom and in what Manner he should be receiv'd, he got upon the Ladder, and began to mount it with more Lightness and Joy than he could have done the richest Stair-Case in the World. Having got up about a hundred Steps, he found himself at a Window, where he perceiv'd a Person, who gave him a Hand, and, without speaking a Word, conducted him thro' several Turns and Passages, at the End of which he found himself in a Closet, illuminated with three golden Lamps,

Lamps, the most richly furnish'd he ever saw in his Life, and which far exceeded all the Grandeur of his Father's Palace. By the Light of the Lamp, he saw 'twas a Woman had brought him thither, who having bid him rest himself and stay a little, went out and shut the Door. He thought she was the same that had bid him the Day before be at the Foot of the Greek Tower: Then, considering every Thing that had pass'd, and what he saw, he was yet more confirm'd in his Opinion, that it was *Zelida* had sent for him; and in the midst of all the Dangers he imagin'd himself to be in, by a secret Pre-sentiment of the Misfortune he fear'd nothing so much as not seeing her. I cannot represent the different Thoughts he had, the Impatience, the Desires and Fears, the Distrusts, Suspensions, Surprises, Alarms, and the other different Passions, with which he was toss'd to and fro at the same Time. All this cannot be describ'd upon Paper; nothing but the Mind of Man is capable of so much Confusion.

He was an Hour thus in the most profound Silence in the World, without hearing the least Noise in any Part; tho' he every Moment, with strange Agitations, imagin'd he did. At last he thought he heard a Tread, and the Noise of a Key; and turning his Head, he saw another

Door



Door than that he came in by, cover'd with Tapiftry, open'd by the same Person who had brought him thither, and who approaching him with a smiling Countenance, said to him, *Clariant*, you will soon pardon me for having made you stay so long, and acknowledge that the Honour you are going to receive well deserv'd the waiting for. The Prince having thank'd her, and desir'd to know what was the Honour she spoke of, after a little Hesitation she said to him, *Clariant*, if I was not sufficiently acquainted with the Strength and Greatness of your Soul, by what I have seen of you, I should not let you know your good Fortune so soon, but give you Time to accustom your self to it, and see how you can bear it. But it is to be believ'd, you will not be confounded at your Happiness, be it what it will, and that your Thoughts are no less noble than your Actions. Know then, you are in the Closet of *Zelida*, and in a Moment you shall be in her Chamber. The Dutchesse has observ'd all the Qualities which make you estimable; and seeing there is nothing in you that is mean besides your Fortune, she means to take Care of it her self, and to make it better; and for that Purpose, is desirous to be acquainted with you. Do you, on your Side, make a right Use of this Opportunity; and shew, for the Future,

as much Discretion and Conduct, as you have hitherto shew'd Skill and Valour. Having said this, she led him thro' the same Door she came in at, and carry'd him to her Mistress's Chamber.

How strange is the Weakness of our Souls! *Alcidalis*, whom Death, and all that is most terrible in it, could not have made afraid; who, spite of the Wind, the Night, and the Sea, upon a weak Cord-Ladder did so gaily climb to the Top of the Tower; and who would at Noon-Day have undertaken alone to deliver the Dutcheß out of the Hands of the Duke; trembles in a Place where he knows there are none but Women. That Heart, which without Fear would have fac'd a World of Enemies, is chill'd with Fear at the Approach of the only Person he loves, and who he knows loves him.

The Room was lighted but with one Taper, and the Dutcheß was in Bed with the little Light which such Enterprises, and the Bashfulness and Fear of a young Person not yet accusom'd to them, desire; that tho' the Prince had been more himself, and less prepossess'd, he could scarce have perceiv'd his Error, and the Cheat which Fortune put upon him. He immediately fell upon his Knees before her, and having begun to speak some Words, which were ill pronounc'd, and worse connected,

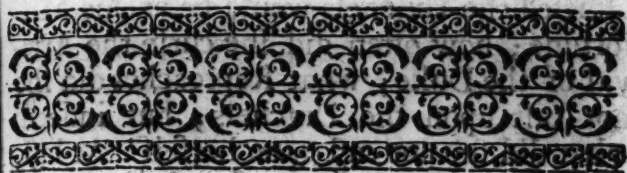
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he stopp'd short. The Disturbance of his Mind, and the Agitation of so many Passions, press'd him in such a Manner, that he could not continue, and half besides himself, he let fall his Head on the Bed of the young Princess; who having put out her Hand to jogg him, he took it, and by that Means coming to himself, after having bath'd it with Floods of Tears, he spoke as follows: At length, *Zelida*, Heaven has had some Compassion on wretched *Alcidalis*; and however it opposes me, I return it a thousand Thanks, for having at least, once before I die, permitted me to see you. Here his Sighs interrupted his Speech, and just as he was about to resume it, he heard a great Noise in the Palace; at which, she who had conducted him, running out, came in again in a great Fright, saying 'twas the Duke, and that he was already in the Dutcheß's Apartment. The good Man, far from imagining what was done in his Palace, was gone into the Country, with a Design to stay three Days at Hunting: But, whether his Love or his Jealousy brought him back, or that he thought to act a Piece of Gallantry, and shew his Impatience and his Affection to the Dutcheß; he return'd the same Day, and the first Thing he did, was, to run presently to see her.

I am mighty angry at him for coming so unseasonably; for I should have been  
very

very glad to have heard what the Dutchess would have said in the Amazement 'tis probable she was in at what she heard. I think him very impertinent for coming in so abruptly ; and if it had been I that had invented the Story, I should, in revenge, have made him ——. The Dutchess, in the Surprise she was in at this Interruption, and at what she had just heard, could not utter a Word. The Woman who had brought in the Prince, took him again by the Hand, and having reconducted him the same Way he came, she in a Moment put him to the Window ; out of which, seeing the Treachery of Fortune, he was almost resolv'd to precipitate himself, instead of descending.





# CONCLUSION

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# HISTORY

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ALCIDALIS *and* ZELIDA.



CARCE had *Alcidalis* got to the Foot of the Ladder, by which he had before mounted, and unfasten'd the Rope which ty'd his Boat, when he saw himself driven away by a furious Storm that was risen during his Absence, and carry'd immediately above a hundred Miles from *Belisa*, which was the Name of her who had brought him thither by the Dutchess's Order. 'Twas then that the poor Woman remain'd almost without Motion at the Accident she had seen; she could not help complaining,



complaining, well imagining how much afflicted the Dutchess would be at his Misfortune; how often did she curse the Arrival of the Duke; what Reproaches did she not cast upon the Dutchess; but indeed, what did she not cast upon herself! At last, as if waken'd out of a profound Sleep, she cry'd, O Gods! what Misfortunes! And then look'd out carefully, if she could not discover what caus'd her Uneasiness; but finding all her Search was in vain, she retir'd, after having several Times repeated these Words: Ah poor *Clariant*, thou dear Slave! 'Tis I that am the Cause of this Misfortune: 'Tis I that singled thee from amongst thy Companions; led thee into the Dutchess's Chamber, and unexpectedly brought thee to thy Destruction, and dug thee thy Grave in these pitiless Waves. She had scarce began these Complaints, when she was interrupted by one of her Companions, who came running to her, to bid her bring back the Slave, for the Duke was gone. Ah! would to Heaven, reply'd *Belisa*, he had never came hither, I should not then be oblig'd to carry the Dutchess such unfortunate News; for, continu'd she to *Elvira*, during this furious Tempest, the unhappy *Clariant* has been Shipwreck'd. This *Elvira* was tolerably handsome, and very much in the Duke's Favour; who often made use of her as a Spy upon the Dutchess.

Dutchess. She made no Answer to what *Belisa* said, but only reflected upon it, and cunningly pretending to be extreamly griev'd, ran to tell it the Duke; and for that Reason, went thro' the Gallery of Love. Alas! how properly it goes by that Name, since 'tis the most favourable Passage for the Dutchess, and the most dangerous to the Duke of *Tarentum*. For, notwithstanding all his Vigilance and Precaution, his Wife in that Place finds Ways by which she often satisfy's herself in the Conversation of several Galants. As for *Belisa*, she made haste thro' that Gallery, and by Way of the Anti-chamber which is on one Side of it went into the Dutchess's Apartment. There she found her in a very negligent Dishabillee, getting out of Bed, impatient to hear the Conclusion of what *Alcidalis* had begun to say when he was interrupted in his Discourse by the Arrival of the Duke, and constrain'd to leave the Place, to make Way for him: But she soon was undeceiv'd in her Hopes of hearing the rest, when *Belisa*, in a few Words, told her his Misfortune and her Loss. She no sooner heard this fatal Accident, than she fell into a Swoon, and was for some Time without being able to utter a Word; at length returning to herself, and calling to Mind the last Words he had said to her, she presently imagin'd he was certainly

the unfortunate Lover of the real *Zelida*; and could not help paying some Sighs and Tears to the Consideration of his Misfortune. In this Condition she pass'd the Night, and as soon as it was Day, she separated herself from her Attendants, and went into the Garden, where there was a Door which corresponded with the Duke's Apartment. There it was that she redoubled her Tears, and bemoan'd the Loss of the miserable Stranger. At last, having wip'd away her Tears, she ruminated some Time, and spoke thus: What! could not I have prevented this Misfortune? was it not in my Power to have forborn sending for him? But, no, his Charms were too powerful to be resisted. Ah! *Zelida*, continu'd she, in what Place scever thou art unhappy, never more hope to see thy Lover: He is dead, *Zelida*, he is dead; but to Death he never forgot the Love he has for you, and never left it 'till he left Life amidst the Waves. 'Tis there he is now bury'd; 'tis there he extinguish'd those Flames which he thought you alone deserv'd. When she had said this, she dry'd up the Tears which ran down her Cheeks in great Abundance. But as we are sometimes toss'd with contrary Passions; tho' why, continu'd she, unthinking that I am? why should I bewail the Destruction of him who came to rob me of  
my

my Happiness? What Reason have I to grieve for a Man, who perhaps by some violent Means, taking me for his Mistress, had endeavour'd to get me into his Possession? And then, the Duke coming to understand the Stratagem, I should soon have lost the Title of Dutches. Having a long Time consulted in herself the Event of this Affair, she judg'd she had no great Cause to be unconsolable; but that she should especially keep this Secret as close as possible. Just as she had taken this Resolution, the Duke came into the Garden, and being inform'd by *Elvira* of the whole Affair, seem'd very melancholy; and it was easy to be seen by his Countenance, that his Mind was not at Ease. The Dutches perceiving it, went to caress him as she us'd to do, but going to embrace him, she receiv'd a rude Repulse. Not minding this Coldness, she pursu'd her accusom'd Kindness, dreaming of nothing less than of his being inform'd of her Conversation with the Slave; she therefore try'd all her Arts, Smiles, tender Looks, charming Words; no Way was left unattempted. But all this had no Effect upon the Mind of the Duke, except it were to enrage and disturb him the more. At last, impatient to know what could have displeas'd him, she spoke to him in these Terms: My Lord, I know

not whether my Opinion be true or false; but in my Eyes you seem very much alter'd: I cannot make any Guess at the Cause of the Chagrin which appears in your Countenance: Am not I the same *Zelida* for whom you once declar'd so much Love? Have I been any ways wanting in the Respect I owe you? Yes, Madam, reply'd the Duke; your Want of Faith gives me just Reason to complain of you. He said this with so much Haughtiness, and went away so abruptly, that he left the Dutchess in the greatest Disorder. This young Lady finding herself thus deserted by her old Husband, retir'd into her Chamber, and having sent for *Belisa*, she to whom she laid open most of her Thoughts, she in a few Words told her her Disgrace with her Husband. *Belisa*, who did not want for Sharpness, knowing what Credit her Companion *Elvira* was in with the Duke, and that this *Elvira* had seen her spake to the Slave, had no great Hardship to perswade the Dutchess, that the Duke's Jealousy could come from no other Hand; tho' the Dutchess hardly knew how to believe it, till she call'd to mind that she had sent *Elvira* to fetch back the Slave, after the Duke had left her. As they were discoursing of this Mischance, they were interrupted by the Arrival of one of the Duke's Pages, who



*The Undaunted* LADY. 101

who presented the Dutcheſs with a Note, ſeal'd up, but without any Superſcription : She had no ſooner open'd it, than ſhe knew the Hand of her *Argus*, who writ to her as follows.

ZELIDA,

**I**F the Friendſhip I have for you did not oblige me to wipe from my Memory ſome Things which were told me, I ſhould not think my ſelf any ways bound to write theſe Lines to you, to let you know I ſhall expect you this Evening at Placentia, where I hope you will diſabuse your Enemies from the Suſpicions they have had of you, and which are very prejudicial to your dear

TARENTUM.

When the Dutcheſs had read this Note, ſhe ſtudy'd a little upon it, and thought it would be the beſt way to huſh this Matter as ſoon as poſſible, and therefore ſhe wrote the following Answer.

Dear TARENTUM,

**I**Was very much amaz'd at your ſudden Departure, and much more ſo at reading your Letter; I am extreamly ſurpris'd at your accusing me of Infidelity. Tet, out of the Reſpect I owe you, I will receive your Reproaches,

102 Alcidalis and Zelida ; or,

tho' I am not in the least guilty of what you lay to my Charge, namely Breach of Faith. In Obedience to your Commands, I will come to Placentia, where I hope you will have so much Goodness as to hear my Defence, by which I hope to disabuse my Enemies, in the unjust Suspicions they have had of her, who would rather chuse Death, than not to be all her Life

Your Lover ZELIDA.

The Dutchess having seal'd up this Answer, gave it to the Page, with Order to deliver it to his Master. Whilst this false Zelida is thus endeavouring to make Peace with her Husband, which by the Assistance of Belisa she must infallibly effect, let us carry our View farther, and see what is become of our two real Lovers. I think I see the poor Clariant bury'd in the Waves; but no, Heaven reserves him for more Misfortunes, which we shall hear in the Sequel of our History.

So soon as the Bark was in the open Sea, without Pilot, without Oars, and without any Hopes of Relief, amidst the most cruel Thoughts which Hatred, Jealousy, and Dispair, could form in the Mind of a young Prince, so devoted to Love; he was at the Mercy of the Winds, the Elements, and the Waves of the Sea, which some-

sometimes lifted him to the Clouds, and sometimes precipitated him to the deepest Abyss of the Earth. But that which had like to have concluded his Destruction, was his Vessels striking against a Rock, and breaking into shatters, all but the middle Plank, which the Gods seem'd to have reserv'd to save him; and upon that he extended himself, and holding it in his Hands, 'Tis now *Zelida*, cry'd he, that I am certainly lost; enjoy, thou happy Lover, the Friendship of my Mistress; boldly possess the Object of my Love, for I shall now soon be out of a Condition to give you any farther Disturbance. And indeed he might well say so, since he was upon the very Point of Death, for the Tempest being increas'd, what with the Rain, the Hail, the Lightning, and the Thunder, all the Elements seem'd to have combin'd in the Destruction of wretched *Clariant*. In this State he continu'd 'till the next Morning, when the Gods, tir'd out by his Patience, put a stop to the Storm, made the Air more serene, and the Sea more calm. And now he began to swim with more Ease, when, by good Fortune, he spy'd fifty eight Ships laden with Soldiers, sent by the King of *Pire*, to declare War against the King of *Morocco*. A young Captain, Native of *Ar-ragon*, being upon Deck, thought he per-

ceiv'd something floating on the Water, but because of the great Distance it was from him, could not distinguish what it was. He sent some of his Men in the Boat to fetch what he saw, which they did with a great deal of Speed. But being come near it, they were very much surpriz'd to see that it was a Body so strongly fix'd to a large Piece of Wood, that the Corpse seem'd to be purposely ty'd to it. Having with a great deal of Trouble got him out of the Water, and unfix'd his Hands from the Plank, they carry'd him to their Captain, who having look'd upon him attentively, had some Idea of knowing his Face: For tho' the Prince was quite disfigur'd, his Eyes half open, his Visage pale, his Lips blue, and his Mouth half shut, without Motion, Pulse, or any Signs of Life, yet he seem'd to them all to be something above the vulgar. They therefore held him with his Head downwards, and having made him discharge part of the Water which loaded his Stomach, he began to have a freer Respiration, which he shew'd by a Groan: This gave great Satisfaction to the Spectators, and made the Captain put him upon his own Bed, and shut the Windows, which might hinder his Rest. The poor Prince was scarce laid upon the Bed, but he spoke these Words; Adieu, dear  
*Zelida;*

*Zelida*; he then stop'd, and presently afterwards resuming his Discourse, O Love! thou Tyrant of the Soul, how cruel art thou to me? O Fortune! how changeable thou shew'st thy self? When I possess *Zelida*, another snatches away my Happiness, and I lose her; I then find her again; but the very Moment I have found her, I lose her for ever! Strange Caprice of Destiny! From a King's Son, a Slave, and from a Slave, a Vaulter: But no matter, provided I possess the Object of my Desires; but why say I possess! No, Fortune, of that there is no Likelihood; go on to persecute me; yet much thou can'st not prolong my Sufferings: These Waves will now in a Moment serve me for a Tomb. Saying this, he took fast hold of the Bed-Cloaths, as he had before done of the Plank on which he was expos'd to the Sea, imagining himself to be still upon it.

The Captain, touch'd with Compassion at these Words, call'd for a Light, and approaching the Bed, Be no longer afraid, Sir, says he to him, you are now entirely out of Danger. The Prince amaz'd at the Sound of a Voice, look'd upon all those that surrounded him, and having survey'd them all in general, he ravingly said to him, Who are you that speak to me? Alas! tell me who I my self am?

E 5.

I am



I am a miserable Wretch, whom your Enchantments have chang'd into divers Forms, and you are the *Demons* that persecute me. The Captain finding he rav'd, and that the Fatigues he had undergone, inclin'd him to Sleep, sent out all those who were in the Room, and went into a second Bed, which was near that of *Clariant*, where, without the least Noise, he lay 'till the next Morning, and so soon as it was Day, he impatiently expected when the Prince would wake, which he did soon afterwards. The Moment he wak'd, he cry'd out, O Gods! where am I? Scarce had he ended these Words, when the Captain jump'd out of Bed, and went to the unfortunate *Clariant*, impatient to hear the Prince's History, well imagining by what he had said the Night before, from a King's Son, a Slave, and from a Slave, a Vaulter, that he had sav'd a Treasure from the Sea, and that this could not but be an illustrious Prince. He approach'd his Bed, and having saluted him in these Terms, My Lord, you are with your best Friends; banish all Fear, and be assur'd you are out of all Danger. How's this, cry'd the Prince? Is this a Reality or a Dream? If it is a Reality, I am no longer in the World; and, if 'tis a Dream, I am alive: What! from Death to Life! and from the Bottom of the

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the Sea, in which I thought I should be bury'd, do I find my self in a Bed of State? I beg you tell me by what good Fortune it is, that I was brought hither. No, reply'd the Captain, I will not let you know that, 'till you have first been pleas'd to declare to me, by what Misfortune you were so expos'd to the Sea; and then I will tell you how I came to be so happy as to find you there. The Prince finding he could not without Ingratitude refuse so small a Request, at last yielded to his Sollicitation, and began to give him an exact Account of his Misfortunes. When he had told the Captain of his saving a Man out of the Paws of a Bear, upon the Mountains of *Catalonia*, he leap'd upon his Neck, and cry'd, Ah, generous Prince! Is it then to you that I am indebted for Life: Your sudden disappearing from me then, made me afraid I should never have had an Opportunity to make any Return for that unexpected Deliverance; but I thank Heaven, it has at last put it in my Power, to repay in Part so great a Debt, which I can never sufficiently discharge. The Prince amaz'd at this Rencounter, desir'd the Captain to explain himself, and he told him 'twas him he had sav'd from the Beast. The Prince then continu'd to relate the Accidents that had befallen him, and just as he came

to his being led into the Dutcheſs's Chamber, he was interrupted by a Noiſe which was rais'd in the Ships, and which had made the Soldiers run to their Arms, and ſeveral came into the Chamber, to give the Captain Notice that the Enemy was juſt upon them, and were hardly ſix Miles off. This oblig'd the Captain to leave *Clariant*, after having teſtify'd his Concern for his Miſfortunes, and how ſorry he was that he could not then have the Satisfaction of hearing out the reſt of the Prince's Hiſtory. This Separation was not made without Uneaſineſs, and tho' they were both in the ſame Ship, yet they were nevertheless unwilling to be out of each other's Sight. I mean, the Captain was in fear for the Life of the Prince, and the Prince for that of the Captain; ſo that the Prince had not been a Moment abſent from his Friend, when, thinking it would be Cowardice in him to lye a-Bed while the reſt were fighting, he roſe, and having choſen Arms from amongſt ſeveral that were in his Chamber, went upon Deck, juſt as they were beginning the Battle, which was very hot, there being ſixty thouſand Combatants in it. Victory was ſeveral Days doubtful which Side to fix on, and the laſt of thoſe Days, there having been a ſharp Engagement all Night by the Light of the Moon,

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in the Morning they were on both Sides so tir'd, that they were no longer capable of Resistance; and besides, their Masts, their Sails, and their Ropes were so broken and torn, that few were in a Condition to fly, so that every one believing he must infallibly perish by the Sword of their Enemies, to avoid that Infamy Rage taught the one Means to sink the Ships of the others, and these, before they perish'd, Skill to set Fire to the Ships of their Enemies, some of whom were choak'd with the Smoke, others dy'd miserably in the midst of the Flames, and those whom Fire and Sword had spar'd, perish'd in the Sea. There were even some who depriv'd their Adversaries and the Fury of the Ocean, of the Glory of their Death, by poignarding themselves. In this pitiful Sight, of so many Men in Dispair and Fury, there was one who had no mind to end his Days in so terrible a manner; and that he might not be without Company in his Design of saving himself, he pull'd with him another with a great deal of Trouble, and snatching him from the Fire, got him into a Skiff to save him; but Heaven had decreed he should have another Deliverer, since both being thrown out of the Boat by the Impetuosity of the Waves, they were separated, and lost all Hopes of being a mutual Succour to one another,

another, as they at first meant to be. This for a long Time attracted the Prince's Eyes, tho' the Skies were cover'd with Clouds, and its Obscurity appear'd by a very great Difference; for according as the Waves rose or fell, the Flames which had seiz'd the Ships appear'd, and by Means of them, the Prince saw there was some Body in great Danger. The Pitifulness of the Object moving his Compassion, he went with one of the Pilots into the Boat, not without great Hazard of his Life, row'd directly to the Place where the Light appear'd; but what was most perplexing, was, that he who was upon the Mast, held it so fast, that all they did to get him from it, was wholly in vain; for out of Fear of the present Danger, he would by no means quit his Hold, but seem'd insensible of the Succour which was brought him. In this strange Extremity, he must unavoidably have perish'd, if another Mischance had not diverted the Effect of this; for the Fire taking hold of the Place he held by, he was forc'd to let it go, and sunk to the Bottom; at length he rose up again to the Top of the Water, in which the Pilot having plung'd himself, push'd him to the Boat, and drew him out of the Sea, having run a very great Risque to save him. Thus the Prince's Compassion did not prove useles, tho' it  
look'd



look'd only to be a dead Body, for having given a Groan, he seem'd to have expir'd. The Prince's Sorrow was very great, and especially when he had observ'd in the Stranger's Features, a particular Greatness and Majesty. For tho' the Wounds he had receiv'd in the Engagement, or some Scratches he had got from the Ruines of the Ships, disfigur'd his Face, yet the Blood which ran from it, shew'd his Beauty with the more Advantage; and there was something in his Shape which was extreamly agreeable. The Body was for a long Time without the least Motion; but at length they saw there was some little Life remaining, which yet, without great Care was taken, would soon be lost. The Prince, who was very assiduous about it, found himself extreamly mov'd at touching the Body; and this Emotion did not proceed only from his natural Pity, but he found his Compassion stirr'd by hidden Means and secret Engagements. After this, he wrap'd him in his Cloak, and had him carry'd into his Chamber, at which he gave a Sigh, and with a weak and mournful Voice pronounc'd these Words. Ah! my dear Lover, how unhappy art thou, and how unfortunate am I. The Sobs having at these Words forc'd him to Silence, he for a Moment held his Peace, and after he was laid upon the Bed,

now,

now, cry'd he, I with Justice suffer the Punishment I deserve, for having abandon'd my self to one, who, tho' he be a Prince, is guilty of the highest Ingratitude: Ought'st thou not to have oppos'd the Queen's Designs, when she tore me from thee? But that Absence, 'tis likely, gave you no great Uneasiness, and the Love you pretended for me was only feign'd: Yes, too cruel Man, you consented to the Queen's Will; for if you had had any Love for me, would you not have prevented my being hurry'd away from you? Did you want either Wealth, Power, or Friends? Had Love blinded your Eyes? No, had you lov'd me constantly, that little God had guided your Steps, and shewn you the Traces of your Mistress; but I shall one Day let you see the Firmness of my Courage, and tear out this Heart which I have so long preserv'd in all my Labours and Troubles: You your self shall hear my last Groan, and then perhaps you may have Compassion on me, and the Remorse of your Infidelity, may set before you all the Misfortunes which have happen'd to me; then perhaps you may implore Heaven to open to you the Gates of Death. But that will not be granted you, and you shall live to undergo innumerable Miseries, for the Punishment of your Crime. But alas!  
continu'd

contin'd she, I yield my self up too much to my Fury! Forgive my Passion: You are not any ways guilty of what I lay to your Charge; I sufficiently, my dear Lover, remember your last Words, when you testify'd to me your Affection, and told me, that no Power could ever efface *Zelida* out of the Heart of *Alcidalis*. At these Words, the poor Prince, who had listen'd attentively, was so surpriz'd, that he was not able to speak a Word; a cold Sweat ran down his Face, and something seem'd to glide through his Veins, which depriv'd him of the Faculty of Speech. He was for some Time in this Disorder, 'till his Spirits returning he threw himself upon *Zelida's* Neck, crying, Heavens! what do I see? Is it by a Charm that I now see the Face and Air of my Princess under this Disguise? No, 'tis surely some Effect of my Distemper which disturbs my Brain and represents to my Eyes the Image of her I love. At these words, *Zelida*, who had not yet open'd her Eyes, cast them pitifully upon *Clariant*, in whose Face she saw the Picture of her dear *Alcidalis*. 'Tis impossible to express the Transports these two Lovers were in at this Meeting. *Zelida*, by the Name of *Zelidan*, regretted the Accusations she had laid to her Lover's Charge, and made amends for them by her present Endearments.

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ments. *Alcidalis* did the same to *Zelida*,  
in Excuse for having been so long with-  
out knowing her. The Captain of the  
Ship took part in this Satisfaction, and  
us'd the utmost Diligence in getting a  
Cure for the Wounds of *Zelidan*, which  
was done in a few Days, they not being  
very dangerous; and then *Alcidalis* oblig'd  
*Zelida* to make him a Recital of all that  
had happen'd to her, from their Separation  
to that Hour, which she did in these  
Terms.



THE



THE  
HISTORY  
OF  
ZELIDA;  
OR, THE  
GENEROUS BARBARIAN.



YOU may very well remember, my dear Prince, the Day when I was ravish'd from you, and hurry'd into *Catalonia*; the Queen's Design was to marry me to the Duke of *Tarentum*, and with that Intent she carry'd me to Sea in a Ship, where I was put into the Hands of a Captain, with Orders to deliver me to



to the Duke of *Tarentum*. This Surprize upon me was kept so secret, that I had not the least Suspicion of it, 'till she brought me to the Captain and his Wife, with whom she had in Private a long Conversation. She pretended to be mightily griev'd at parting with me, and that besides her Engagements of Friendship with my Mother, having educated and look'd upon me as her eldest Daughter, she thought herself in some sort bound to provide me a Husband as such ; and had therefore given me to the Duke of *Tarentum*, whom she extoll'd as one of the most brave and virtuous Princes of the Age. In short, by several Elogiums of the Duke, and a thousand other Arguments, she thought to have made me forget the Love I had for you. But that Love, my dear Prince, had taken too deep Root in my Heart, ever to be taken away. At these Words the Prince redoubled his Kisses, and with a low Voice, interrupted by Sighs and by his Joy, he utter'd these Words. Alas! dear *Zelida*, you have undergone too much Trouble for my sake ; but believe me, I have not been wholly free from Mischances. The Queen, continu'd *Zelida*, left me in the Ship, after having told me she had perceiv'd there was a sort of Sympathy between you and me ; but there was no Likelihood of its growing to an Alliance, because

because the King your Father would never give Consent; that besides, there was no Confidence to be put in one of your Age; and several in the Court might talk of us, seeing us so familiar. But that to hinder all such busy Tongues, she had chosen the Prince of *Tarentum* for me; a Man who was not at all undeserving of my Affection. These were the last Words she said to me, and after some Embraces, and a feign'd Sorrow at parting, she left the Room. She was scarce got out of the Ship, but I found my self at some Distance from the Port of *Barcelona*, where there was three hundred Ships, which so soon as ever the Queen left ours, discharg'd all their Artillery. This Noise of Cannons was accompany'd by Trumpets, Haut-boys, and several other Instruments, which the Queen had provided for this Separation; thinking these Acclamations and Magnificencies would dissipate my Sorrow; but Grief, Indignation, Shame, Rage, and all the Passions of that Nature, crowded so thick upon me, that my Senses were for above a Quarter of an Hour, in such Disorder and Confusion, that I cannot express what I said against the Queen, nay, against you your self. In this Condition did I continue for several Days, in all which Time, the Captain and his Wife, by all their most pressing Soli-citations,

citations, and Intreaties, could not prevail upon me either to eat or drink. They saw I grew weaker every Day, and that instead of carrying a Beauty to the Duke of *Tarentum*, they should carry him only a dead Corpse; I my self when I saw my Face in a Glass, and found how I was alter'd, perceiv'd I should be the Cause of my own Death, unless I apply'd some Remedy to so desperate a Distemper: One Day therefore, as the Captain and his Wife, accompany'd by their Neice, were perswading me to eat, I resolv'd to lay my Resolution before them, and let them know my Design: For this purpose, I told 'em I could never love the Duke of *Tarentum*, and begg'd that they would do me this Kindness, either to let me die in Peace, or avoid the Match; that their Neice being much of my Shape, Age, and Features, and the Duke never having seen me, he might marry her under the Name of *Zelida*; and that it lay wholly in them to make their Niece happy, themselves rich, and me contented. With these Words I shew'd them a little Coffer full of Diamonds, which I promis'd them as a Reward if they would grant me the Request I had made to them. The Captain, who had been upon the Sea all his Life-time, without having been able to raise his Fortune, advis'd with his Wife, and then con-

consented to my Proposal. We gave the Niece Instructions how to carry herself, and accustom'd her to become the Dutchess. At length we approach'd the Coast of Italy, where she suffer'd herself to be seen as little as possible. The Captain and his Wife deliver'd their Niece *Erminia* to the Duke of *Tarentum*, and took their Leaves of him, pretending to be in haste to give the Queen an Account of their Voyage. Whilst all these Things were doing, I was left in the Ship, where I was very cautious of being seen by any Body. In a little Time afterwards, I saw the Sails hoisted, and we left that hated Shore which had given me so many Apprehensions; afterwards the Captain's Wife came and told me all that had pass'd at the Reception of the false *Zelida*. All that now remain'd to be resolv'd on, was what to do with me; and the Captain gave me his Promise to place me with a Sister of his, or in a Temple of Vestals, till he could find a Way to restore me to the Arms of *Alcidalis*. We sail'd some Days without any Danger, till one Evening, three Hours before Sun-set, we perceiv'd three Sail of *Corfairs* making towards us, and which by the Favour of the Wind, soon overtook us. Our Captain, who's a Man of Courage, was very much disturb'd at this unlucky Accident; yet being

being loth to lose the Wealth I had given him, he was resolv'd to dye rather than yield. Mean time his Wife, who stay'd with me in my Cabin, cut off my Hair, and gave me a Suit of Cloaths of her Husband's, which I put on, after having thrown the Coffer of Diamonds into the Sea. I took the first Arms I could find, and went into the Fight ; but it was so unequal, that the Enemy had already fasten'd themselves to our Ship, and jumping into it, their Rashness gave them Hopes of obtaining an easy Victory, but they met with a Resistance which they did not expect from a Ship they thought already weaken'd by the Violence of the Waves, whose Fury it had indeed felt, and the Victory was long uncertain which Side to incline to ; for of three Ships which they had at first, there was one already sink to the Bottom. Then I was sorry for my Coffer of Diamonds not so much for my own sake, as for the Captain's, to whom I had promis'd it. As we were in the Heat of the Engagement, and the Banks and Decks were cover'd with Blood and dead Bodies, the Captain of our Ships drop'd dead at my Feet. This so disorder'd our Men, that the Enemy boarded the Ship, and having kill'd some of our Soldiers, made the rest Prisoners. Afterwards *Orcant* (that was the

Name



Name of the Pyrate) took a Review of his Prisoners, whereof I was one. He look'd fiercely upon me, and ask'd me my Name and Country ; I told him I was a *Spaniard*, and that my Name was *Zelidan*, Nephew to the Captain of the Ship he had taken, and that I thought my self unhappy in not having dy'd in the Engagement. This, with some other Words which I cannot now call to mind, I said with no small Pride. *Orcant* took a Liking to my Boldness, and tho' he was a *Barbarian*, shew'd me some good Nature more than to the other Prisoners, all whom were chain'd to the Oar, but me he excepted, telling me he had a greater Value for me, upon account of my having shewn more Bravery in the Fight than any of the rest, and one good Action should be Ransom enough for my Freedom. All this Flattery did not in the least please me, and I drew very ill Omens from his Friendship. However, I resolv'd to strengthen my Courage, in order to conceal my Sex: Several Occasions, during the rest of that Summer offer'd themselves, in which I endeavour'd as much as possible to shew my Valour. One Day a Humour took our Captain to carry us to *Memphis*, where he shew'd me the Miracles of the *Nile*, and the eternal Monuments of the generous Fatigue which the *Egyptians* impos'd

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upon

upon their Slaves, in Honour of their false Gods, and for the glorious Memory of their Kings. From thence we went to *Palestine*, where, in the City of *Irenophanis*, I admir'd a Temple, whose Matter and Workmanship surpass'd all that I had ever seen. After having view'd this Wonder, we pursu'd our Voyage by *Affyria*, and *Asia minor*, where he shew'd me Things extremely rare and strange; and as he was carrying us into *Galatia*, our Ships were surpris'd by a Storm, which made us take another Rout than that *Orcant* had propos'd; for after having suffer'd all that the Winds and Waves can do to the Marks of their Fury, we were thrown upon the Isles *Baleares*, where we were not long before we were attack'd by two other Pyrate-Ships, which pour'd upon us a Cloud of Darts. In Proportion as they came nearer us, they made use of Arms that carry'd less far, but whose Blows were much more sure and violent; they grappled one of our Ships, to which, after having thrown some Grenadoes into it, they set Fire, and at the same Time to one of their own, that could not get rid of ours fast enough. Then the Pyrates that remain'd not only saw it would be impossible for them to gain the Victory, but also prudently observ'd that they should have much ado to  
save

save themselves ; which made them think their Preservation depended more upon their Flight, than upon the obstinate Massacre to which they might put their Enemies. Wherefore making the best Use of their Opportunity, they loos'd themselves from us, and having a favourable Wind, endeavour'd to save their Lives by Means of their Sails : But I testify'd a Discontent at this Clemency, and said aloud, that those who never shew'd Mercy, did not deserve to have it shewn to them. These Words I pronounc'd with so resolute a Countenance, that it inflam'd the Courage of *Orcant* and the other *Corsairs* ; and I so well advis'd them to gain an entire Victory, that the Effect was as speedy as the Design. *Orcant* approv'd my Words, and immediately commanded his Men to pursue the Enemy. Being come up to them, we renew'd the Fight, and having grappled their Ship, made a bloody Execution of those Thieves, part of whom were cut to Pieces, and the rest leap'd Head-long into the Sea. After this Victory, I went down into the Hold of the Ship, to see what Prisoners the Pyrates had left in it, or what Booty we had gain'd ; amongst which was a great deal of rich Goods, Tapestries of *Byzantium*, Silks of *Persia* brocaded with Gold, together with great Sums of Gold and

Silver, of the Coin of all the Kings and States in the World. After this Review, which gave extream Satisfaction to our Captain, I perceiv'd of a sudden, a beautiful Woman, very richly dress'd ; but when I came nearer her, I observ'd her Eyes were open, and bath'd in Tears ; she was pale, and in all her Body not the least Motion was to be seen. This made me believe she was dead, but when going to wipe her Tears I found they were warm, I was then convinc'd it was rather the Violence of some Passion that had put her into so miserable a Condition, than the Pain of any Sickness, which generally throws only cold Water out at the Eyes. I found by a Sigh she gave, that she had still some little Life left. The Consideration of her Sex, and that of her Beauty, increas'd my Compassion ; I was therefore particularly careful in getting the Remedies which were most necessary and likely to cure the Lady, and to restore her to the Use of Speech, that we might come to the Knowledge of her Distemper. I spent some Hours with her that Night, and not thinking it would be proper to wake her out of the Sleep into which she seem'd to be fallen, I retir'd, having set some to take Care of her, to give her whatever she should want, and

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and to call me in Case she return'd to the free Use of her Speech.

A little before *Aurora* had spread forth the first Beauties of the Day, the Lady waking out of her Trance, as out of the Sleep of Death, and in the Excess of her Apprehension, as well as that of her Grief, having lost the Remembrance of what she had endur'd during the Engagement, by her Fear of the Danger, shew'd plainly she thought herself still in the Power of the Captain of the Pyrates: When by her Tears she had seem'd to have exhausted all the Moisture of her Brain, and spent all her Sighs to give way to her Voice, which was to pronounce her last Complaints. *Alas ! said she, miserable and unfortunate that I am, to what am I now reduc'd ? Rigorous Heaven, do not spare my Life, unless thou likewise guard'st my Honour. Dart thy Thunder at the Head of that Barbarian, and let him suffer the Punishment his Tyranny deserves ; or if Fate will not permit that, be not displeas'd that by the innocent Effusion of my own Blood, I go seek in the Grave a secure Azylum for my Chastity.* At these Words she drown'd her Cheeks and Breast with the abundance of her Tears, and gave such way to Grief, that she lost her Speech again for some Time ; then resuming her Discourse, together with her Tears, but with Grief much more violent than



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before ; 'Tis a thousand times better, said she, to die unstain'd, than to preserve Life after a shameful Disgrace. I have deserv'd to die ; I must not so long survive the Loss of my Hopes. Receive then, O ye cruel Destinies, this afflicted Soul ; and if ever my Lover comes to pass through your Hands, tell him, that for his sake I have made this bloody Sacrifice of my Life. This she pronounc'd with an Accent, and with Lips which breath'd only Sweetness and Love ; so absolute a Command has that Passion over all the others : Then she continu'd with the same Voice with which she had begun : *And thou unhappy Man, whom I have despis'd, accept this Revenge for the little Return I have made thy Love, - and the Ingratitude with which I have unworthily rewarded thy Duty and Service.* And again changing her Discourse, according as she was mov'd by her principal Passion, she ended with saying, *Receive then, O amiable Cavalier, what rightfully belongs to you, notwithstanding the Contempt you have shewn of it, and take in good Part this last Offering I shall make you so much the more dearly, as I now see my self at the highest Pitch of my Affection.* She had scarce pronounc'd these Words, when she found her Spirits violently toss'd too and fro. Fire flies into her Face, and makes the Lillies and the Roses, which seem'd to dispute in it which was most charming, of a tarnish'd and disa-

disagreeable Colour. There flash'd from her Eyes, as from a fiery Furnace, Exhalations of Flame and Smoke, and her Hair flood an end, so that she struck Fear and Horror into those that saw her in this Transport. She with a trembling Hand took a Knife which she seem'd to have reserv'd for so bloody a Use, and measuring the Length of her Arm, the better to aim her Blow, she with the other Hand felt for the Place where her Heart lay, by its Palpitation, saying these Words: *The Safety of the Conquer'd lies in not expecting any.* But just as she was going to give herself her Death's Blow, one of the Soldiers, who had watch'd her from the very Beginning, perceiving her fatal Design, stole to her, and caught her by the Arm, which she was going to employ against her Life. Her Grief for having lost so fair an Opportunity, put her into the utmost Disorder, and made her give a loud Cry. The Soldier presently call'd his Companions, but would not suffer us to be wak'd; but I was only in a Slumber, and the Lady's Cry reaching my Ears, I thought some Villain had been using Violence to her; wherefore I ran with my Sword in my Hand, resolv'd to revenge her. But being told the contrary, and that she was hinder'd from killing herself, I was very glad to find my self so happily deceiv'd.

Afterwards, when the Soldier had inform'd me that she talk'd for some Time to herself, and had said what I just now repeated to you with all those Circumstances, I went to her, and with as much Kindness as Modesty; *Madam*, said I to her, *Heaven has deliver'd you from the Misery you might stand in fear of; and I shall think myself oblig'd to it's Goodness, for having put it in my Power to contribute something to the Alleviation of your Misfortunes: You are not now under the Tyranny of Barbarians, but under the Protection of Men of Honour.* The Lady, who out of Fear and Shame had leand her Face upon her Breast, at first made me no Answer; and whatever Offers of Service I join'd to my Compliments, I could not get her so much as to lift up her Eyes to look upon me, which I infinitely desir'd, that she might see in my Face the Sincerity of my Promises. At last, after many Prayers and Intreaties, as respectful as passionate, I saw she lifted up her Head a little off her Breast, and then presently she threw herself at my Feet and embrac'd my Knees, as if I had indeed had the Glory of being her only Deliverer. Tho' surpris'd with this Submission, I help'd her up, and beg'd her not to pay me so much Homage for the little Service I had done her. At these Words she lifted up her Eyes upon me, and by her

Face

Face I saw that 'twas Love had reduc'd her to that Condition, which was much the same with mine. I was not then at all amaz'd at the Resolution she had taken to kill herself in order to put an End to her Misfortunes: But I could not comprehend what could have oblig'd her to expose herself on the Sea to the Caprice of Fortune. At length having wip'd away some Tears, and fetch'd some Sighs which before stop'd her Voice, she satisfy'd my Curiosity in these Words: *Cleagenor*, says she, — at that Name the Captain of the Ship was so surpriz'd, that he several times open'd his Mouth without pronouncing a Word, yet his Eyes executed the Office of his Mouth, and his Countenance express'd to *Zelida* so extraordinary a Joy, that she well saw this must not only be a Friend of *Leonice's*, but even her Lover; which made *Zelida* defer continuing her Relation, 'till she had learn'd of that Gentleman the Occasion of so sudden and uncommon an Alteration. As soon as ever the Captain was able to speak, he began thus. You need not wonder, Madam, at my being unable to conceal my Alteration at the Name of *Cleagenor*: I was the first that he had any particular Acquaintance with in *Italy*, and the last that in his Voyages he made the Confident of his Fortune. To tell you what gave Birth to so long and constant a Friendship, is

more than I can do; and I am yet ignorant whether 'twas an Effect of my good Fortune, or of the natural Instinct which guides the Virtuous to love each other; but I can assure you, that so soon as ever I saw him, I found something in his Behaviour so agreeable and majestic, that from that very Moment I burnt with a Desire to be known to him.

I was upon the Place of *Venice*, when *Cleagenor* came to anchor there. The Arrival of a Ship stirr'd up my Curiosity, and drew me presently to the Port; where I was no sooner come, but I saw, landing, several Persons of different Sexes and Condition; among whom *Cleagenor* appear'd as a Sun, both by the Advantage of his Shape and the Majesty of his Actions. As soon as he was got to Land, some Servants whom he had sent before, came to conduct him to the Lodging they had prepar'd for him; and as I had a Design to know if the Effects answer'd the Appearance, I follow'd him with my Eye, and accompany'd him to the Place chosen for his Residence. He was scarce settled in it, but by Means of his Host, with whom I was particularly acquainted, as being a Citizen of the City in which I was born, I obtain'd the Happiness of his Conversation; in which I found Charms so powerful, that I began to think I had mis-spent all the  
Time



Time I had pass'd out of his Company and the Pleasure of his Discourse. That I might not be wholly unserviceable to him, and in some sort to purchase the Happiness of his Friendship, I took particular Care to get him the Caresses of the most considerable Men in our Republick, and to shew him all that is most remarkable in that noble City. And 'tis certain, in all *Italy* there is none can equal it, either for Extent, or for its Situation, which is the most advantageous in the World, and which seem'd plac'd in a Part design'd for holding the Empire of it all. The beautiful Structure of the City, and the rich Furniture of the Inhabitants, answer the Magnificence of the publick Places, and the Regularity of the Streets and Squares. The Sea there is proud of bearing so great a Number of Ships, tho' indeed it seems to be put under the Subjection of the Keys and Ports. The wide Parts of the City are adorn'd with Obelisks, Pillars, Pyramids, Theatres, Triumphal Arches, Agonal Squares, and Naumachies, and the whole is accompany'd with a great Number of Fountains; and tho' the Buildings are different, yet they are in such proportionable Order, both for their Height and Situation, that they entirely charm the Eyes of their Inhabitants by their beautiful Symetry. What is

still more to be admir'd, is the magnificent Structure of their Churches, which look like Islands on the Sea: They are built of Stone but rarely met with, and adorn'd with Marble of several Colours: The Ceilings, the Bordures, the Altars, the Gates, the Windows, are all set off with Works of Gold and Azure, with Paintings and Statues. As for the Embelishments of the Altars, and the Habits of the Priests, in those this Nation may be said to excel the whole World; for tho' the most of those Ornaments are of pure Gold, or of something yet more rich than that; yet the Workmanship is much more valuable than the Material; to which add, that Symetry is so perfectly well observ'd in every Thing, that it subjects all the other Senses to that of Sight. As for its Arsenal, 'tis the most compleat, the most beautiful, and the best contriv'd in the World: It has in it wherewithal to arm above a hundred thousand Men, and at the same Time to besiege thirty Cities, without the Assistance of any Thing but what is to be found in it: It can produce five hundred Machines of War, that *Gaul*, which makes use of so many new Inventions, perhaps never heard of. Its Port, which is one of the most famous in *Europe*, and capable of holding Ships of all Sizes, makes it one of the most populous

pulous Cities in all *Italy*; and the Commerce its Inhabitants have with all the Nations of the Earth, make them esteem'd the richest and most opulent in the Universe. The principal Citizens, the Nobility, and the Magistrates of that august Republick, are very politick, and very affable: The Priests lead a very holy Life, and the Officers of Justice are not to be corrupted, either by Presents, or by Friendship, or the Consideration of any Alliance: The Officers of the Treasury are the same, without shewing themselves either too extravagant, or too covetous. The Women are very gentle and magnificent; and tho' their Beauty is very different from that of the *French* Ladies, yet it is ne'er the less agreeable, and their Carriage may put them in Competition with the most charming upon Earth. *Cleagenor*, to whom I shew'd all these Things, found no small Diversion in the Sight of so many Wonders. But what charm'd him most, was, the Conversation of the Ladies, among whom he found so many Attractions, that he has often own'd to me they excell'd all the Beauties in *Europe*. *Cleagenor*, on the other Hand, appear'd amongst them with Qualities so recommending, that nothing could be wish'd for, but what might be found in his Humour: He spoke very gracefully, and as his Wit had the Assistance of  
a solid

a solid Judgment, and great Memory, the *Italian* Tongue was as familiar to him as the *French*. Besides, he gave Proofs upon several Occasions, that there was no Body of his Age could equal him in the Exercises of a Gentleman. The Grandees and Ladies of the City strove who first should have the Happiness of his Company : Sometimes he was invited to Balls, and sometimes to Feasts ; and whatever Assemblies he was in, he always behav'd himself with a Politeness which produc'd at once both Admiration and Envy ; neither was he long before he made the most Obstinate subject to Love, and the most Modest confess they could not see him without some Emotion : But amidst so many Charms and Caresses, as were capable of bending the most Stubborn ; he always shew'd himself equal, and never gave any Signs of being touch'd, neither with the Beauty of their Faces, nor the Beauty of their Minds. I at first wonder'd at this Indifference, and was amaz'd at the Command I imagin'd he had over his Passions, at an Age when they generally reign strongest in us ; but I was soon rid of my Amazement, when I knew the Cause, which I discover'd a few Days afterwards by Effects contrary to those I had at first guess'd at. Some private Considerations having diverted our usual Visits, I was for a little while without seeing him ;  
when

when one Day I met him coming out of his House, to which I was going to enquire after him : But I was extreamly surpris'd when I saw all his Attendants in Mourning, and observ'd, as well in his Face, as in his Cloaths, the true Marks of an unexampled Sorrow, and the visible Signs of a tender Concern. As I took great Part in every Thing that regarded his Interests, I ask'd the Cause of his Grief, that I might either share it with him, or by some Means contribute to moderate its Excess. But he shew'd me, both by his Sighs and Words, that his Disease was of the Nature of those which Time only can cure ; and that his Wounds were as yet so deep, that it was impossible to put any present Stop to the Pain. In short, I found his Heart was not totally inaccessible to Love ; and that it was that Passion which was the Source of so many Sighs and Tears which he paid to the Memory of one whom alone he lov'd, and whom Death had snatch'd from him by an untimely End. I would have perswaded him to tell me the Story of his Passion, which, 'till then, I had been totally ignorant of : But he begg'd me not to press him to make such an Effort, which he said he could not do without manifest Danger of his Life ; since in telling me the Quality of his Loss, he should be oblig'd to renew the first and most violent Transports



ports his Misfortune had thrown him into : He only told me, that as the Object of his Sorrow was the most charming in Nature, so his Sense of his Misery was the justest that ever took Possession of the Heart of Man. He then shew'd me a Letter he had receiv'd from his Mistress, and by those sad Characters compleated the letting me know the Assurances of the Misfortune he deplor'd : He shew'd me, I say, a Letter so wet with Tears, that they had almost effac'd the Words ; and the Paper was still damp with them, except in some Places which his Sighs had dry'd, or which his Mouth, by giving it Kisses, had sav'd from the Violence of his Tears. This Misfortune made him think Life troublesome, since he had lost the Thing in the World he most lov'd. After that Time, he liv'd in so solitary and private a Manner, that he seem'd to have no other Design, than to follow Her to the Grave, for whom he had so often sigh'd. *Venice*, tho' so populous, seem'd to him a Desert ; or if he did look on any Thing in it, all seem'd to him odious and unworthy his Conversation. Tho' he thus avoided all manner of Company, yet I was admitted to see him ; and so long as I gave Way to his melancholy Humour, he endur'd my Discourse, and sometimes asswag'd his Disturbance, by making me a Relation of his

his Sorrows. Any but I would have dis-  
oblig'd *Cleagenor* by endeavouring to di-  
vert him from his Thoughts, because those  
who are afflicted with extraordinary Sor-  
row, delight in conversing with their own  
Reveries, and imagine they may find in  
Solitude the Consolation they will not  
seek by going into Company. But he was  
so far from being offended at the Liberty I  
took in interrupting his Melancholy, that  
on the contrary he declar'd himself infi-  
nitely oblig'd to me, for not suffering my  
Humour to catch the Contagion from his,  
and for giving him daily Marks of a gene-  
rous and unfeign'd Affection. This Friend-  
ship, which he perceiv'd by the Assiduity  
of my Cares, produc'd an equal one in his  
Soul, which was too noble to be guilty of  
Ingratitude; neither was he long before he  
gave me Proofs of it, but such Proofs as I  
cannot call to Mind, without even still  
admiring the Effects of them: For, to se-  
cure my Happiness, he ventur'd his own,  
and left no Way untry'd, to make me tri-  
umph over the Misfortune which then  
seem'd to oppose the Course of my Felici-  
ty and Content, as you may see in the  
Relation I shall now make to you.

T H E



T H E  
HISTORY  
O F  
LISANDER & LEONICE:  
OR, THE  
*Force of Friendship.*

 HILST *Cleagenor* bewail'd the  
Loss of his Hopes, the Birth of  
mine made me sigh for one to  
whom Nature had given so  
many Advantages above all others of her  
Sex, that one would have thought she had  
been niggardly towards the rest, to be prodigal to her; and indeed she reign'd absolutely over all Hearts, in which her Modesty made no fewer Wounds than her Beauty. *Leonice* was the Name of this young

young Miracle; and tho' *Rome* had the Honour of her Birth, yet *Venice* had the Happinefs of being the Place of her Residence, which it gain'd becaufe of *Lisimene*, who was a very near Relation to her, and whose Heir she was to be after her Death, as in her Life she was her Comfort. But not to weary you with a Recital of my Adventures, I shall not amuse my self with relating to you the Beginning nor Progress of my Amours; I shall only tell you that of several Gentlemen of my Quality, whom she had equally wounded, I was a great while the only one whose Addresses she receiv'd, and should infallibly have been the most happy and contented of Mortals, if Fortune had been as constant as my Passion. But I soon afterwards found by Experience, that Love had made me embark upon this Sea, which appear'd so calm, only with Design that I should be more sensible of its Storms, and to expose me more cruelly to the Violence of its Tempests. I was belov'd by *Leonice*, and nothing could have oppos'd the Course of my Prosperity, had not Heaven sent me a Rival, whose Splendor overthrew all my Designs, and who, by the Pomp of his Equipage, dug a Grave for my Hopes. The Fame of *Leonice's* Beauty and Merit was not common only in our Republick; that of *Genoa* too was fill'd with the Noise of it,

it, and *Rome*, where she had shewn forth the first Rays of her Charms, was not long without making Vows for the Return of that Star, whose Beauty seem'd to add something to the Splendor of her Quality. At length, among several Lords, whom so great a Reputation inspir'd with a Curiosity to see her, one nam'd *Cilindo* fell in Love with her; whether he had formerly seen her at *Rome*, which was his Country, or whether the Description of her Merit had charm'd him, I cannot tell; but to make the best of his Time, he address'd himself to *Lisimene*, to whom he so well represented the Advantages of his Fortune, that he was favourably heard; and some Time afterwards receiv'd with more Civility than his ill Mien and other Faults entitled him to. 'Tis true, *Leonice*, who was Mistress of too much Sense not to make a Distinction between *Cilindo* and me, was at first brought to do it with some Reluctance; but *Lisimene*, who was sway'd more by Interest than any other Consideration, forgot nothing that might give her a Liking to my Rival. She was so cunning, that even of his Defects she made so many Virtues. She never spoke but in magnificent Terms of his good Humour and Regularity of Life; and highly declar'd he was of an Age too far advanc'd for Inconstancy: that he was past the Flames



of Youth, which give so much Trouble to Women ; that he possess'd great Riches, and that his Virtue, which appear'd in his Moderation, was very uncommon : In a Word, she so artfully persuaded *Leonice* in favour of *Cilindo*, that she resolv'd to accept of him, notwithstanding the Affection she had always testify'd for me. I'll leave you to imagine whether I was amaz'd at this Change, and whether my Mouth remain'd silent upon so just an Occasion of Speaking ? No certainly ; I said against the Inconstancy of *Leonice*, and the Avarice of *Lisimene*, all that a true Resentment can inspire a Man who is abus'd ; and my Transports were so outrageous, that I was upon the Point of rendering the Affections of *Cilindo* both vain and fatal. One Day, seeing him go into *Leonice's* House, I resolv'd to follow him, either to shew him the Advantage I had over him in her Heart, or at least, to partake with him in the Happiness of a Conversation, which before I peaceably enjoy'd alone. *Cilindo* had heard say that I courted *Leonice*, but never having seen me, he was far from entertaining a Thought that 'twas I who came to pay her a Visit so unseasonably. On the other Hand, *Leonice* would not tell him my Name, for fear of making him jealous ; and I well saw she would not be a little confounded how to behave herself

in

in so unlook'd for a Meeting. As for me, having had a Description of the Shape and Face of *Cilindo*, I knew him presently, and did not fail to rally him upon his Courtship, and even to give *Leonice* some Strokes upon the Change of her Affection. *Cilindo*, not to be dumb at that first Attack, took the Hint, and said, Sir, I don't doubt but you are that *Lisander* who some Time ago made Addresses to the incomparable *Leonice*; but if I did not know your Humour to be courteous and generous, by the Reputation of its being so, I should think the Cavaliers of this Country as rude and unpolish'd, as the Air of it is delicious and pleasant. At these Words I interrupted him, and the more to provoke him, to what I had said before, I added this: My polish'd Sir, the Cavaliers of this Country are all born with the same good Humour and Generosity; but since you know me by Report, and are inform'd that I have made Addresses to the incomparable *Leonice*; now know then, that whosoever shall pretend to supplant me in my Addresses, declares himself my Enemy. It was impossible but this must make *Cilindo* draw his Sword, as indeed it did; but *Leonice* separated us immediately, and to appease the Transports which the Violence of my Passion had rais'd contrary to all Decency, she spoke

spoke to me in this Manner: Where are you, *Lisander*? What Fury makes you thus in cold Blood quarrel with a Stranger in my House? Have you forgot the Laws of Honour and Civility, which you always us'd so religiously to observe? Moderate your Rage, brave *Lisander*, and do not lose by a sudden Passion, the Glory and Reputation your Wit and Courage have acquir'd you. These Words, pronounc'd with a graceful Air, gave some Calm to the violent Movements of my Anger; so that to excuse my Transports, I thought myself oblig'd to say this to her: Fair *Leonice*, you would look upon me to have very little Love, Courage, or Sense of Injuries, if after the Refusal you have made of my Alliance, I did not lay before you, and that too in the Presence of him who hopes to be your Husband, the Wrong you do to my Affection. You know the Devoirs I have paid you, and are not ignorant of the Effects of my Fidelity and Constancy. Yet, since *Cilindo* is so valuable in your Eyes, I will not pretend to force your Inclinations; but must assure you, that as you were the first Object of my Desires, so you shall be the last of my Hopes; and if I cannot obtain the Happiness of living with the Title of your Husband, at least I shall know how to die in the Quality of your Servant. Saying these Words, I took  
my

144      *Alcidalis and Zelida ; or,*  
Leave, and departed ; but so disturb'd and  
beside my self, that I had no other Thoughts  
than those of my Despair.

In this Condition I met *Cleagenor*, whom  
I made acquainted with my Misfortune  
and *Leonice's* Inconstancy ; he was amaz'd  
at the Change, and plainly shew'd he took  
no small Part in my Sorrows ; he even of-  
fer'd to serve me in whatever I would  
employ him, whether I would proceed by  
Art, or by open Force ; and indeed he so  
earnestly sought all Occasions of obliging  
me, that at last he met with one worthy  
his Courage and the Affection of a Man who  
will spare no Pains nor Danger, if he can  
be useful to his Friend. The Ambition of  
*Lisimene*, and the Obedience of *Leonice*,  
were just upon the Point of transferring  
*Cilindo* from his Hopes of the Happiness  
he so passionately desir'd to the Possession  
of it, when Heaven offer'd an Occasion  
which restor'd me to all my Expectations,  
and precipitated my Rival from the haugh-  
ty Pitch Fortune had rais'd him to, to the  
very Center of his Ruin. I am here afraid,  
charming *Zelida*, and you generous Prince,  
that you will blame my Proceeding, and  
not give my Conduct the Approbation  
of a noble Action ; but I hope you  
will bear with what I relate, tho' it con-  
tains nothing illustrious, but what was pro-  
duc'd by the Valour of my dear Friend

*Cleagenor*

*Cleagenor.* You very well know that Stratagems are lawful as well in the Wars of *Cupid*, as in those of *Mars*; and, in my Opinion, 'tis no great Matter how we conquer our Enemies, so we do but conquer them, and gain the Prize and Fruits of Victory. Wherefore, I shall not in the least scruple to tell you, that not being able to bring *Cilindo* to a Duel, which I had so often provok'd him to, I thought I might honourably have recourse to Artifice, to break his Designs, and rob him of a Laurel, which my Constancy seem'd so justly to have deserv'd; and thus I proceeded.

A young Brother of mine, nam'd *Lisidas*, after long Travels into foreign Countries, arriv'd at *Venice*; but so alter'd and fallen from the Condition he was in when he left it, that I had much ado to know him again: Yet, that secret and powerful Inclination which Nature gives us for those who are of our Blood, shew'd it self on this Occasion more knowing than my Eyes, and forc'd me to receive him with all the Tendernefs and Affection that could be expected from a Brother. His Return, as it at first was private, was kept so for a great while; because, having been rob'd by the Way, and lost all his Equipage, he did not care to appear in publick, 'till he had put himself into a new one. Whilst



He was repairing the Inconveniencies of his Loss, and resting himself after the Fatigue of his Voyage. I generally kept him Company, and left him but very seldom, either because Decency requir'd that Duty at my Hands, or Curiosity gave me a Desire to hear his Adventures; and indeed, I found by the Relation he made me of them, that he had not lost his Time abroad; and that if he had not brought home much Wealth, at least he had gain'd a great many other Accomplishments; which oblig'd me to open my self to him, and declare to him the Birth and Progress of my Amours. He listen'd to the Beginning of them without any Concern, not being ignorant that Lightness and Ambition are natural to Women: But when he heard that my Rival was like to gain my Mistress from me, only by his Riches, with which he had dazzled the Eyes of *Lisimene* and *Leonice*, he could not then restrain his Passion; and so great was his Sense of the Wrong which was done me, that he did not scruple to say he wore a Sword, the Brightness of whose Steel could soon out-shine that of Gold, and send it with its Master to the Place it sprung from. Tho' I well knew this Anger could do me no good, because of my Rival's Cowardice, yet it was not at all unpleasing to me; for it shew'd me in the Eyes

of *Lifidas* the Marks of a generous and sincere Affection. Yet I did not suffer him long to go on in that Humour, but appeas'd the Transports of it, by the Considerations I have already told you; remonstrating to him, that I had already try'd the Means he spoke of, and was but too willing to attack *Cilindo*, if he had but Resolution enough to defend himself. Overcome by these Reasons, he talk'd no more of that Method; but as soon as ever he was in a Condition to go abroad, he did an Action, which so amaz'd me when I knew it, that I could not but own his Friendship was without an Equal: For, in order to obtain me *Leonice*, he run a Risque of destroying himself, and forgot his own Safety, to ruin the Expectations of my Rival, as if he had no Ambition but that of being serviceable to me.

*Lifidas*, then having heard that *Cilindo* intended to repair the Defects of his Person by the Magnificence of his Train, went and offer'd himself to him with so good a Grace, that it was impossible for my Rival to refuse him; believing him to be a Stranger, as he persuaded him he was, by the Diversity of Languages he was perfect Master of. He was no sooner receiv'd into the Number of *Cilindo*'s Attendants, than he let him see the Agreeableness of his Wit, and the gentile Mien Nature had

bestow'd upon him in every Thing ; which made him so considerable in the Eyes of my Rival, that in a little while afterwards he became the Confident of all his Secrets, and the Depository of all his Designs. *Lifidas* having thus gain'd the Esteem of the Master, whom he had voluntarily given himself to serve me, artfully communicated to me all the Secrets with which he was entrusted. But his Cunning had been of but little Service to me, if that blind Goddess, who takes delight in Change and Inconstancy, had not back'd the Stratagems of *Lifidas*, and facilitated the Means which he us'd to restore me to the good Graces of *Leonice*, and the Content I flatter'd my self with from her Affection.

One Day that credulous Maid, over-persuaded by *Lisimene's* mercenary Temper and her own Ambition, to favour the Addressees of *Cilindo*, made him a Present of a Bracelet of her Hair, delicately woven, and enrich'd with a Buckle of Pearls ; but she forbid him wearing it, for fear if *Lisimene* should come to know it, she would blame her for her Freedom : So that, after having shewn it to *Lifidas*, he put it under Lock and Key, 'till he could get Leave of *Leonice* to honour his Arm with so precious a Pledge of her Love. *Lifidas*, who had taken Notice of the Place wherein he had deposited that Treasure, did not want for Invention

Invention to get it from thence, to put it into my Hands; but not to be too rash in what he did, he only let me know of it, and inform'd me how to come at it. Having therefore learn'd of *Lisidas*, that a young *Florentine* Boy, who serv'd *Cilindo* in his Chamber, was very debauch'd and easy to be corrupted, I resolv'd to gain him by Promises and Rewards, knowing there was no Door so fast, but what a Golden Key would open. Neither was I deceiv'd in my Politicks; for he was so faithful to me, and so perfidious to his Master, that by some Means or other he found a Way to get the Bracelet out of the Casket. As soon as ever he had committed this important Robbery, he brought it to me, and sold it to me at what Price he would: But the Money he got of me, only serv'd as an Instrument to his Destruction; for using it in Excess of Debauchery, he dy'd a few Days afterwards, being thus justly punish'd by Heaven for his Treachery; and if his Death was serviceable to me, the Occasion, which I am going to tell you, was no less so.

There was in *Venice* a young Lady extremely handsome and gentile; but she made an open Profession of Looseness, since she got her Living by it, alledging her Poverty in Excuse of her ill Life. As Necessity obliges most of such Cattle to be

150 *Alcidalis and Zelida ; or,*

often changing their Lodgings, this Woman began to be packing up her Awls and leaving *Venice* being inform'd that the Magistrates, upon Account of some Disorders which had happen'd at her House, had order'd her to be shut up in the Rock of Pennance. She therefore bid adieu to the City, without paying her Debts, leaving to satisfy her Creditors, only such Goods as she could not carry along with her ; and thinking she might drive a better Trade at *Rome*, where she could have more Liberty, she embark'd to go thither. A Day or two after her Flight, all she had left behind her was expos'd to Sale, and the Money made of it to be distributed amongst the most necessitous of those to whom she was indebted. About that Time, *Cilindo* too resolv'd to take a Journey to *Rome*, as well to settle the Affairs of his Family, as to make Preparation for his Marriage. He therefore went to take his Leave of *Leonice*, who receiv'd his Farewel with the Sentiments she ought to entertain for one she already look'd upon as her Husband : But he was scarce departed, when its good Fortune soon chang'd its Face ; for as of the many Favours *Leonice* was us'd to grant me, I still retain'd that of going to see her. I immediately went to pay her a Visit ; and after some Discourse, I pull'd out of my Pocket the  
Bracelet



*The Undaunted* L A D Y. 151

Bracelet I had bought of *Cilindo's* Valet. She no sooner saw it, than she knew it to be hers, and ask'd me to whom I was oblig'd for that Favour? I made no Scruple to answer her Question; but presently told her, I bought it from among the Goods of the Courtezan, who a little while ago had left *Venice*. At these Words she could not conceal her Resentment; the Blood flew into her Face, and her Eyes were swell'd with Tears, which sufficiently shew'd that she was not a little enrag'd. Seeing her brought to the Point I expected, and finding my Plot had taken Effect, I was resolv'd to push it, which I did very successfully in these Words. I don't doubt, said I, but the Slight *Cilindo* has put upon your Favour, is the Cause of the Uneasiness which appears in your Behaviour; and indeed you have so just a Cause to complain, that he must have lost his Reason who should condemn you for it; but pray what better could you expect from one who did not care for you alone, but who made Offer of his Service and Affection to all the Ladies he could meet with? Do you not know, that being Master of so much Wealth as he is, he is every where receiv'd with Honour, and that his Mind being divided by the Kindness which is shewn him, in Consideration of what he has, he knows not where to fix his Inclinations,

clinations, nor even to distinguish between a Courtezan, and the chaste Attraction of a Lady of Virtue and Innocence. But, perhaps, added I, you imagine I speak for my own Sake, and I don't at all doubt, but you think I want to give you all Impressions of *Cilindo*, in order to obtain my Hopes, at the Expence of his. Yet, if you will believe what you see, I hope so clearly to convince you of the Truth of my Words, that you may for the future, safely believe *Cilindo* to be guilty, and *Lisimene* interested. I had hardly said this, when *Lisimene* came in; so that *Leonice* had not Time to make Answer, nor desire me not to say any thing of the Bracelet, which was the Subject of my Discourse, and of her Resentment. *Lisimene* having saluted me, ask'd us what we were talking of; and seeing *Leonice* could not conceal her Alteration, was desirous to know what had chang'd the ordinary Gaiety of her Countenance. I, who thought it might be of further Service to me if *Lisimene* knew it, seem'd a little unwilling to let her know the Reason, the more to excite her Curiosity; but I was soon prevail'd upon, by the earnest Intreaties she us'd, to impart to her the News which had disturb'd the Quiet of *Leonice*. Finding my self thus press'd, I began to rally, and said to her; Madam, I am much more oblig'd to the

Courtezan

Courtezan you have heard talk of, than a great many others who have serv'd her; for whereas they us'd to make Presents to Her, she has made this to me, to put me in mind of her. With this I shew'd her the Bracelet, which she immediately knew to be *Leonice's*, whom she gave a very severe Look, and ask'd, whether it was not she had made me that Present. She reply'd, that indeed it was hers; but that it had for some few Days before been stollen from her. I'll assure you, reply'd I, 'twas no other than *Cilindo*, that was guilty of the Robbery; for the Courtezan I speak of, publickly boasted before all the World, she had this Bracelet from him, together with several other rich Presents, which she said she receiv'd from him a little before he set out for *Rome*. And what makes me speak so confidently of it, is, because I have yet more Proofs of this Truth, which leave no Room for Doubt, and which would plainly convince you of the Treachery and Baseness of *Cilindo*. *Leonice*, who was justly apprehensive of my producing something before *Lisimene*, that might displease her, told me she wanted no other Proofs of *Cilindo's* Infidelity, than that I had shew'd her; and was sufficiently perswaded of it by my Reasons, to resent it, as an Affront of that Nature deserves. So that I

was satisfy'd with this first Blow, which was so fatal to my Adversary, that it at once ruin'd his dearest Hopes, and all the good Will *Leonice* had testify'd for him, after the greatest Trouble and Affiduity; and thus I perceiv'd it. About a Fort-night afterwards, during all which Time the Mind of *Leonice* was in the greatest Uneasiness, Letters were deliver'd her from *Cilindo*, with which she was so offended, that she not only would not read nor open them, but could not even be prevail'd upon to touch them, resolving never more to hold Correspondence with him, who, as she thought, had so slighted her Favour. *Lisidas*, who had brought those Letters from *Cilindo*, finding in *Leonice* the Alteration he had foreseen, tho' he was ravish'd at the Success of his Undertaking, yet pretended to be mightily surpriz'd; however, he took the Letter again, without its being once open'd, and carry'd it back to *Cilindo*, who already waited in the most agreeable Thoughts, which an Enjoyment that he thought himself sure of, could offer to his Imagination.

I need not tell you how surpriz'd my Rival was, at News he so little expected; for I believe you of your selves can conceive that such an Accident is capable of disordering the best Judgment in the World, and shaking the greatest Constancy.

cy. I suppose he made a strict Search into all his former Thoughts and Actions, to find out the Cause of his Disgrace; but the more he look'd for Light in this Matter, the more he found himself in the Dark. To attribute this Change to his ill Mien, would have been ridiculous, since that had not hinder'd his being always receiv'd with Honour, by *Leonice* and *Lisimene*; to have suspected the Cause to be his want of Wealth, would have been yet more so, since he was Master of a much more plentiful Fortune than hers was, with whom he was so passionately enamour'd. As for his Birth, that was truly Noble, and he could find nothing in his Passion, that in his Opinion, deserv'd so extraordinary a Treatment. Not knowing therefore whence this sudden Alteration could possibly proceed, he ask'd *Lisidas* a thousand Questions about it; but all he could get from him, was, that he had observ'd in the Eyes of *Leonice*, Marks of the greatest Indignation and Anger, tho' he could not get to the Knowledge of the Cause; and that when he offer'd his Letters, he was answer'd, that nothing ought to be taken from a perfidious and indiscreet Man. If *Cilindo* was disturb'd at the Refusal *Leonice* had made of his Letter, he was no less so at *Lisidas's* Answer, which made him immediately ex-



amine into all his past Life, to find out what Perfidiousness or Indiscretion he could have committed ; but the more he study'd for the Cause of this ill Usage, the less he was able to discover it. Therefore, to learn the Occasion of his Misfortune at any Price whatever, he resolv'd to venture one Letter more to *Leonice*, and sent it by another Gentleman, either to give *Lifidas* Time to repose himself, or perhaps to try if another would have more Skill and good Luck. The Gentleman who was imploy'd in this Message, immediately set out upon his Journey, and made such haste, that he arriv'd at *Venice* eight Days after *Lifidas* had left it. But he was in no small Perplexity what Means he should use to get *Leonice* to read *Cilindo's* Letter ; for to carry it to her, would not be proper, because he could expect no better a Reception than *Lifidas* had had. Having one Day therefore seen her going out of her House, he follow'd her quite into Church, to which she went, and having taken Notice of the Place where she us'd to sit, next Day he carry'd his Letter, and put it in a Place where *Leonice* could not fail to see it, tho' he was very fearful of some others finding it before her. She perceiving the Paper, and expecting nothing less than to receive a Letter from *Cilindo*, as well upon Account  
of

of the little Satisfaction she had given *Lisidas*, as the short Time he had been gone, made no Scruple to take it; but when by the Superscription, she found it was directed to her, and was *Cilindo's* Hand, she was very doubtful what to do. If she left it there, she was afraid it might fall into the Hands of some Body, that might make his Advantage of it to her Cost; and, on the other Hand, she could not endure the Thoughts of reading any thing that came from a Man, who she thought had so highly offended her. But at last she resolv'd to take it with her, and was no sooner got Home, than she went into her Clofets to read it; and as she shew'd it me some Time afterwards, it contain'd these Words.

*CILINDO to the incomparable*  
**LEONICE.**

Fair **LEONICE,**

**M**T Innocence is too great, not to give me the Liberty to complain of the Injury you have done me; but I honour you too much, to demand any other Satisfaction for it, than what you shall please to give me. If the Artifices of my Enemies have prejudiced you with any Suspicion of my Fidelity, or a Doubt  
of

of my Discretion, I beg you would so far oblige me, as to tell it to this Gentleman, who belongs to me, and who can undeceive you. Tho' my Letters and Presence be equally odious to you, yet do not condemn me, before you have heard what I have to say in my own Defence, nor so hastily pass a Sentence upon me, which I have not deserv'd, as I am certain Time and my Fidelity will one Day convince you. Deliver me from the Trouble I am in through your Silence; pronounce the Decree of my Life or Death; or if you think me unworthy even of that Favour, at least know, and suffer that I dye;

YOUR CILINDO.

These Words, which were dictated to Cilindo by a real Innocence, had no small Weight in the Mind of *Leonice*; so that I saw she was just upon the Point of resolving to let him know at length the Cause of her Complaint and Displeasure; but I so well refresh'd her Memory of what she had seen in my Hands, and so cunningly perswaded her of my Rival's Falseness, that all his Shews of Sincerity pass'd for Pretences, with which she thought he meant to abuse her. Mean Time, the Gentleman who brought the Letter, having observ'd that *Leonice* had taken it from the Place he put it in, did not fail to solicit an Answer, and let her know  
by

by one of her Maids, that he had express Orders not to depart from *Venice*, 'till he was in some Manner inform'd of the Reasons for which she gave *Cilindo* such cold Treatment, or 'till he could get some Letter which might free him from the Confusion he was in, upon so sudden and extraordinary an Alteration. *Leonice*, to deliver herself from his Importunities, took a blank Sheet of Paper, which she seal'd up, and caus'd one of her Women to write a Superscription upon it, thinking by that Means, to punish his Contempt by a Mockery. But *Cilindo*, tho' very much amaz'd at that Message, yet interpreted it to his own Advantage, and thought she sent him that Paper in such a Manner, to signify to him, that she had no worse Impressions of his Conduct, than were mention'd upon that blank Sheet of Paper, which seem'd only to express the Marks of his Innocence. This favourable Interpretation, in some measure lessen'd his Uneasiness, and reviv'd in him the Thoughts of returning to *Venice*, to try if he could again bring *Leonice* to have the same Sentiments she had had before of the Fidelity of his Love: But I was too well establish'd in her good Graces, ever to suffer him to have any further Kindness from her, and soon made him know that he must look for nothing from his  
Return,

Return, but the Displeasure of seeing me as well with *Leonice*, as he was ill thro' my Stratagem. So soon as ever he was arriv'd, he did all he could to get to speak with *Leonice*; but she always industriously avoided him, and did not scruple to have it told him, she would as soon endure the Presence of a Devil, as his; which put him into such Despair, that he had like to have lost his Senses. Nevertheless he resolv'd to see her, be the Fruits whatever they would, and to expose himself to all the ill Treatment in the World, rather than remain silent, when he had such just Cause to speak. He therefore went to *Leonice's* House, and found her with *Lisimene*, who receiv'd him very coldly, and sufficiently gave him to understand, that his Company was not at all welcome to her; for instead of the Compliments she before paid him, she gave him nothing but Looks as severe, as they were formerly kind. Having learnt from *Lisimene* the Reasons which occasion'd her to use him in that manner, after a thousand Transports, and an Amazement which it is impossible to express, he would have justify'd himself; but he was so far from having any Hopes of gaining Belief, that he was not so much as heard. In vain he swore that his Bracelet was stol'n from him, and that he who could witness the Truth  
of



of what he alledg'd, was dead; his Reasons were not regarded, and with whatever Oaths he affirm'd that he did not so much as know the Courtezan, whom I had made them believe was the Object of his Affections, yet they bid him go to her for a Consolation in his Misfortunes. From Endeavours to clear himself, he appeal'd to the Compassion of *Lisimene* and *Leonice*; but both the one and the other, were so prepossess'd with the Impression I had given them to his Disadvantage, that *Leonice*, weary of his Importunity, retir'd with Scorn, and *Lisimene* stood insensible to the most violent Movements of his Despair. He stay'd a little while with her, after *Leonice* had left her; but at last finding it was to no Purpose, to tell her Reasons which she would not ever hear, he resolv'd to be gone, and leave to Time and Fortune, the Care of clearing his Innocence. He therefore went from *Lisimene* very dissatisfy'd; but what most of all enrag'd him, was the Sight he met with in the Anti-chamber, as he was going out: *Leonice* having given him the slip, to avoid answering a thousand Questions, with which he began to importune her, met me by Chance, just as I was entering into the Room she was coming out of. This hinder'd me from going on; so that sitting down, we talk'd together with a  
great

great deal of Privacy, and were speaking of *Cilindo's* Transports just as he came by; the Moment she saw him coming, to give him the greater Torment, she shew'd me a great deal more Kindness than usual, and put on a Look in which he might easily read my Happiness, and his Disgrace. He remain'd at this Sight without Motion, and appear'd so Thunder-struck, that the Usage which made me taste Life with Pleasure, almost kill'd him with Jealousy. Yet Rage having awaken'd his Spirits, he went out, but with Intention to be reveng'd, and either to deprive me of Life, or of *Leonice*; not longer doubting but that I was his Rival, and the Author of his Ruin. So soon as he was got Home, he communicated this generous Project to *Lisidas*, who, for fear he should employ any other in the Execution of his bloody Purposes, (for he design'd to have me assassinated) presently offer'd to serve him, and to poignard me, if I stood at all in his way. *Cilindo* seeing him appear so resolute, was far from refusing his Service; but overjoy'd at his Offer, conjur'd him with an Embrace, to rid him as soon as possible of him who thus obstructed his Happiness; which *Lisidas* promis'd to do, with Protestations capable of gaining Belief from the most in-

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incredulous and distrustful Mind upon Earth.

*Cilindo* being perswaded in this manner, trusted the Care of this Business to his Confident; but whilst he was in Expectation of my Death, *Lisidas* is contriving how to save me, and to turn the Storm from off my Head, that it may break upon my Rivals: And thus he manag'd it.

*Lisidas* having got Leave of *Cilindo*, to do any thing to take away my Life, came secretly to me, and inform'd me of the Design my Rival had form'd to have me assassinated. I did not at all wonder at what he told me; for I did not think *Cilindo* incapable of such an Action; but I was not a little surpriz'd, when *Lisidas* told me he was to be the Minister of his Villany, and that having himself confirm'd his Master in his Resolution, he had begg'd to be employ'd in my Murther. But I was freed from my Surprize, and could not help admiring his Prudence, when I heard all the Circumstances of this Affair, and the Reasons which had induc'd him to undertake it. He first bid me give *Leonice* Notice of this Attempt, which I should pretend to have been inform'd of by one who had got an inkling of it through the Indiscretion of some Servant; and told me, he himself would

would confirm her in that Opinion, if I us'd but never so little Art in it; which he effected very cunningly, after having given me several Instructions how to behave my self: For having taken some Servants with him, as Accomplices in his Design, and walk'd several Times backwards and forwards before the Door of *Leonice*, with whom I was at the Window, he stop'd at a little Distance, and began to talk with a geeat deal of Action, of all the Particularities of their Enterprizes, which one of my Attendants, whom I had left in the Street, on purpose to watch them, came and repeated to us, in such a Fright as was enough to terrify the boldest. *Leonice*, at what she heard, was inspir'd at once with two Passions, very different from each other; Horror against *Cilindo*; and Compassion for me, who was not in the least Danger, my Rival having most Cause to fear.

*Lisidas* having by so many Actions and Postures confirm'd *Leonice* in the Suspicion of *Cilindo*'s intending to have me murder'd, went Home to his Master, to whom he pretended he could not execute his Commands, because I was follow'd by too many Attendants; and indeed I was seldom alone, and my Train was none of the least in *Venice*; which serv'd *Lisidas* for

for an Argument to perswade *Cilindo*, that it was impossible to succeed in this Enterprize, and that he had better have recourse to some Means more honourable; since if that should ever come to be discover'd, as it was but too probable it would, either by the Providence of Heaven, which is an Enemy to Wickedness, or by the Indiscretion of those to whom it was trusted; such a Discovery could not but be extreamly shameful to a Gentleman of his Birth. With these, and the like Reasons, he so well represented to *Cilindo* the Baseness of this Design, that he not only averted the Effects of it, but even made him hate the Thoughts of continuing it. *Lisidas* having thus beat him from the base Sentiments, to which he had abandon'd himself, did not believe he had done enough for me, unless he entirely deliver'd me from the Sallies and Caprices of my Rival. For this purpose, he endeavour'd to prevail upon him to meet me Sword in Hand, and by that Means, at one Blow, revenge himself both of the Wrong I had done him, and the Inconstancy of *Leonice*. To these Considerations he added the Justice of his Cause; call'd the Testimonies I had given of my Valour, only Effects of Vanity; and flatter'd *Cilindo* with such aëry Hopes, that he awaken'd his dormant Courage, and  
in-



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inspir'd him with a Resolution to call me into the Field. Whilst he was yet in this Heat, which *Lifidas* had drove him into, he writ a Challenge to me; which, as I found some Time afterwards, contain'd these Words.

CILINDO's Challenge to  
LISANDER.

**L**isander, if I have not yet regarded the Sallies of Passion you have had against me, you are oblig'd for it to my Discretion and your Youth: But since I find your Pride increases by my Patience, I shall at length condescend to punish you as you deserve: Wherefore, resolve, before it is too late, either to desist from your Pursuit of Leonice, or to receive the Chastisement of your Boldness, at the Place this Gentleman shall appoint you, and where you shall be impatiently expected by

*The injur'd CILINDO.*

*Lifidas* took this Commission upon him, as he had done all the others; but not designing to hazard either my Person or Happiness, he would not communicate it to me, well knowing there could not be a Duel between *Cilindo* and me, without disturbing the Calm which my happy Love then

then enjoy'd. Yet it was necessary to content my Rival, and to give him a Subject upon whom to wreak his Revenge and Fury : What therefore does *Lifidas* do upon this Occasion ? He tells *Cilindo* he had deliver'd me the Challenge, and I would not fail to meet him. My Rival, having receiv'd this Answer, went immediately into his Closet, and having made Choice of a good Sword, hasten'd to the Place where he thought he should undoubtedly find me. He was no sooner there, but *Lifidas*, who had got thither before him, came up to him, but with an Air and Countenance which had nothing of the Submission and Deference he had before paid him. My Rival at first took no Notice of this extraordinary Assurance : But he was very much amaz'd, when, upon asking *Lifidas* whether his Enemy was not come ? He made Answer, that he should stay for no other Enemy than was already before him, and that it was him he must prepare to engage. *Cilindo*, who could not divine the Cause of this Whim, turn'd his Words into Railery, and thought he said them only to divert him, and shorten the Time of his Adversary's coming. But *Lifidas* soon convinc'd him of his Mistake, by discovering to him that he was my Brother, and that he had insinuated himself into his Service, only to bring about this Opportunity ; in which  
Design,

Design, he was so happy as to have drawn him into the Field, and therefore bid him stand upon his Guard, if he had any Sentiments of Honour, or intended to save his Life. Rage and Madness did the Office of Valour, and hurry'd on *Cilindo* to the Desire of Revenge. In short, they attack'd each other, and *Lisidas*, to the Warmth of his Courage join'd a great deal of Skill; but as Fortune sometimes delights in giving Triumph to the Desperate, *Cilindo*, throwing himself Headlong upon his Adversary, gave him so furious a Push, that he ran him thro', and laid him upon the Ground; where he was just going to end him, if Heaven, who 'till then perhaps had permitted his Misfortune, satisfy'd with this Punishment, which he seem'd to have deserv'd by his Imprudence, had not put a Stop to it, by an Accident as happy as it was unexpected, *Cleagenor*, who ever since the News of his Mistress's Death, generally sought out the most solitary and unfrequented Places, was that Day gone to entertain himself with his own Thoughts, a little Way from the City. After he had satisfy'd his Humour, as he was returning Home, he saw at a Distance, two Men with their Swords drawn, and who by their Actions shew'd they did not mean to give any Quarter; which made him presently run towards them, to hinder the  
Misfortune

Misfortune which the Chance of Arms might throw upon either of them; but notwithstanding all his Haste, he was not come up to them, 'till *Cilindo*, having gotten an Advantage over *Lifidas*, was upon the Point of taking away his Life.

*Cleagenor*, tho' at first he did not know my Brother, whom he had often seen, did nevertheless save him from the Rage of *Cilindo*, and serv'd him as a Rampart against the last Efforts of that inhuman Man: He had no sooner calm'd this Storm, and oblig'd my Rival to sheath his Sword, than he himself was constrain'd to renew the Tempest which then seem'd to be over; for perceiving it was *Lifidas* that was wounded, Compassion of his Misfortunes, join'd to the Friendship he had for me, touch'd him in so tender a Part, that he thought it would be an Offence against his Generosity, if he parted with *Cilindo*, without revenging my Brother's Blood and the Wrong our common Enemy had formerly done me in my Amours: *Cleagenor* therefore, mov'd by so many noble Passions, drew his Sword, and forc'd *Cilindo* to make use of his a second Time. He, puff'd up with Pride upon the Blood he had so lately shed, did not at all refuse the Combate, thinking Fortune would always be for him: But *Cleagenor* soon made him know she had left his Side, to come over

H

to

to that of Valour; for there was hardly a Moment between his seeing and conquering him, and the unhappy *Cilindo* could hardly distinguish between fighting and perishing: His Conqueror, having disarm'd him, would have given him his Life; but that was too late, for two Hours afterwards he dy'd of his Wounds.

As for my Brother, being brought to my House in the miserable Condition to which his Enemy had reduc'd him, it was a great while before we had any Hopes of his Life. Yet our Care was such, and the Surgeon who had him in Hand so skilful, that some Days afterwards, our Hopes reviv'd, and our Fears ceas'd, by the visible Tokens we had of an approaching Recovery, and a perfect Cure of his Wounds. I will not tell you how much I was surpriz'd, nor how great was my Affliction, when at my Return Home, I found him laid upon a Bed all bloody, and hardly with the least Sign of Life. You are not ignorant that such a Tide of Grief is better conceiv'd than express'd; and you are not unacquainted with the Sentiments which so near a Tie of Blood is us'd to give upon such Occasions. For this Reason I shall only tell you, that if my Sorrow was inexpressible, my Amazement was no less so, when among some Papers which were found about him, there was the Challenge *Cilindo* had writ, and which



which was directed to me. I own, at seeing it, I was almost ready to die with Vexation; and every Time I imagin'd that *Lifidas* had robb'd me of an Opportunity I had always so earnestly long'd for, I could hardly help being glad of the Chastisement he had receiv'd for his Rashness: Yet, when I had more sedately consider'd all the Circumstances of this Affair, I could not but commend his Friendship, and give his Courage the Praise it deserv'd. In short, after *Cilindo's* Death, I thought I was out of all Danger of any more of the Storms and Crosses which generally disturb the Repose of Lovers and the Calm of the strongest Affections: But soon afterwards I found my self very far from my Hopes, and perceiv'd that Heaven had deliver'd me of one Rival, only with an Intent to give me a more powerful one, and he too so much the more to be fear'd, as being very much my Friend; I could not, without Ingratitude, oppose the Birth of his Happiness, and it was impossible for me to see it without being cruel to my self. Yet my Destiny in this one thing was favourable, I mean, that my Rival was far from desiring to triumph over me by the Help of *Leonice's* Inconstancy; but it was very much my Enemy in this Point, namely, that to conquer her there wanted not the least Conflict, since she was vanquish'd even

before the Conqueror had any Thoughts of attacking her ; and thus it happen'd.

*Cilindo*, as I have already told you, being dead of his Wounds, was presently embalm'd and sent to *Rome*, there to receive the last Duties from his Relations, who were desirous of having him laid in the Tomb of his Ancestors. His Funeral being over, those who had been his Friends in his Life-time, thought they had not done enough for him, if besides Pity, they did not shew their Revenge, which perswaded them that Blood was not to be paid with Tears, nor Death with Sorrow.

With this Resolution they came to *Venice*, where having inform'd themselves of *Cleagenor's* House, they drew up their Complaint, and presented it to the Magistrates, who immediately sent out a Warrant for apprehending him whom they accus'd of *Cilindo's* Death. *Cleagenor*, who did not in the least expect such a Process, because they had let it lye dormant so long, did not any Ways regard it ; so that he was surpris'd by our Enemies, and seiz'd, notwithstanding the Endeavours of his Attendants. As for him, he made no Resistance ; for his Valour being known by all, they had taken care to disarm him. He was no sooner in the Hands of the Senate, than I heard the unwelcome News from one of his Servants, who came imme-

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immediately to let me know of his Misfortune. It would be superfluous to tell you how much I was concern'd at it: For besides that I am not Master of Words which can express it, I have already inform'd you that I was very deeply interested in it, and that I lov'd him too well not to be extreamly disturb'd at any Thing which might give him Uneasiness. As soon as I heard of his Confinement, I desir'd Permission to see him; and being intimately acquainted with those who were chosen by the Republick for his Judges, I obtain'd my Request, in spite of all the Opposition and Remonstrances of his Adversaries. With this Authority I went to pay my Duty to *Cleagenor*, and let him know how much I was concern'd at his Misfortune, by the Offers I made him of my Service: But his Courage was so great upon this Occasion, that it was almost an Offence to offer him any Assistance besides that which he expected from the Justice of his Cause and the Generosity he had shewn in what he did. I went thither with Design to comfort him; but, quite contrary to my Expectations, I my self stood most in need of Comfort; and I receiv'd that compassionate Office from the very Man towards whom I thought to perform it. I could not behold him in so miserable a Place without Sorrow, I could not discourse

with him without Admiration ; he was at Liberty in Chains, and I was a Slave in Freedom ; he brav'd his ill Fortune, and I could not endure it ; and whilst with an even Brow and constant Mind he despis'd the Pursuits of his Enemies, I seem'd oppress'd with Despair, and gave my self wholly up to the Violence of my Grief. Yet that such Virtue might not too long languish in the Disturbance Captivity gives to a great Soul, I solicited the Judges to let him have Audience, and as much as lay in my Power dispos'd them to be favourable to him. The next Day he was brought before the Senate, to be examin'd concerning the Fact of which he was accus'd ; and if I had us'd all the little Credit I had in our Republick to soften the Severity of those who were to preside in this Judgment, his Adversaries spar'd neither Pains nor Artifice to make them rigorous. They made use of Arguments of Pity, to drive it out of the Hearts of the Judges, and did not scruple to shed Tears in favour of *Cilindo*, by a miserable Change to make them lavish of *Cleagenor's* Blood, which they were too thirsty of. Heaven, which in him saw one of its greatest Master-pieces, would not suffer him to be destroy'd, nor abandon him to the Caprices of his Enemies ; on the contrary, it took particular Care of his Innocence, and by a  
Providence

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Providence to us unknown, turn'd to his Advantage the Plots form'd for his Destruction. *Cilindo's* Friends, having Notice given them that *Cleagenor* was to be examin'd, did not fail to be at the Senate, to exaggerate their Complaint, and demand Justice for the Death of their Kinsman: But not thinking their own Words powerful enough to obtain this Request, they carry'd with them a Sister of the Deceas'd, call'd *Phillis*, extreamly beautiful, and whose Wit was not unworthy the Advantages she had receiv'd from Nature. This young Lady, dress'd in Mourning, which added wonderfully to her natural Fairness, was no sooner come into the Senate, than she threw herself at the Feet of the Judges, and with Tears which might move the most cruel, conjur'd them not to let go unpunish'd the Crime of a Man, who by the Death of her Brother, had depriv'd her of her greatest Support, and without whom her Life for the future would be only troublesome and disagreeable. A distress'd Beauty generally gets so many Advocates, that there are some who even turn Enemies to Virtue, to shew themselves Friends to her Charms; and indeed *Phillis* made her Complaint so artfully, that she rais'd Compassion in all who heard her, and so stagger'd the Resolutions of the Judges, that I could not help being



apprehensive for my *Cleagenor*. Grief appear'd so charming in this Lady's Face, that she not only forc'd the Eyes to admire her, but the Heart to pity her: The Tears which fell upon her Cheeks resembl'd Pearls, or those Diamonds with which *Aurora* every Morning adorns the Tops of the Grass; and had she not inform'd us of the Cause, one might have said she shed them only to water the Flowers of her Complexion. While she was at the Feet of the Judges, she mov'd Compassion in the Hearts of all that beheld her; but when she got up, she rais'd every Body's Admiration by the Beauty of her Shape, and the Majesty of her Behaviour.

*Phillis* having ended her Complaints, *Cleagenor* rose, and having by the Charms of his graceful Mien divided the Inclinations of the whole Assembly, he began to defend himself as follows.

*I bold my self not a little oblig'd to Heaven, O equitable Judges, for granting me the Happiness of appearing this Day in your august Senate; since tho' I came into it in the Quality of a Criminal, I shall go out of it with the Title of Innocence, and add to the Vexation of my Enemies, that of retiring with the Shame of having accus'd me unjustly. Yes, Gentlemen, I hope my Prison will be a Glory to me, and this Accusation an Honour; for by*  
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the Injustice of their Resentment, they will carry off only the Shame of having been guilty of it, and by the Easiness of my Justification, they will be oblig'd to grant me a Glory which my Modesty hinder'd me from challenging. And to the Intent that the Effects may answer the Truth of what I say, you need only examine into the Action which brings me before you, and see by the Circumstances of it, whether it may be call'd a Crime or a Virtue. I am accus'd of the Death of Cilindo: 'Tis true I kill'd him ; and this Lady's Anger would be just, if her Brother had shewn less Cowardice and more Bravery : But if she considers in what Manner I took away his Life, she'll find that she has no Reason to be sorry, since I sav'd him from the Infamy she must have expected would be thrown upon him by all Men of Honour, or perhaps from the shameful Punishment his Crime would lawfully have deserv'd. For Proof of what I say, Gentlemen, it will not be improper to let you see the Difference there was between my Proceeding and his ; wherefore, as I have always strictly adhered to the Truth, I will ingenuously declare to you the Beginning and Progress of the whole Affair. Cilindo began the Duel with Lisidas ; I saw them with their Swords drawn, and finding them in that Condition, hinder'd a Mischief which would have been less fatal to the Conquer'd than to the Conqueror ; since the one would have lost his Life with Honour, and the

other must have lost his upon a Scaffold with Disgrace. Lisidas was authoriz'd in what he did by the Laws of Nature, which gave him leave to take Part in the Interests of his Brother; but Cilindo was govern'd by the Irregularity of his Passions, and the unjust Movements of his Despair. The one was happy in his Misfortune, and the other insolent in Victory; for Cilindo having gotten Lisidas down, was not contented with this Advantage, but, without consulting the Pity which true Valour shews on such Occasions, he was just going to make an End of him, when I stopt the Course of his Barbarity, and hinder'd him from doing a Deed, as fatal to his Honour as to the Life of his Enemy. I own, when I saw 'twas Lisidas whom Cilindo had reduc'd to so wretched a Condition, I could not help my Resentment, nor forbear obliging his Enemy to renew a Combat which prov'd less fortunate to him than the first: But he receiv'd much more Courtesy in it, than he had shewn to him whom the Chance of Arms had put into his Power: I thought I oblig'd him, when, after he so easily had triumph'd over Lisidas's Valour, I gave another Subject to his Fury. 'Tis true, Fortune chang'd Sides, and I made the Storm break upon the Head of him who had first rais'd it; but I did not follow the Example he had set, neither did I use him as he had done his Adversary: I was satisfy'd with my Victory, and far from giving him the fatal Stroke, I endeavour'd to  
remedy

remedy those which the Heat of our Fighting and his ill Fortune had made him receive. He is since dead of his Wounds; but who can you justly accuse, besides his own Imprudence? He had a Design to kill Lifidas, and I kill'd him without Design; he came with a premeditated Intention, and I by Chance. In short, I hinder'd the Effects of a Crime by an Action of Generosity, and have sav'd the Life of one who was innocent, by the Death of one who was guilty. Do you imagine, whether after this I may not justly hope for Favour from your Justice, since the Action I did was of that Nature, that I should die with Grief had I not done it.

As his Soul was too great to beg his Liberty with unworthy Words, he concluded his Speech with an Assurance, which had nothing in it of that Meanness and Submission which Fear generally makes Criminals run into. Yet his Judges were so touch'd, that they were just upon the Point of making a Decree in his Favour that Moment; but for Fear so much Precipitation should make them suspected of too much Indulgence and Easiness, they suspended their Judgment, and oblig'd Cleagenor to give Proofs of what he had advanc'd in his Defence. This dispell'd all my Fears, and I now plainly saw he must needs come off with Honour. But whilst I was intent  
upon

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upon the Revival of *Cleagenor's* Happiness, I did not perceive the Mischief which attended it, nor observe, that this first Step to his Felicity, was to be the last of my Hopes, and the Beginning of all my Miseries.

The Day that *Cleagenor* gave so many illustrious Tokens of his Wit and Virtue, *Leonice*, who was concern'd in this Cause as well as me, since he had punish'd *Cilindo* for the Affront she thought he had put upon her, had the Curiosity to hear the Reasons which had caus'd him to be apprehended, and what he should say in his own Defence. I therefore carry'd her to the Senate, and put her in a Place, from whence, without being seen, she might easily hear and see both the Judges and the Parties. From thence she saw *Cleagenor*, with all the Gracefulness and Majesty which appear'd in his Actions. She saw him admir'd by all the Spectators, who were no less taken with his good Mien, and Proportion of Shape, than with the Charms of that Eloquence, with which he had given so much Confusion to his Adversaries, and so much Amazement to his Judges. There too it was, that, to my Misfortune, she appear'd both too curious and too much mov'd; for as she had Eyes and Judgment to observe so many divine Qualities in *Cleagenor*, she could likewise per-



perceive my Faults, which then were the more conspicuous, being darken'd by the Coalition of so great a Light. It was not long before I found the Effects of this; her Passion immediately shew'd itself in her Words, and my Disgrace was but too visible in her Contempt. *Leonice* at last grew so passionately in Love with him, that she did not scruple to tell me, I must either resolve never to see her more, or else behold without murmuring the Affection she for the future intended to testify for *Cleagenor*. Scarce had she pronounc'd this fatal Command, when I fainted away at her Feet, like a Tree, which being blasted with Thunder, frustrates all the Hopes which the Spring had given of it.

How's this, brave *Lisander*, says she, seeing me in this Condition, do you want Courage when you most stand in Need of it? And does your Constancy give Way to the first Attacks of a Misfortune? Is this the Example you set of the Patience we are to shew in Misery? O how cruel you are, reply'd I, to desire that I should languish, after having heard the Sentence of my Death, and to come your self to let me know your Perfidiousness! But yet, continu'd I, if you grant me one Favour, which is never refus'd to the greatest Criminals, I shall at least have the Satisfaction to know the Cause of my Punishment;

ment; but you condemn me without giving me the Hearing, and will not take the Pains to look back into my Behaviour towards you, for Fear you should not find any Guilt in it, except too much Love, and so give your self the Shame of having unjustly accus'd me, and me the Glory of so honourable a Justification. Consider then if I have not Reason to be afflicted, since, having deserv'd favourable Usage, I meet with the most rigorous Treatment. In short, fair *Leonice*, my Patience is at last tir'd out; for what I feel cannot be spoken, what I speak cannot be believ'd, and what may be believ'd cannot be written. Would you make a just Judgment of my Patience? Measure it by your Rigour. Whence can so sudden a Change proceed, and what Injustice arms you so strongly against the Sincerity of my Love and Constancy? Do not use such injurious Terms, reply'd she, and have done with your Complaints, which can turn only to your own Confusion, if you remember that you are *Lisander*, and he I prefer to you, *Cleagenor*; his Merit causes my Change, and the Obligations I lye under to the Greatness of his Courage, authorize my Proceeding, and absolutely condemn the Injustice of your Regrets and Complaints. 'Tis true, you inform'd me of the base Affront *Cilindo* did me; but *Cleagenor* it was that wash'd away

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the Stain in the Blood of the Traytor, and generously finish'd the Enterprize you had but slightly begun. See then, *Lisander*, what are your Pretensions; you think it strange, that in Reward for a little Complaisance which you have shewn me, some Addresses you have made me, and a few Sighs which have escap'd from you, I should oblige you to be contented with the Favour I have done you, in admitting your Visits; and yet you would have me be unmov'd at the Merit of a Man, who runs the Risque of losing both Life and Fortune for my Sake. No, no, *Lisander*; as it would be unworthy of you to envy a Recompence *Cleagenor* has so justly deserv'd; so 'twould be ungrateful in me to refuse him the Bonds of my Affection, in Exchange for the Chains he bears upon Account of his having so generously defended my Cause. To these Reasons, to alleviate your Displeasure, add the Consideration of him I prefer; remember the Service he did *Lisidas*; and whatever Alteration you see in me, remember that I still oblige you in the Person of your Friend.

After these Words, Grief having choak'd up my Voice, I made her a Bow, and went out so afflicted, that I was several Times tempted to extinguish in the Sea the Flames of my Love and of my Life. But having, by little and little, drawn my Imagination

gination off from the Cause of my Despair, I went Home, where I recommenc'd my Complaints, and said against *Leonice's* Infidelity all which Indignation generally puts into the Mouths of those who think themselves most basely abus'd. As for *Cleagenor*, I us'd him according to the Irregularity of my Passion, which, as it was more or less violent, every Moment hurry'd me from one Extremity to t'other : At one Time I regarded him as my Friend, and at another as my Rival; and in this Inequality of Temper having for a long Time been uncertain what to do, I at last resolv'd to seek, in Absence, a Remedy for the Miseries which were equally brought upon me by Love and Friendship. I had no sooner form'd this Design, than I set about executing it ; and having provided every Thing which I thought necessary for my Voyage, I went away, without taking Leave either of *Leonice*, or of *Cleagenor*, or of *Lisidas*, in order to avoid the Tenderneffes and Delays which are never wanting upon such Occasions. The Route I follow'd was that of *Spain*, and beginning by *Cantabria*, I went by *Ulissipone* the principal City of *Lusitania*. From thence I continu'd my Voyage along the Dominions which are under the Obedience of the *Carthaginians*. Having left *Carthage*, very well satisfy'd both with their Courtesy, and for my own particular Curiosity

riosity, I embark'd in a Ship which was bound for *Pire*. There I learnt, that their King was at War with the King of *Morocco*. I presented my self for Employment to the Admiral, who receiv'd me in Quality of Captain, and we were afterwards, by his Order, brought to the Place where he design'd to attack the Enemy. I shall not relate the Particulars of the Engagement, you having been Spectators of the Death of fifty thousand Men; tho' the Victory is so equally divided, that 'tis impossible to say either Side has gain'd it; for of two hundred Ships, which there might be at first on both Sides, there remains of ours but this one, neither do we know what is become of all the rest; but since I believe we are out of Danger from our Enemies, and have now a free Passage into *Italy*, we must bid the Pilot steer that Way, which they agreed to; and afterwards *Zelida* was press'd by *Alcidalis* to end her History, which she did as follows.

T H E





THE  
 SEQUEL  
 OF THE  
 HISTORY  
 OF  
 ZELIDA.



H! *Lisander*, I plainly see  
 Love betrays you, when you  
 relate the Greatness of your  
 Passion. Yes, 'tis true, *Lisan-*  
*der*, *Leonice* still loves *Cleagenor*,  
 and the Coldness with which he always  
 resisted her Love, has not yet been able to  
 ex-

extinguish her Flame. I have often heard her say, that *Lisander* was indeed a true Lover, and *Cleagenor* the most ungrateful of Men; but that notwithstanding all his Cruelty, she could not help loving him more than she did *Lisander*. I told her that Heaven, whose Counsels are incomprehensible and Justice infinite, is us'd to deprive us of those whom we love most passionately; lest the Excess of their Merit carrying us to Idolatry, the Beauty of the Creature should make us forget the Creator, and ungratefully neglect him to whom we owe all these Wonders; besides that, all we possess is only a Loan from him, who is able to take it again whenever he pleases.

Ah! Sir, reply'd she, I own the Virtue you set so perfect an Example of, ought to keep me all my Life in the Respect I owe to the Will of Heaven; but I believe you will not at all wonder, if the Excess of my Afflictions, and the Weakness of my Sex, did at first take from me that Patience and Strength, which a generous Soul preserves even in the most rigorous Severities of Fate: For my ill Fortune had reduc'd me to such a Crisis, that 'twas impossible for me to save my Life without losing my Honour, if Heaven, taking Pity of my Misery, had not made Use of more noble Means to save me, employing your Valour

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Valour to snatch me out of the Hands of the Pirate, who meant to force my Virtue, and your Compassion to hinder my Soul from leaving my Body in Streams of Blood barbarously shed by my own Hand. But alas! to how little Purpose have you sav'd my Life; and how cruel is your Compassion in prolonging it, since being odious to *Cleagenor*, I am odious to my self! Do not therefore hinder me from putting an End to the Misfortunes of an unhappy Woman, or rather in Revenge of the Ingratitude with which I have us'd *Lisander*, plunge your Sword into this Breast, which made so ill a Return for all the noble Services of my Lover; or if you will not do it, give me that Steel, do not refuse it me; and this last Favour will not be one of the least I am oblig'd to you for, since 'tis certain, nothing is so pleasant as a Blow which ends the Days of one that is wretched. These Words were interrupted by a great Number of Sighs and a Torrent of Tears, which I suppos'd she paid to the Memory of *Cleagenor*; so that to comfort her, I insinuated, that the same Providence which had protected her in so many Dangers, could also deliver her Lover from them: But this had a quite different Effect from what I imagin'd it would; for the more I talk'd to her of *Cleagenor*, the more Tears she shed, as if she intended to raise another

Storm

Storm by the Violence of her Sobbs and Sighs, which she gave over only to utter these Words. Ungrateful and perfidious *Cleagenor*, who with so much Obstinacy fliest the miserable *Leonice*, do not believe I will any longer follow you with the Sentiments Love had given me in your Favour; your Ingratitude makes me reflect upon my own; and since I already have receiv'd Chastisement for my Fault, 'tis but just you should be punish'd for yours. Yes, perfidious Man, fly to the very Extremities of the Earth, where you believe you shall never more hear of me; yet if my Vengeance cannot overtake you, at least my Imprecations shall throw upon you the Misery your Pride deserves. I from henceforth renounce all Hopes of your Love, and detest it with as much Sincerity as I before pursu'd it.

'Tis impossible to tell you how much I was surpriz'd at this Discourse, to find so sudden a Change in one who but just before seem'd to live only for *Cleagenor*. I now sided with *Cleagenor* against *Leonice*; which she observing, I see, Sir, says she, you wonder at my running thus from one Extream into another, and I doubt not you take it for an Effect of the Inconstancy and Inequality of my Humour; but I hope you'll alter your Opinion when you know the Reason; and I assure my self  
you

you will call That Prudence, which perhaps at present you think Lightness. Since Love and my Misfortunes have put me beside my self, my Mind and Body have been in Tempests which I could not avoid: But as the Pilot grows more skilful by Dangers, and shuns the Rocks he had before split upon; so I will alter my Course, for fear of being shipwreck'd, in steering towards a Port which it is Madness ever to hope to arrive at; and that you may be able to judge whether I am not in the Right in what I say, I will tell you the Dangers I have run thro'.

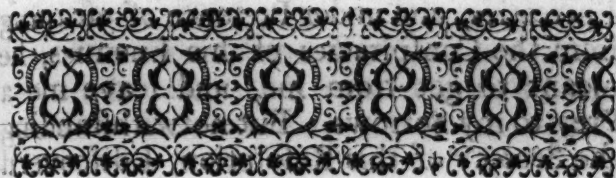
'Tis not necessary, *Lisander*, to repeat what you have already told us; therefore I shall only take up the Story where you dropp'd it, and give it in *Leonice's* own Words.



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THE  
HISTORY  
OF  
LEONICE:  
OR, THE

*Jealous* MISTRESS.



AFTER *Lisander* had left me, continu'd she, I went to visit *Cleagenor* in his Prison; where, after a great many Sentiments of Tenderness and Pity, I came insensibly to those of Love, and gave him such plain Testimonies of it, that it was impossible for him to doubt its Reality. He at first excus'd himself upon the Condition he was in, and when Justice had restor'd him to Happiness

Happiness and Liberty, he despis'd all my Entreaties, and under Pretence of escaping from the Conspiracies of his Enemies, he meant to get from me, and leave me a Prey to my Sorrows. But notwithstanding the Secrecy of this Resolution, I discover'd it, and not having Interest enough to make him change it, I was so blinded by Love, that I form'd a Design which has been the Source and Cause of all my Misfortunes.

*Cleagenor* having provided the Equipage necessary for his Departure, and not caring to be seen to embark, went in a Boat to an Island about a Mile from *Venice*, and there waited some Time for the Ship which was to take him in. As I had plac'd Spies every where, I soon had Notice of this Proceeding, and my Love not being able to consent to this Separation, made me find a Way to escape from *Lisimene*, to go to that charming Fugitive, who did not think me so much as worthy of a Farewel. When I came to him, I conjur'd him not to leave me, or at least, if I was so extreemly odious to him, to honour me so far as to let me die by his Hand. To my Tears I added Intreaties, Sighs, and if you would have a lively Picture of My Love and his Ingratitude, imagine to your self all the Tendernesses and Transports which the greatest Passion

can employ to raise Compassion, and you will know the Endeavours I us'd to bend this inflexible Man. But *Cleagenor* beheld all my Sorrows with an unconcern'd Countenance, and his Heart was as little mov'd with my Despair, as is a proud Rock with the weak Dashing of the Waves. Seeing him so little mov'd at all I could say, I was out of Heart, and fell in a Swoon at his Feet; but far from assisting me in a Condition so piteous, he took that Opportunity to fly from my Reproaches and Complaints. Yes, he had the Heart to leave me upon the Shore in the Arms of Death; and how happy had I been, if that unfortunate Day had been the last of my Life. But Heaven, which reserv'd me for other Misfortunes, was too angry with me, to grant me so sweet and timely a Death. I return'd then to the Light, or rather to fresh Disasters; for I saw *Cleagenor's* Ship already put to Sea, and bearing in its Sides my Repose and my Hopes. Whilst I could see it, I never took my Eyes off, and tho' by little and little I found it diminish'd, yet in the least Atom that appear'd of it, I view'd my Grief, representing to my self the Loss I sustain'd in losing *Cleagenor*. Being reduc'd to this Extremity, I began to think what Way I should put an End to my Miseries, and was just upon the Point of

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precipitating my self into the Waves, when looking on the Sea, towards the Part *Cleagenor* was gone, I saw afar off a Ship, which with incredible Swiftneſs ſeem'd to make to the Iſland upon which I ſtood. We are always inclin'd to believe the Things we deſire. Seeing that Ship coming towards me with ſo much Swiftneſs, I preſently fancy'd 'twas *Cleagenor*, who, touch'd with Remorſe at having deſerted me, was coming to reſtore me his Preſence, or at leaſt to prevail upon me to follow his Fortune. Whiſt I was in this Error, the Ship touch'd at the Iſland, and ſome of the Men taking Land, upon what Account I am yet ignorant. I deſir'd them to bring me to their Captain, thinking they were the Soldiers *Cleagenor* had hir'd for the Defence of his Ship and Perſon, againſt the Incurſions of the *Barbarians*. My Prayer, alas ! was granted, and they immediately carry'd me to their Commander: But inſtead of *Cleagenor*, I beheld a Man, whoſe Sight I could hardly endure without Horror; for his Face being burnt by the Sun, and his tangled Hair covering part of his Shoulders in Ropes, which his Laſineſs and Length of Time had ſuffer'd to go uncomb'd, made him ſo frightful, that he rather ſeem'd a Monster than a Man. When I found my ſelf run into this Miſchief, through my  
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own Blindness and Folly, there was nothing that I did not use to deliver my self from it; Cries, Tears, and Complaints, were the least Tokens of my Grief: I tore my Hair, and arm'd all I could think of against my Face and Breast, to destroy their Beauty, which I too well found would be always fatal to me: But alas! all was in vain; for the Pirate having weigh'd Anchor, put out again to Sea, and set Guards upon me, who put it out of my Power to hurt my self. If I was griev'd at this Accident, I was no less amaz'd when I was given for a Slave to a Woman, who seem'd to be the *Barbarian's* Wife; but to my great Astonishment, I found her to be the same *Phyllis* whom I had seen at *Venice*; and who, as I afterwards heard, had been taken by this Pirate as she was returning to *Rome*. As soon as I came before her, the haughty Woman knew me again, and looking upon me with a disdainful Eye; now, *Leonice*, says she, you shall receive the Punishment due to your Insolence, and feel my Revenge for the ill Usage you gave *Cilindo*, whose Death you were the Cause of, as well as for the Misfortunes I at present lie under on your Account. Saying this, that her Menaces might not be vain, she caus'd me to be treated with all the Cruelty that can be imagin'd, and



stripping me of the rich Dress I had on, gave me one which sort'd better with the unhappy Condition I was in. Some Days afterwards we cast Anchor at the Island of *Crete*, to refresh our selves with Water and Provisions. *Phillis* being gone to Shore to buy some Necessaries, and sell the Booty which was in the Ship, the Pirate who was call'd *Astrubal*, took the Opportunity to talk with me, for he durst not do it but in the Absence of *Phillis*, whose ill Humour he stood very much in fear of, thinking her worse than the Water or Fire in their most violent Fury ; and indeed he was a mere Slave to her Will, since with a single Kiss, and a Glass of Wine, she could make him do whatever she desir'd. I particularly told him all my Misfortunes, which cruel as he was, he was not only concern'd at, but could not forbear crying sometimes alas ! Ever after that he began to use me with more Kindness, and *Phillis* knowing me to be handsomer than herself, being now grown a little in Years, and finding her Husband speak of me often with Pity, took it in her Head that *Astrubal* was in Love with me ; and being inform'd that there was no Law among *Corfsairs*, to hinder them from putting away one Wife to marry another, or at least from keeping a Concubine, she

was

was resolv'd not to endure such a Rival. Thus, jealous of a Happiness which I detested and abhorr'd more than Death, she form'd a Plot to get rid of me, and hir'd some Slaves to poignard me in the Night, and throw me into the Sea. And I could wish that eternal Providence which warded off the Blow from me, had given *Phillis* the Satisfaction she desir'd, I should not then have been expos'd to any more Miseries; but alas! it happen'd quite otherwise; for being by Chance gone out of my Cabin when the Murtherers enter'd it, they stay'd for me a good while; wherefore *Phillis*, carry'd by Impatience, or perhaps desirous to be herself Spectatress of that Cruelty, went thither; but had no sooner set her Foot into the Door, than the Soldiers, taking her for me, pierc'd her with a hundred Wounds, and immediately threw her where she had commanded them to throw me. The Assassins having in this Manner done an Act of Justice, instead of a barbarous Murther, return'd to *Phillis's* Chamber, to assure her that they had sacrific'd me to her Jealousy; but they were very much astonish'd, when they could not find her there, nor in any Part of the Ship, tho' they search'd for her with the utmost Diligence; at last, concluding she must be gone into the Captain's Cabin, to amuse him with her Caresses, whilst they

executed her cruel Commands, they were easy and gave over their Search. But considering that it was not enough to have committed the Crime, without they took Care to conceal it, they went back to my Cabin, to wash away the Blood they had shed, to the Intent that when no Marks of their Fury should appear, they might ascribe the Cause of my Destruction to the Effects of my Despair. But if they were surpris'd at not finding *Phillis* where they had left her, they were much more so, when having knock'd at my Door, which I had shut at my Return, they knew by my Voice I was where they did not believe me to be. They intreated me to open it, but in vain; for as I was always in fear of the Violence *Astrubal* had a Mind to exercise upon my Honour, far from satisfying their Desires, I set all I could find in my Cabin against the Door, and prepar'd to cast myself into the Sea, if they should force the Obstacles with which I had fortify'd myself against their insolent Endeavours. Prayers, Stratagems, Force and Threats were us'd by the *Barbarians*, to prevail upon me to open the Door to them; but my Vertue made me as insensible to them, as Cruelty generally makes them inexorable to others. Having thus in vain continu'd their Endeavours 'till the Morning, they then gave over attacking

ing me in my *Azylum*; but thinking their Safety depended upon my Death, they resolv'd to try to bring it about in another Manner, and had Recourse to that malignant Cunning which is so natural to them, to deprive me at once of my Life and Innocence. For this Purpose they went to *Astrubal*, and pretending to be in a mighty Fright, ask'd him with a trembling Voice if *Phillis* was with him? *Astrubal*, very much amaz'd at such a Question, and at the Looks they put on, ask'd them whence this Curiosity proceeded, and what was the Meaning of the Alteration which appear'd in their Countenances. As we were walking towards the Chamber of the *Italian Slave* about Break of Day, reply'd the Traytors, we heard a Noise, which made us go nearer; we then heard the Voice of a dying Person, and thro' the Crevices of the Door could perceive the Gleam of a Dagger, which some pityless Hand plung'd several Times into a Body, which all bloody was cast into the Sea, as we judg'd by the Noise it made in falling into the Water. We intreated your Slave to open the Door to us; but she, to hide from us the Marks of her Murther, refus'd us Entrance, and let us know that our Strength would prove as vain as our Prayers, if we endeavour'd to force it open. These Words made us fear her Despair would snatch

her from the Chastisement her Crime deserves; we went to look for *Phillis* to let her know it; but not being able to find her any where in the Ship, we suspected her Death upon very good Grounds; and therefore came to inform you of this Misfortune, which, to our Grief, it was impossible for us to prevent. *Astrubal*, very much amaz'd at this News, caus'd *Phillis* to be search'd for in all Parts of the Ship, but she could not be found, which so enrag'd *Astrubal*, that he would presently have sacrific'd me to the Manes of *Phillis*, if Heaven, which protects the innocent, had not sav'd me from his Fury by a Miracle.

Whilst *Astrubal* was preparing to take an unjust Revenge, and I a long wish'd for Death, some Soldiers saw floating round the Ship, a Body which the Sea sometimes receiv'd into the Bottom of its Entrails, and then presently seem'd to vomit up again; mov'd at this pitiful Object, they went down into the Boat, and having taken the Time when it came to the Surface of the Water, they seiz'd it by the Garments, which it still had on, and drew it into the Boat, from whence they carry'd it into the Ship, to see who it was, and to confront it to my Face. The miserable Body was no sooner laid upon the Ship, than *Astrubal* ran to see it,



it, and with him the greatest Part of the Pirates; among whom, the Murtherers themselves did not scruple to appear; but this Curiosity prov'd very fatal to them, for they had scarce come near the Corpse, which was known to be *Phillis's*, when the Blood spurted quite into their Faces, and imprinted upon them the Marks of a Crime which they had maliciously laid to my Charge.

At this Wonder, which Heaven work'd in my Favour, *Astrubal* caus'd the Murtherers to be seiz'd, and they presently confess'd the Fact just as it had pass'd, declaring the Command *Phillis* had given them to poignard me. *Astrubal* being thus inform'd of all the Particulars of this Design, came himself to my Chamber, to let me know what had happen'd; but I had already heard the greatest part of it, from some Soldiers whom I overheard talking of it, which had calm'd my Spirits a little, and made me declare myself to the Captain, who having told me of the Conspiracy that had been form'd against me, I reply'd their Crime did not in the least regard me, or if it did, all I blam'd them for, was for not having executed their Design, which would have freed me from all my Miseries. After this Answer, he commanded *Phillis's* Murtherers to be put to Death, and to let

me see that her Death was not the Cause of their Punishment, he at the same Time caus'd her Body to be thrown again into the Sea, being also minded by that Contempt of her, to shew me, that even after her Death, he would punish her for the Attempt she made upon my Life. He afterwards gave me an ample Declaration of his Love, and of his Desire to have me for his Wife; and to get my Consent the more easily, he assur'd me he would not proceed against my Will, tho' I was his Slave: To this he added a great many Protestations how he would always love me above all things, use me with the greatest Kindness, and even leave off the shameful Profession he follow'd: And more, to make his Peace with the *Venetians*, he would go offer them his Ships, and good Part of the Wealth he had heap'd up, during the Time he had exercis'd Piracy. I would not give him an absolute Denial, for fear it should provoke him to some Violence; but I assur'd him, that as soon as I saw my self at Liberty, and in my own Country, I would contribute all I could to his Satisfaction. Upon this Promise I desir'd him, as he lov'd me, to steer his Course towards the *Adriatic Gulph*, and in the mean Time to use me as his Sister, 'till Heaven should permit me to give entire  
and

and lawful Content to his Love. This Argument, and the Prayers I added to it, satisfy'd him for some Time; but then my Eyes, which he said gave him cruel Blows, advis'd him quite to the contrary. Therefore to hinder my Beauty's inflaming him any more, and least his Passion should gain too absolute a Power over the little Reason he had left for his own Good, I try'd to lessen it as much as I could. I came into his Presence as seldom as possible; I often pretended to be sick; I hardly eat any thing; and the little Sustenance I took, was rather to make me lean, and spoil my Complexion, than to nourish me; but all these Methods which I us'd to make my self ugly, and to gain his Aversion, serv'd only to make him more hot than ever. At last, after having committed a thousand Insolencies, and attack'd my Honour by Prayers, Promises, and Threats; for these two Nights last past he endeavour'd to use the utmost Violence upon me; but I hinder'd it by Submissions. Cries and Tears; yet of a Fortnight which I beg'd of him to resolve in, I could obtain only 'till yesterday; and in that Time he swore with a dreadful Oath, he would be my Husband either by Force or Love; and he would certainly have executed that detested Resolution, if Heaven had not

made use of your Courage to prevent it.

These, Sir, says she to me, are the Dangers the miserable *Leonice* has run, for having lov'd *Cleagenor*; and yet the Ingrate, tho' he has been the Cause of all my Misfortunes, refuses to remedy them; and far from succouring me in my Distresses, flies my Sight, thinking the Image of Death, which the Sea every Moment presents before his Eyes, more supportable than my Presence. But fly where thou wilt, *Barbarian*, continu'd she, and as you before escap'd from my Love, now see if you can escape also from my Hatred: Heaven which knows thy Ingratitude, and the Justice of my Resentment, will take Care to work my Revenge, and thy Punishment. After *Leonice* had said this, she told me she was very sorry for the ill Usage she had 'till then given *Lisander*, and promis'd for the future, to receive his Addresses with all the good Will he himself could wish for.

In the mean Time she pray'd me to command the Pilot to make to Land as soon as possible, that she might repose herself after the Fatigues of the Sea. Provisions beginning to grow short, I easily perswaded our Men to agree with *Leonice's* Desire; so that making the best of the Wind, it was not long before we discover'd

ver'd *Byzantium*, but not caring to go to Shore there, because that City belongs to the *Turks*, we resolv'd to pass through the *Bosphorus* of *Thrace*, and cast Anchor under the Lee-shore of some of the *Simplegades*, there to wait for some more favourable Wind; but 'twas in vain, for the Wind rising, and veering to the *West* with more Violence than it had done before, the Pilot was forc'd to weigh Anchor, for fear of being lost against the Shelves that are round those two Islands, which are for that Reason call'd the *Cyanean* Stones; and this had certainly happen'd to us if the Anchor-Cable had chanc'd to break, as it was very likely to do, because of the Strength of the Wind, and the perpetual Flux which runs in that Place from the *Euxine* Sea, and enters into the *Propontis*. Having then weigh'd Anchor, we were constrain'd to obey the Wind, which blowing for six Days together without Cessation, drove us near the Coast of *Mesembria*, in which we did not care to enter, the Avenue of the Port being difficult, and the Inhabitants very barbarous. Therefore we went farther on, and coasting along the Promontory of *Salamin*, we sail'd by *Cydon*, meaning to go directly to *Rhodes*; but the Wind in the Night-time chang'd to the *North*, and growing stronger and stronger all Day,  
was



was so violent in the Afternoon, that tho' the Sails were lower'd, yet there was no holding any other Course than the Wind would permit; so that we turn'd our Stern upon *Rhodes*, our Mariners not being able to govern the Ship, and the Sea being so high, that the Waves oblig'd them to commit themselves entirely to the Caprice of *Neptune*. I sometimes thought our Ship mounted to the Clouds, and at other Times that it was descending to Hell. The Water swelling in this Manner, the Waves sometimes darted into our Ship, in such great Quantities, that we were almost submerg'd. The Wind blew so violently through our Tackle, that we every Moment thought it would break, and be carry'd into the Sea with the Masts and Yards: My Hair stands an End at the very Remembrance of so horrid a Tempest; for we could see nothing but Water both above and beneath us, and the Hail and Rain falling in great Showers seem'd to threaten to sink us: The Lightning and Thunder terrify'd us on the other Side, and I thought all the Elements were returning to their first Confusion, when the Cloud opening, we saw a Fire glance out of it, which gave a Sight of Hell in the midst of Heaven. Yet, our Fear was this Time greater than the Danger; for the Tempest ceas'd in the Night, and the Air being  
clear'd

clear'd from all Clouds, we saw at the Top of the Mast *Castor* and *Polux*, who shone amidst a thousand Stars, whose Clearness gave us full Assurance both of the Serenity of the Heavens and the Calmness of the Sea. During this Stillness the Pilot consulted his Compass, and told us we were not far from the seven Mouths of the *Danube*, and that we might land at the Entrance of the River *Tyrias*, which is a little above it. So that being come thither towards Break of Day, we went up the River about thirty *Stadia*, and anchor'd our Ship upon the Shore which was low and very fruitful in Grass, as was all the Land thereabouts. Tho' we knew we were landed in a very barbarous Country, inhabited by *Scythians*; yet the Want of Provisions constrain'd us to go a-shore to remedy so pressing a Need. *Orcant* and I, accompany'd by *Leonice* and some Sailors, went to search for Provisions, while those who stay'd with the Ship fill'd our Vessels with fresh Water; but we were not got far into the Country before we were oblig'd to fly with all the Haste we could make towards the Ship, being pursu'd by a Multitude of Men arm'd with Bows and Darts, which they shot at us, and unfortunately wounded *Orcant*: This forc'd him to stand, for the Point of the Arrow being barb'd, stuck in the Wound, and trembling with  
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the Force it came with, was an unsufferable Pain to him. For my Part, I ran towards *Leonice* to get her into the Ship; but the *Scythians* being very swift of Foot, overtook us, and siezing us carry'd us all with them, except some Mariners, who having regain'd the Ship, cut the Rope which was fasten'd to the Anchor, and suffer'd themselves to be driven along with the Stream. Now these *Scythians*, who took us, were Soldiers of the King of *Morocco*, who having left the City of *Olbia*, had pass'd the River *Arasces*, to look out for Victuals, which they wanted in the Camp, because of the great Number of Men their King had rais'd to fight the *Pyrians*, who had already pass'd the River *Tanais*, and were endeavouring to force the Passage of the *Boristhenes*, in order to compleat the Destruction of the King of *Pire*; tho' the Design of this War was not to usurp, nor to enrich themselves with the Spoils of each other, but only to revenge the Injuries which these *Scythians*, anciently call'd *Cimmerians*, have sustain'd from the true *Scythians*, call'd *Nomades*, having driven one another into several Provinces, in which always leaving some of their People, they have given the Name of *Scythia* to a very great Extent of Country, as well in *Europe* as in *Asia*. These Soldiers, having dress'd *Orcant's* Wound, carry'd us with them, and made us

repairs

repafs the River *Araxes*, near which they had pitch'd their Camp, where being arriv'd, their Captain went to the King, to inform him of his Booty, and he prefently order'd us to be brought before him; and knowing by our Habits as well as Faces, that we were Strangers, he caus'd us to be examin'd by one of his Interpreters. At first, he talk'd to us in feveral Languages which we understood nothing of; but addressing himfelf to *Orcant*, who was not ignorant of the *Greek* Tongue, he of him learnt all our Misfortunes, which the Interpreter prefently repeated to the King of *Morocco*, who, notwithstanding all his Barbarity, testify'd a very great Compaffion of our Miferies, and tho' he intended to facrifice us to his Gods, to gain their Favour and Affiftance againft his Enemies, yet he would not then let us know it, deferring that Declaration, and the Execution of it, 'till the Eve of the Battle; to the intent that he might either put us out of our Pain at once, if we muft needs be fo unhappy, or to endeavour to find other Victims, who might in our Stead be offer'd to *Mars* and *Diana*, whom he defir'd to render propitious to him. At length, the King having observ'd in the Countenance of *Orcant* all the Marks of a Man of Courage, he fent for him, and by his Interpreter gave him to underftand the Custom and Religion of  
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the Country, according to which they were us'd to sacrifice human Victims to their Gods, who seem'd to have chosen us to be offer'd to them. Yet, continu'd the Interpreter, the King had rather sacrifice his Enemies, and I believe the Gods would be better pleas'd with his doing so, than with his offering Strangers, as I know you to be. Wherefore, he declares to you by my Mouth, that if you would save yourselves from Death, you must prepare to surprise our Enemies, and to bring them to us for your Ransom. The King for this Purpose will give you what Number of Men you shall desire, and an Interpreter to tell them your Orders.

Tho' this Resolution might have shaken the firmest Courage, yet it did not frighten *Orcant*, who thank'd his Majesty for this Offer, and begg'd Permission to take his Leave of us. The King granted him whatever he ask'd, and having given him an Interpreter, commanded him to take fifty of his own Guards, and do with them all that *Orcant* should order. This done, *Orcant* came to us, and told us all the King had resolv'd concerning us. At this Visit, which we thought would be our last, *Leonice* gave herself up to Tears, and I was perplex'd between the Love I bore for my own Sex, and the Shame of sitting idle, whilst another ran the Hazard of Death



to save our Lives; on the other Hand, I could not bear to leave *Leonice* to the Mercy of a barbarous People, who I thought might have procur'd our Absence, to erect to themselves a Trophy of *Leonice's* Honour: Thus I fear'd for both, which oblig'd me to utter these Words, Since we must die, *Leonice*, why do we not die all together, that our Souls may in the same Moment join the Immortality of their Being to that of our Affection? Why do we not die to brave our Misfortunes, since the End of Miseries is the very highest Pitch of the Miseries themselves? If I thought Heaven, reply'd *Leonice*, would preserve you from the Death to which you run, I should be content; but alas! I fear that in this Occasion, to which your Courage excites you, Death will not be the least of your Mischances. *Orcant*, whose Mind was already in the Battle, look'd upon us with a sterner Eye than he had ever done before: We have stay'd long enough, says he, let us run, *Zelidan*, whither Fortune conducts us. I follow'd him, having bidden *Leonice* farewell, and desir'd her to take Heart, since the God whom we adore in another Manner than those *Barbarians* do their impotent Deities, would never suffer That to fall upon us which she apprehended.

We afterwards went to the King, where we found his Men staying for us.

We

We mounted with them into their Chariots, which being driven by skilful Drivers, came at Night by the Favour of the Moon behind the *Pyrian* Camp, where finding a thinner Guard than in other Quarters of the Army, we carry'd off four of the Enemy's Chariots, those who were in them being fast asleep. This Prize being gain'd without so much as striking a Blow, we return'd the same Way we came, and being spurr'd on by the Consideration, that we had in our Hands the Ransom of our Lives, we came to the Camp without taking the least Rest. The King was surpris'd at our sudden Return, and much more so, when he saw the Number of Prisoners we brought him.

After this Piece of Service, we began to breathe more freely, and were deliver'd out of the Hands of the Priests who had been order'd to prepare us for Death. The King having caus'd us to be brought into one of his Pavilions, told *Orcant* by his Interpreter, that he was very glad he had by his Dexterity deliver'd us by taking his Enemies, which his own Men could never execute, being afraid of serving for Victims to their Adversaries, if the Chance of Arms was not favourable to them. After several Praises which he gave *Orcant*, he concluded, that he intend-  
ed to make use of us, and conjur'd us not

to leave him 'till his Enemies were retir'd. We soon consented to his Request, well knowing that the Desires of a King are all one as Commands: Yet our Thirst after Glory did not so wholly employ our Minds, but that we had a great deal of Care of *Leonice*, for whom we begg'd Security and Protection. The King granted us all we ask'd, and gave us People to serve her, and an Interpreter to give Orders for whatever she should want, with an express Command to obey *Leonice* in all she desir'd. For her further Safety, he offer'd to send her into the City of *Olbia*; but she would not go thither, saying, that there she could not hear from *Orcant* and me so well as in the Camp, and without that it was impossible for her to live. Thus she was accommodated with every Thing at the Pavillion, where the Interpreter had at first plac'd her; and had Slaves, both of Men and Women, allotted to attend her. Seeing her settl'd in this Manner, we took our Leaves of her, and went to the Troops which the King had set *Orcant* and I to command for his Service. And to let us see what a good Opinion he had of us, and that he meant to protect us, he caus'd all his Army to be drawn out, and chose for us the best arm'd Companies in it. The Number of his Soldiers was very great, and made a wonderful

derful Appearance in the Plain; there were at least fourscore thousand Men, most of them on Horseback with Bows and a great many Arrows which hung in a Quiver at their Back, the *Scythians* being very skilful Archers, tho' they shoot on Horseback; for pretending to fly, they suddenly turn themselves in their Saddle, and never miss shooting full in the Stomach of the Enemy that pursues them.

The Review being ended, the King ask'd *Orcant* what was his Opinion of his Army? He answer'd, that he had not yet seen all the Enemies; but that as far as he had seen of them, the *Pyrians* were advanc'd too far to hurt him, and that if he would march against them, he did not think they would have the Boldness to stand the Attack. The King answer'd, that the Success of a Battle was always doubtful, let the Advantage of the Ground or of Men be never so great, and that for this Reason he had always chosen rather to spare his Soldiers, than to run the Risque of sacrificing them thro' too much Precipitation; governing his Kingdom not as his own, but as belonging to his People, who he knew lov'd him more than they fear'd him, and therefore he thought it his Duty to preserve them by all possible Means, amongst which he had try'd the safest, namely, not to expose himself to the Fury of the Enemy,

but

but only to put a Stop to their Violence, and to cool their Heat by Degrees, by blocking up the Passage of the *Boristhenes*, which the *Pyrians* durst not attempt, for fear of being attack'd before they were half over: Yet that his Enemies might not carry off the Glory of having provok'd him, without his having ventur'd to receive them; since the Gods had been pleas'd to send to his Assistance Strangers, whose Experience and Wisdom he had already made a Tryal of, he was resolv'd to send a Salute to them under our Command, and had to that Intent chosen from among all his Troops, those he had seen, by the Means of which he assur'd himself he might do him some good Service, because he would find them obedient and ready to execute his Commands.

Having rang'd his Soldiers in this Manner, and given them to our Conduct, he said further to us: I this Day conjure you, O generous Cavaliers, to shew that the Esteem I hold you in is not in vain; go and effect your Resolutions without asking me what I would have done; for in the different Changes which happen in War, the greatest Confidence ought to be repos'd in him who commands, and in the Obedience of the Soldiers.

*Orcant*, having taken Leave of the King of *Morocco*, and chosen three Interpreters for



for our Guides, made a second Review of his Troops, and gave me Part of them to command. They consisted of eight thousand Horse, and an hundred Chariots, in each of which were four Archers with two hundred Arrows, each Chariot being drawn by two Horses, and driven by a Man who sat in the Fore-part of it, and had in his Hand besides a Whip, a Bow and some Darts, which he made Use of if there was Occasion. With these few Men, who were far from being enow to attack the *Pyrian* Army, which consisted of above an hundred and twenty thousand Horse, *Orcant* resolv'd to cut them out Work enough ; for having already experienc'd the ill Watch they kept behind their Camp, and seeing his Men were very bold, he decamp'd about Midnight, and at the same Time sent the King a Memorial, wherein he desir'd him to discover, by one of his Spies, next Day, what the Enemy was doing, and if he heard any Confusion in their Camp, to pretend presently to pass the *Boristhenes*, in order to attack them, but without presently venturing to do it.

This first Night our March was very long, and so secret, that 'twas impossible to discover us. The Way was the same *Orcant* went before ; so that finding himself near the Enemy, and knowing their Negligence, he set his Men in Order in the Night-

time, so that the Enemy might see us towards Break of Day. He form'd a Squadron of four thousand Horse, which he caus'd to advance, to begin the Skirmish, founding their Cornets of Bone, which they made Use of instead of Trumpets. Upon this Alarm the *Pyrians* were very much terrify'd, and the lightest arm'd of them were sent out to *reconnoitre* what we were; but they were warmly repuls'd. Yet they reported to their King, that there were not very many of us. *Pir*, which was the King's Name, caus'd about six or seven thousand Horse to advance against us, who, they thought, furiously repuls'd *Orcant's* Fore-runners, which giving Way to the Enemy, retir'd a-side of my Squadron, making Use of me as a Left Wing, and by giving back drew the Enemy so far on, that our Chariots were all at their Backs. The first Chariot which stood towards the Enemy presently wheel'd to the Right, and was follow'd by all the rest, and when the rest of our Horse discover'd themselves, and attack'd the *Pyrians*, who were by this Means surrounded on all Sides, the Enemy were all miserably massacred.

*Orcant's* Troops being spread out along the Field upon this Occasion, shew'd much more numerous than they had done as they were rang'd before; and being perceiv'd by the Enemy's Army in that Posture, *Pir* began

gan to be afraid, thinking it was some Succour come to the King of *Morocco* from the *Agathyfes*, or the *Roxolanians*, who had always been his mortal Enemies. On the other Hand, Advice was brought him of that King's being about passing the River, and of his having already fasten'd several Boats together for that Purpose. *Pir* was so confounded at this, that, without any farther Consultation, he presently commanded his Army to turn Head, and retreat towards the River *Tanais*. The King of *Morocco*, who plainly saw his Enemies were dislodging, did not yet care, either for the Hopes of Booty or Revenge, to pass the River, to follow them, fearing some Stratagem which might not easily be remedy'd: Or cant neither would not advance any farther, contenting himself with the Honour he had gain'd, by beating Part of the Enemy. Yet some Prisoners being brought to him, who assur'd him of the Dislodgment of the *Pyriens*, he fell upon their very Camp, where his Men got no small Plunder. The King seeing this Defeat of his Enemy, presently caus'd a Bridge to be rais'd over the River, in order to pass it with his Army, which refresh'd it self with the Provisions *Pir* had left in great Quantities.

The King of *Morocco* after this went to *Olbia*, which is situated near the *Boristhenes*, on a Canal drawn from that River, for the Conve-

Conveniency of the City. As after what *Orcant* and I had done for him, we were not a little in his Esteem, he would have had us taken Part in the Pleasures and Triumphs he meant to celebrate upon a Victory, which seem'd to promise his Dominions as much Repose as Glory: But our Impatience to see *Leonice* not suffering us to stay there so long, the King permitted us to go to her. We were no sooner arriv'd, but we went immediately into the Tent where we had left her at our Departure; but the King's Favour was of no Use to us upon this Occasion, and all our Search was in vain; for *Leonice* was not to be found, and all we could learn about her was, that she went away in the Night with one of her Slaves, and that it was not likely they were gone far, because they had left all their Goods behind them. *Orcant* having ask'd where those were, and being shew'd them by the Slaves, look'd them all over exactly in my Presence; and his Spirits being less disorder'd than mine, he search'd so narrowly, that he found a Letter written with *Leonice's* own Hand, containing these Words.

270 Alcidalis and Zelida ; or,

LEONICE to the generous OR-  
CANT, and the brave ZELI-  
DAN.

**H**AVING no body whom I could trust to tell you what I have to let you know, my Hand must do the Office of my Mouth, to inform you, that the Treachery of the Interpreter the King gave us is so great, that the Villain had the Impudence to attempt my Honour; and because he could not succeed in so odious a Design, he swore he would be reveng'd of my Virtue, and use any Violence whatsoever to destroy it. To avoid such a Misfortune, I chuse rather to expose myself to the Inhumanity of a barbarous People, and even to the Rage of the wildest Beasts, than to remain at the Mercy of such a Man: Therefore I bid you farewell, perhaps for the last Time. Yet I confide in the Goodness of Heaven, which has already preserv'd us from so many Dangers; or, if I must at last succumb under so great a Load of Misfortunes, at least be pleas'd to remember

*The miserable* LEONICE.

This Letter having inform'd us of her Misfortune, Grief almost drove us to Despair, to think that we had fought so long to no Purpose, for the Life of one whom at last

we



*The Undaunted LADY.* 221

we could not save. We thought we could not make our Resentment a more agreeable Sacrifice, than by taking Vengeance on the Interpreter, who had been so perfidious to us. *Orcant* would have made him a Victim to his Fury, but I hinder'd him, by representing, that to come off with the King, more honourably, it would be better to implore the Succour of his Justice. He took my Advice, and we immediately return'd to the King at his Palace in *Olbia*, where we made our Complaints to the King, and demanded Satisfaction for the Violence the Interpreter would have offer'd to *Leonice*. For Proof of what we said, I shew'd him the Letter of that unhappy Woman: The King caus'd it to be interpreted to him by another Interpreter, and immediately promis'd, that the Punishment should equal the Greatness of the Crime. He therefore presently sent for all the Slaves that were left in the Pavillion, and commanded the Officers of Justice to seize the Interpreter, which they executed with as much Fidelity as Diligence, for they brought him away, without telling him any thing more, than that they made him Prisoner by the King's Order. Being before his Majesty, *Leonice's* Letter was read to him; he impudently deny'd all, and alledg'd, that she had only done it for a Colour to her Flight. Upon this the Slaves were examin'd apart, and

varying in their Answers, they were put to the Rack; some bore it with unparalel'd Resolution; but most of them, without enduring the Torment, confess'd the Force the Interpreter would have us'd upon the Person of *Leonice*. They were, upon this Confession, confronted with the Criminal, who, changing Colour several Times, vary'd from his first Answers, and at last confess'd the Crime he was too justly accus'd of. The King having heard this Confession, instead of pardoning a Fault so base and unworthy of his Clemency, condemn'd the Interpreter to be impal'd, which was in a few Hours afterwards executed out of the City.

After this Execution, the King thank'd us for the Service we had done him against the Enemies of his Country, and desir'd us to stay with him, offering us the most considerable Posts in his Kingdom, besides Persons to go in Search of the miserable *Leonice*, both by Land and Sea. *Orcant* first return'd him Thanks for the Justice he had been pleas'd to do us, and then conjur'd him to give us Leave to go to *Rhodes*, where he hop'd we might hear Tidings of her either from *France*, or *Italy*, by means of the Knights which that Island receives from all the Provinces of *Europe*; begging him to furnish us with what we should want in our Voyage, and in our Search of *Leonice*. The King took his Request in good part, and

and gave him a Chariot richly adorn'd, and cover'd within with Plates of Gold; he also made me some Presents, and order'd about a dozen Persons for our Guards and Guides. Thus equipp'd, we took our Leaves of the King, who was not a little concern'd at our Separation; we too were very much griev'd at it, but we promis'd his Majesty, if ever Fortune prov'd favourable to us, we would again do our selves the Honour to see him. After these Protestations I mounted with *Orcant* into the Chariot, which was presently follow'd by six others sent along with us by the King.

In this Equipage we went towards the *Danube*, which having cross'd, we took the Way to *Mezembria*, where we rested some Time before we went into *Asia Minor*, from thence going along by the Side of the *Propontis* and the *Archipelago*, we saw, by the Way, *Mitilene*, *Smyrna*, and *Ephesus*. At last, after a long Journey, which we took round about, to avoid *Byzantium*, we arriv'd at *Halicarnassus*, where we intended to stay till Heaven should send us some favourable Opportunity of going into *Italy* or *France*. Of all the Chariots which came along with us, we took with us only that which the King of *Morocco* had given us, the others remain'd at *Ephesus*, till the Return of the People that accompany'd us. As we enter'd into the City of *Halicarnassus*, I saw in

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the Street a young Woman, dress'd after the Manner of the *Morocco* Slaves; this I presently shew'd *Orcant*, who, touch'd with the same Sentiments that I was, conceiv'd the same Hopes. Both of us, incited by Curiosity, stopp'd her; and because she was dress'd like a Slave, we ask'd her who she belong'd to. At first she seem'd surpris'd, either at our talking to her in the *Scythian* Tongue, which we had some slight Knowledge of, or at our Faces, which had nothing in them like those of the Nation whose Dress we imitated; yet looking on me for some time, she in return took the Liberty to ask us, if we did not come from the Camp of the King of *Morocco*. Our Answer having satisfy'd her Desire, her Joy and our Happiness were visible upon her Forehead, and her Ravishment having taken away her Speech, she invited us by an agreeable Silence to follow her. The poor Girl, to whom Impatience seem'd to have lent Wings, got before us a little Way, and entring into a House, left us in the Street, where lifting up our Eyes we saw a Lady at the Window, who seem'd very much mov'd; the little Time she stay'd there, would not suffer us to observe her much, but we were very much surpriz'd, when coming to the Door, we knew it to be *Leonice*. This Meeting seem'd to both of us as that of a Son rais'd from the Dead, who is met

by

by his Mother; Kisses and Embraces, Tears of Joy, and all the Tenderneſſes imaginable, were the Compliments I made to *Leonice*: *Orcant* would not interrupt us, but whilst we were in these Transports, he went and took Care to see the Attendants the King had sent with us honourably accommodated, which having acquitted himself of with as much Generosity as Courtesy, he let them know we had found *Leonice*, and that they need not go any farther, our Design being to stay some Time at *Halicarnassus*, where he desir'd them to refresh themselves at his Charge as long as they pleas'd.

The *Scythians*, tho' a barbarous and unpollish'd People, thank'd *Orcant* for the Offers he made them, and told him, that being us'd to the Country, they did not find so much Repose in Cities, wherefore they desir'd him to give them Leave to return the next Day, and in the mean Time to write to their King. *Orcant* leaving them for that Night at their Lodgings, came to me and *Leonice*, and desir'd her to write; to the intent that what she writ now being conformable to the Letter she had left, and which had been a Witness against the Interpreter, it might be a farther Proof of his Crime. *Leonice*, who paid great Deference to the Sentiments of *Orcant*, was easily persuaded, and not to lose Time, she satisfy'd his Request, in Words much like these.



**LEONICE** to the King of the  
Scythians.

**S I R,**

**I** Must be as ungrateful as your Majesty is just, if the same Hand which took the Liberty to send you my Complaints, did not also send you my Thanks for the Justice you have been pleas'd to do to her, who was once the most wretched Woman upon Earth, but is now, thro' your Goodness, the most happy. By this Virtue, which you have given a Proof of, you have clearly shew'd how much you love your Subjects, since, to revenge the Wrong done to a Stranger, you have not spar'd your Subjects themselves: This I will publish to the Extremities of the World, that all may know your Generosity, and the Obligations I lie under to you, which I can never repay, but by confessing my self for ever

Your

**LEONICE.**

This Letter, with one from Orcant, and another from me, wherein we express'd our Acknowledgment of the Favours the King had done us, we gave to the Scythians, who the next Day took Leave of us,

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to go to the City of Olbia; and we remain'd at *Halicarnassus*, where *Leonice*, upon our entreating her to tell us the Particularities of her last Disaster, satisfy'd our Curiosity, by relating them as follows.



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CONTINUATION  
OF THE  
HISTORY  
OF  
LEONICE;  
OR, THE  
*Perfidious Interpreter.*



Hilst you, dear *Orcant*, and you, generous *Zelidan*, fought for the King of *Morocco* against his Enemies, I fought for my self against his Subjects; and I did that by my Virtue, for the Sake of my Honour, which, by the  
3 Force

Force of Courage you did for your Glory. You were inform'd by the Letter I left in the Pavilion where we parted, of the Passion I rais'd in the Interpreter, whom the King appointed to serve me, and by the same you know how he endeavour'd to use the last Violence upon my Honour; therefore I shall pass over that, contenting my self with telling you, that in spite of all he could do, I forc'd him to retire with Shame. Indignation succeeded to this Affront, and Menaces to Compliments; so that to avoid his Treachery, I chose rather to expose myself to the greatest of Dangers, than to give myself up to his Revenge. When Day came, I declar'd to this Woman, in whom I have always found a great deal of Affection and Fidelity, the Resolution I had form'd of going wheresoever Heaven should conduct me: She, out of the Love she bore me, offer'd to bear me Company; knowing that if she stay'd there, 'twould be all one as seeking her own Death. We immediately put our Design in Execution; and notwithstanding the Darkness of the Night, which was very great, we set upon our Journey, to fly from our Enemy and his Spies. We travel'd four or five Hours that Night without any Molestation, because there were no Centinels set round the Camp after you had driven away the *Pyrians*, and  
about

about Break of Day we came to the Banks of the River *Araxes*, where having spy'd a Fisher-boat slightly fasten'd to the Shore, we made use of it to cross the River, and this my Companion got me over with great Dexterity and Success. Being come to the other Side we perceiv'd some Chariots cover'd with Brass, which made us believe there were some *Scythians* in them, for those People have no other Houses. But we soon afterwards found there were only some Women in them, their Husbands and the biggest of their Children being gone to hunting, which made us the bolder to ask them for some Victuals. They freely gave us of what they had, and our Meal was soon got ready, there being no need of great Preparations, since it consisted only of some Milk, Fruit, and other Things of that Kind. After this little Refreshment, we continu'd our Journey towards the River *Tyrias*; but we had hardly got half a League from thence, when looking behind us we could see across a great Plain a Chariot drawn with incredible Swiftnes by two Horses, and two Dogs ty'd behind it. As every thing is Occasion of Terror to those that are already afraid, I own I was not in a little Apprehension; neither was it without good Reason, for it was the Interpreter who had follow'd us by our Foot-steps all that Way, and was resolv'd



to have pursu'd us to the Extremities of the Earth. Being come to the River *Araxes*, and hearing we had pass'd it, it is not to be doubted but he was very much enrag'd; and there I believe it was he pick'd up the Dogs which were ty'd to his Chariot. The *Scythian* Dogs are naturally cruel and strong, and there are some who do not fear even to face a Tyger or a Lyon: Their Bodies are very large and their Bark extreamly loud. When the Bitches are proud, their Masters carry them into the Forrests to be lin'd by Tygers, that their Whelps may partake of their Cruelty and Strength. The Fear we conceiv'd at this Sight added Wings to our Feet; and as our Safety depended upon our Flight, we ran into a Cave which was at the Bottom of a Valley under the *Amadarian* Mountains, whence the Rivers *Tyrus* and *Araxes* fetch their Source. We had not got far into the Cave, when the Interpreter came to it, and knowing we were gone into it by the Prints of our Feet, he made a Soldier he had brought with him get down out of the Chariot and go in to look for us. The Man thinking he heard some Noise in it, goes in further, tho' 'twas so dark he could not see his Hand; which added to his Fear, so that he bawl'd out as loud as he could in his Language; come out quickly to my Master,

fter, Run-away, or wheresoever you are hid, he'll let loose his Dogs, who will soon find you and punish your Rashness. At this Noise a Tyger came out from the further Part of the Cave, beat him suddenly down to the Ground and tore him to Pieces, greedily devouring Part of his Body, and carrying the rest with her for her Whelps. The Interpreter, not seeing his Man return, came to the Entry of the Cave, and calls with a loud Voice, but finding he call'd in vain, he let loose one of his Dogs, which smelling the Blood of a Man, runs directly to the Place where his Nose guided him; but the Tyger meeting him, fell upon him; they strove together a long Time, but at last the Dog was worsted and strangled by the Tyger, which fighting in Defence of its Young, was more strong and furious than ordinary. The Interpreter hearing the Noise, suspected what was the Matter; wherefore he unty'd his other Dog, which met with the same Reception as the first; so that our Enemy, being left defenceless, was forc'd to return the Way he came, and leave us to our Destiny.

During this Fight we were very much afraid, and tho' we did not know but the Tyger might afterwards turn his Fury against us, yet we nevertheless wish'd him the Victory. But our Fright was over, when

when by his going to his Whelps, at the very Bottom of the Cave, he shew'd he was satisfy'd with the Blood he had so freely shed. Upon this Assurance we went out of the Cave, and travelling all Night with a great deal of Expedition, we found our selves in the Morning near a Company of Shepherds, who were going towards *Mesembria*. Through the Procurement of this my Companion, I mixt myself with them, and receiv'd more Assistance from them than I could possibly expect; for they gave me part of their Provisions, and courteously accommodated me as well as they were able. Our greatest Trouble was to pass the *Danube*, (which in that Part is one of the broadest Rivers in *Europe*) in order to avoid the Country thro' which it falls into the *Euxin* Sea, with all its Mouths. We had always inclin'd towards the *West*, because it had been very inconvenient for us to have been inclos'd by so many Streams. From the Place at which we came, to the River *Danube*, we could see the City *Diogenia*, but we durst not go into it, for fear of being too narrowly observ'd, and known to be Strangers. Travelling therefore along the Side of this River, in order to find some Way how to cross it, we were a great while before we met with one; till at last the Shepherds thought  
of

of felling some Trees, of which they made Floats, and tying them together, we upon them expos'd our selves to the Mercy of the Water, and of Fortune: By this Means we successfully came to the opposite Side, and there return'd Thanks to Heaven for the Mercy it had shewn us. Some Days afterwards we went and refresh'd our selves at *Mesembria*, in which City we stay'd some Time, hoping that after the *Scythian* Wars, you might come thither; but not thinking my self safe among the *Thracians*, I resolv'd to come to *Halicarnassus*; where at length, after long Sorrows and Afflictions, Heaven has granted me the Happiness of seeing you again.

When *Leonice* had ended the Relation of her Adventures, we admir'd her Resolution and Virtue. *Orcant* himself, who till then had only shewn her a complaisant Friendship, had then a particular Esteem for her Merit, and told me that if it were not for my Interest, which he had sworn never to oppose, his Value for her might have grown even to Love. He believ'd, because he had seen me embrace her at parting, I intended to marry her. I made no Answer to what he said, which observing, he continu'd and told me, that he would be contented with *Leonice's* Friendship, and gave his Consent to my  
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possessing her. She, to whom I had before discover'd my Sex, pretended to give my Addresses a favourable Reception, and told me in *Orcant's* Presence, that I should be the Bounds of her Inclinations and Desires.

Whilst we liv'd thus happily, and Heaven seem'd to look upon us with an Eye of Favour, Fortune, which 'till then had always persecuted us, began to do it again; for as we were leaving *Halicarnassus*, in a Ship bound for *Mestria*, we were taken by several Ships which surrounded ours, and carry'd to their Generals, whom we knew to be of *Morocco*, having seen them in the Army of the King of *Morocco*. They receiv'd us with all imaginable Civility, and promis'd to carry us to the Place where we meant to go. Afterwards they told us that they were going to cut off the Passage of the *Pyrians*, who intended to usurp their Country, which we soon afterwards saw; for the Enemy made a great Fire with their Artillery all the Way as they came. I need not give you the Particulars of what pass'd in the Battle, because you your self was in it: I shall only tell you that our Admiral was press'd so home, that 'twas impossible for him to resist; for several Fire-ships surrounding him, so artfully set Fire, to the Vessel he was in that  
not



not one could be sav'd. For my Part, I fix'd my self to the Mast, and there call'd upon the Gods for Succour, which they sent me by your Hands. Thus *Zelida* concluded her History.

*Alcidalis* afterwards told *Zelida* all that had happen'd to him from her Departure. As for *Lisander*, he was almost in Despair, when he represented to his Mind the Death of his *Leonice*, who he thought certainly perish'd in the Battel; and as they approach'd *Rhodes*, they all resolv'd to stay there for some Time. They were scarce come thither, when they heard that the *Rhodians* having gain'd a signal Victory over the *Turks*, who had besieg'd *Gazella*, in order to pour in Troops afterwards upon the rest of the Island, were celebrating divers sports, and giving the People publick Spectacles to shew their Joy. And to give an Idea of the Dangers they had expos'd themselves to for the Defence of their Country, they intended to have a Battle between savage Beasts, which the Ambassador of *Getulia* had sent for from *Africa*, for the Pleasure of those illustrious Knights, whom Heaven seems to have establish'd for the Protection of that Island. *Alcidalis* and *Zelida* prevail'd upon *Lisander* to go to see that Sight, which was free for every Body; and as the Nobility of that Nati-

on are extreamly courteous to Strangers, they seated them in very advantageous Places. But the Shew prov'd fatal; for after they had given themselves the Satisfaction of seeing a single Combat between some of those Beasts, and had put them all together, that they might fight all in general confusedly, a Scaffold laden with People happen'd to break, and its Fall was so violent, that it dragg'd with it part of that which was next to it, whereon were a great many Ladies and Gentlemen. The Disorder and Confusion upon this Accident was very great, but the Consequences of it prov'd much more fatal; for the wild Beasts ran all at once amidst the Men and Women with so much Fury, that they tore several to Pieces before any Succour could be brought. Fear having seiz'd all that were present, *Alcidalis* was not only incited by a noble Desire to go to the Assistance of so many Persons, but the Danger such Multitudes of Ladies were in, made him blind to all private Considerations, and oblig'd him to leap from his Seat to succour them. Among so many Objects of Pity, there was one which seem'd more moving than all the rest; and tho' to get to her Aid, he must go through all the wild Beasts, he did it with so much Courage, that there was no Body but

but what were amaz'd at the Valour with which he kill'd and wounded a great Number of those Beasts; so that by dispersing them, he sav'd several People, and came just in Time to save a Lady from the Claws of a Tyger which had seiz'd her. In this bold Enterprize he made such good Use of his Valour, that just as the Tyger was about to devour that unfortunate Woman, it was forc'd to leave her, and give way to the Violence of the Blow *Alcidalis* struck upon its Head; but he was in no small Danger for having so enrag'd the Tyger, which leap'd upon his Shoulders, and threw him to the Ground; but he soon rose, and the Danger he was in adding fresh Strength to his Courage, after having receiv'd some few Scratches, he cut off one of the Tyger's Claws, and ran her through with his Sword. Then making use of this Advantage, without losing Time, he took the Lady by the Hand, and having put her in a Place where she might be safe, he ran again among the Beasts, and deliver'd several others, thinking himself the happiest Man in the World, in having perform'd an Action so uncommon and dangerous. His Example encourag'd all the Knights, that were Witnesses of so noble a Deed, to assist him; the Fight was very bold, but the Presence of the  
 Knights

Knights of *Rhodes*, who expos'd themselves more than any, and the Honour of saving so many Persons of Quality who were like to be destroy'd, was a powerful Spur to those that had any sense of Honour, to make them run the greatest Risques. Entreaties, Commands, Promises, and Threats, push'd on the less Valiant; but as for *Alcidalis*, Virtue alone was his Motive: He was back'd by *Zelida*, *Lisander*, and afterwards by twenty or thirty Knights, who fought bravely; but the rest, they made not the least Noise till the Danger was over, and the Fight ended. Some came in arm'd at all Points, when there was no further Need of 'em; and others fled so far that Day, that they could not get Home till the next. There were also some who had hid themselves under the Scaffolds, and as during the Battel they durst not come out for fear of being devour'd, so afterwards they could hardly be prevail'd upon to shew themselves, for fear of being mock'd. After this Disorder was quieted, the City gave great Rewards to all who had behav'd themselves well upon that Occasion, and honour'd them with several noble Titles, which were ever after a Glory to those who had so worthily acquir'd them. Moreover, that their Justice might be in every thing compleat, they forgave the old Men whose

240 *Alcidalis and Zelida ; or,*

whose Hearts had fail'd them, but caus'd several Soldiers, who had shew'd themselves Cowards, to be shot to Death; and degraded a great many young Knights, who, through want of Courage, had been the Occasion of shedding more humane Blood. Tho' *Alcidalis* had render'd himself the most remarkable of all, by having been the first that fac'd the Danger, and thro' the Quality of those he sav'd, yet he had a mind to shew, that all the Reward he desir'd for this Action, was the Satisfaction of having perform'd it; and therefore, looking upon the Recompences of the *Rhodians* as unworthy of his Courage, to avoid them, he gave the Company the slip as soon as possible; but he was follow'd by the Lady he first deliver'd, and who, during the whole Fight, had never taken her Eyes off him, shewing by their Motions, her Fear of losing, and Desire of preserving him; neither would she retire, till she was assur'd of the Safety of her Protector, by seeing an End of the Danger. Being thus unexpectedly stopp'd, he seem'd a little surpriz'd; but *Zelida*, who had follow'd *Alcidalis*, was much more so; when she knew that this was *Leonice*, who she believ'd had miserably perish'd. At this Sight her Joy redoubled, together with her Admiration, and her Lover's having sav'd her Friend from Death, had like



like to cost her her Life, through the Excess of her Transports: Whilst this happy Rencounter stopp'd them, the principal Men of the City came to *Alcidalis*, and after great Compliments, for a Mark of his Valour they presented him with a Sword, whose Workmanship was extreamly curious. Two Serpents intertwin'd form'd the Guard of it; the natural Colour of the Scales was represented by little Emeralds and Saphir-Stones, together with a beautiful Enamel of Grey and Red for the Handle; it had a Scepter of Rubies, and its Pummel was an Eye artfully carv'd with a great many Diamonds, and other precious Stones, which increas'd its Value. As for the Blade, it was Phœnician, all dy'd with Flames and Trophies; in the midst of which, were grav'd these Words for a Device, *Love and Honour*. In short, 'twas worthy the Magnificence of the *Rhodians* and the Courage of *Alcidalis*, who receiv'd it with a Promise of using it for the Service of those who had given him so magnificent a Present.

The Knights having had such ill Success in the first Shew they had given the People, were resolv'd to blot out the Horror of that by other Diversions less dangerous and more agreeable, and join'd to Balls and Dances, Plays, Sports, and Tur-

L naments;

naments; in a Word, every Thing that could be thought of, to make Sorrow give Way to Rejoycings. *Alcidalis*, on this Occasion, shew'd his Skill and gentile Mien by the Name of the Strange Knight. He out-shone the finest Qualities of the most famous in that Nation; he had so Majestic a Beauty, that when he appear'd in any Action, he never fail'd to gain the Affection and good Will of all the Spectators, so that every Body wish'd him innumerable Prosperities; and it is plain his Merit had a powerful Ascendant over that of all the rest, since, tho' his Perfections were so extreamly great, he caus'd more Admiration than Envy in a Court where the Diversity of Nations is more apt to produce Emulation and Jealousy. Among this great Number of Persons who devoted themselves to him, none was so much charm'd with him as *Zelida*; for regarding him as a Man to whom she was oblig'd for Life, she never look'd upon him but with Eyes full of Admiration and Love; and indeed she never look'd off of him, for in the sole Consideration of so perfect a Gentleman, she plac'd the highest Point of the Felicity of her Life. Yet there was a secret Combat in the Recesses of her Soul, her Fear and her Desires every Moment producing different Effects, and her Modesty join'd to her Discretion, oppos-

sing

sing her Love and Impatience. Every Time she saw him set forth from the List, *Zelida* thought she should never more see her dear *Alcidalis*; so that she always follow'd him with her Eyes to the End of the Carrier, and when she saw him returning, her Heart leap'd for Joy at his Safety. But if *Alcidalis* approach'd her, her Colour grew higher and redder, as if his Looks had inflam'd her, or the Fire of her Heart had extended even to her Cheeks. As for *Alcidalis*, all he did, gave undoubted Assurance of his Passion.

After the Combats were ended, the lesser Favours were distributed by the Judges of the Field, but the Ladies were desir'd to give the greater to those who were most worthy of them. *Hidaspes*, a Gentleman of *Rhodes*, won that of the Ring, and receiv'd it from the Hand of a Lady nam'd *Medina*, whom he passionately lov'd, with a mutual Satisfaction to both of them. Another Knight call'd *Alidor*, had that of the Barrier-Combat, and begg'd it with a great deal of Respect; but he receiv'd it from an insolent Beauty nam'd *Lucia*, with so manifest a Distain, that it had been certainly better for him if he had been less successful, or had had less Skill. Lastly, *Alcidalis* was call'd to receive from *Zelida* the Recompence of his Virtue; and upon this Occasion it was that something more

was observ'd in him than an ordinary Complaisance ; and as he very well knew which was to be his Prize, he neglected all the others : He pull'd off his Head-piece, and shewing to all who were present his beautiful Hair, and the Graces of his Countenance ; there was none but what admir'd him, and were equally charm'd with his Dexterity and Modesty. He first made a low Bow to the Knights and Ladies, then turning to *Zelida*, he accosted her with a Respect which could proceed from nothing but Love ; and as a Mark of extraordinary Submission, he contented himself with kissing her Hands ; and with his Eyes fix'd on the Ground, Madam, said he to her, will you please to give me Leave to beg you to reward the good Fortune I have had ? At these Words, *Zelida*, in the greatest Confusion, generous *Alcidalis*, reply'd she, with a Face full of Sweetness and Love, the Present you now receive from my Hand, is but a small Testimony of your Virtue, and the great Obligations I lie under to you. Divine *Zelida*, answer'd *Alcidalis*, pronouncing his Words with some Difficulty, the Honour I this Day receive from the most perfect Creature upon Earth, is too glorious a Reward for all the Services I am able to do you. This little Discourse was but too plain a Proof of the Passions they entertain'd

tain'd for each other, and the Master of the Ceremonies perceiv'd something of it when he presented *Alcidalis* to her; but he look'd upon it to be only an Effect of Civility and Complaisance. *Zelida* then gave him a fine Scarf, and offering him her Hand to Kiss, *Alcidalis*, says she, I give you these Bonds in return of those I have receiv'd from you. He made no Answer to this; but his Eyes, by a dumb Eloquence, did the Office of his Mouth, and his Civilities ended by an humble Bow. So soon as he was retir'd from *Zelida*, a soft Murmur was spread amidst that Multitude of People, who thereby plainly shew'd how well they approv'd of the general Esteem which was testify'd for that Cavalier.

All the Prizes being thus distributed, the People began to retire; when of a sudden a confus'd Noise was heard amongst the Populace, who all made Way for a new Spectacle, which unexpectedly appear'd before those who were present: A Knight richly dress'd, and very well mounted upon a white Horse sumptuously harness'd, rode into the Lists. His Dress was after the *Arabian* Fashion, and he had a *Persian* Scimitar by his Side. In this Equipage he made Way thro' the Mob, and advanc'd accompany'd by a Lady. *Leonice*, who was absent because of some Indisposition, could not be there in the Morning; but



being told that the Turnament was not over, she rose and took a Javelin in her Hand with a Resolution to conquer. In this Condition she came to the Place where *Alcidalis* sat; she was no sooner there, than the Trumpets having given the Signal, she march'd out against the *Arabian* Knight, who receiv'd her, and afterwards set out against each other in so full a Speed, that they made their Lances fly into Shivers, by a mutual Encounter, wherein neither had the Advantage. This first Combat being over, they drew their Swords, and the *Arabian* Knight having struck so heavy a Blow on the Head of his Adversary, that he struck off his Helmet, was just going to second it, when he was stop't by the Acclamation of the People, and of *Alcidalis*, who knew this to be the Lady he had preserv'd six Days before from the Fury of the Beasts. Alas! what a Condition was *Lisander* in, when he knew that the Person to whom he had given such ill Treatment, was his dear *Leonice*! He ran after her, and Transports of Joy succeeding to his Surprize, he esteem'd himself the happiest of Mortals, when he consider'd that he had gain'd a Prize which he thought effac'd the Lustre and Magnificence of all the rest: but his Joy was soon dash'd by an Effect quite contrary to what he had imagin'd; for *Leonice*, with a severe Accent,

cent, and a serious Countenance, began to speak to him these Words.

What are your Hopes, *Lisander*, and what your Pretensions? Am I then so inconsiderable to you, that a Stranger is able to wound you so deeply at the first Meeting, and to triumph so easily over you, in spite of my Courage and your Glory? Ah! *Lisander*, how faithless you are, and how just is Heaven in reducing you to the Ebb you are now at! Yes, since the *Arabian* Beauties are powerful enough to make you take Arms against all the Knights upon Earth, I advise you to fix your Affections upon them, and gain their good Graces at the Price of your Valour: For my Part, I give Way to their Merit; and not to obstruct your Happiness, I give you your Liberty, and renounce the Weak Inclination my Vanity promis'd me from you. Your Complaints, charming *Leonice*, (reply'd *Lisander*) are very eloquent, but extremely unjust, and I am no less amaz'd at hearing you talk in this Manner, than at seeing you in this Equipage, by which you seem to have had a Design to surprise me: But Heaven, which knows my Fidelity, and the Sincerity of my Intentions, has bless'd my Conduct with a Success as happy as your Enterprize had been fatal to me, if my Courage had not generously fought for my Love. Yes, charming

ing *Leonice*, suffer me to send back the Dart you lanc'd at me, and forgive me if I take the Liberty to accuse you of a Crime which you unjustly lay to my Charge, since, if I have made a false Step, 'tis only by your Example; for by exposing your self to the Ambition of so many Knights, whose Conquest you might be, you gave Birth to the Desire which in me you condemn. I do not condemn, reply'd *Leonice*, the Desire you had to fight, since that was only the Effect of your Generosity; but I blame your Injustice in demanding of me a Prize which was not propos'd to you, and which upon this Occasion was neither the Object of your Hopes nor of your Love. You fought for an *Arabian* Lady, and the Expectation of a Return from her, was what enliven'd your Courage. In short, you have conquer'd; 'tis but just you reap the Fruit of your Victory: But that I should be your Reward, is what you ought not to pretend to, since you did not enter the Field for *Leonice*, but for a Lady wholly unknown. Ah! *Leonice*, answer'd *Lisander*, you alone must be my Reward, since Nature made you the Miracle you are, and Art presented to your Eyes this *Arabian*, who was to be the Prize of my Valour, and the Fruit of my Victory.

This

This Dispute lasted a great while; and *Lisander*, notwithstanding his being Victor, was upon the Brink of being vanquish'd by the Cunning of *Leonice*, who combated his Arguments with so much Subtilty, that he almost thought himself unhappy in having had too much Happiness. But at last she yielded to *Lisander's* Addresses, thro' the Intercession of *Alcidalis* and *Zelida*; and this Debate was concluded in this agreeable Manner. This Company went to *Leontius's*, a Knight of *Rhodes*, who had before entertain'd them at his Palace, and the next Day they departed to go to *Italy*. They had scarce got sixteen Miles from *Rhodes*, when they learnt of a Man who fled, the Misfortune which happen'd to the *Rhodians*; for that amiable Republick, whilst it was yet singing Songs of Victory and Triumph, was forc'd to lay aside Instruments of Musick, to take up Arms against the *Eyzantines*, who came to assail it with an Army so much the more formidable, as the great *Solyman* was there in Person. This Man gave them an Account of the Particulars of this War, and said the Attacks and Defences were so hot, that 'twas long uncertain which Side would have the Victory; but that the *Byzantines* had briskly push'd on their Attacks both by Sea and Land, and in spite of all the Resistance of the *Rhodians*, *Bellona* declar'd  
for

for the Besiegers, who soon made themselves Masters of the City, and triumph'd over those by whom they had before been overcome: And that as for the Citizens, they found some Comfort in the Clemency of *Solyman*; who contented himself with their Obedience, without requiring any other Advantage from his Conquest; but that as for him, he had lost his Son in this Battel, whom he lov'd more than his Eyes, and for that Reason intended to search him throughout the whole Earth.

*Alcidalis*, having heard out this short Narration, was very much griev'd for what had happen'd to the Knights of *Rhodes*, and was sorry he had left the Place so soon, hoping he might have shewn his Valour and Courage: But finding there was no Remedy, he resolv'd to continue his Journey with his little Company; and the Heat of the Sun being great, and perceiving a little Forest wherein they might shade themselves from it, they rested there, and took what Refreshment they stood in need of. But while they were in the Wood, they suddenly heard a Cry of several Voices, which made them apprehensive there was some Danger. They presently got up, and because it began to grow dark, they quicken'd their Speed, so that they soon came to the Place whence the Cry seem'd to proceed. But they



they were very much surpris'd when they saw a Man singly defending himself against ten, who design'd to murder him. *Alcidalis*, at the Sight of this unmanlike Action, being mov'd by his natural Humanity, ran to his Assistance, and was back'd by *Lisander*, making a strange Massacre of the Villains. The Gentleman, who but little expected such generous Assistance, made his Acknowledgments to the whole Company. None was at that Moment in such a Surprise as *Leonice*, who looking stedfastly on him they had succour'd, thought she saw *Cleagenor*, whom she had once lov'd; but when she was confirm'd in this Thought by *Lisander*, she remain'd confounded for some Time. Yet having reflected upon the incessant Coldness she had receiv'd from *Cleagenor*, she entirely gave herself up to the Love of *Lisander*, who overjoy'd at this Alteration, and fearing some Sparks of her former Flame might still remain in her, resolv'd to leave the Company when they came out of the Forest; and there being at the End of it an Island, where there was a Ship which was just going to *Venice*, they went on Board of that, after having taken their Leave.

*Alcidalis*, *Zelida*, and *Cleagenor*, finding no Ship in that Island to carry them to the Place whither they were going, resolv'd to continue their Journey by Land to *Mar-*  
*seilles*,

252 *Alcidalis and Zelida; or,*

*seilles*, and there having put themselves into a more handsome Equipage, they soon afterwards arriv'd at *Arragon*. They were scarce come thither, when they heard of the King's Death, which had happen'd but a little before, and of the Disorder the Kingdom was in; for *Alcidalis's* Step-mother had already made Preparations for her Daughter's Marriage, and for setting the Crown upon the Head of one she honour'd with her Friendship: But *Alcidalis* put a Stop to all those Proceedings, and having shewn himself to his People, was presently own'd King, and receiv'd with all imaginable Acclamations, and the next Day the Nuptials of *Alcidalis* and *Zelida* were celebrated.

F I N I S.

